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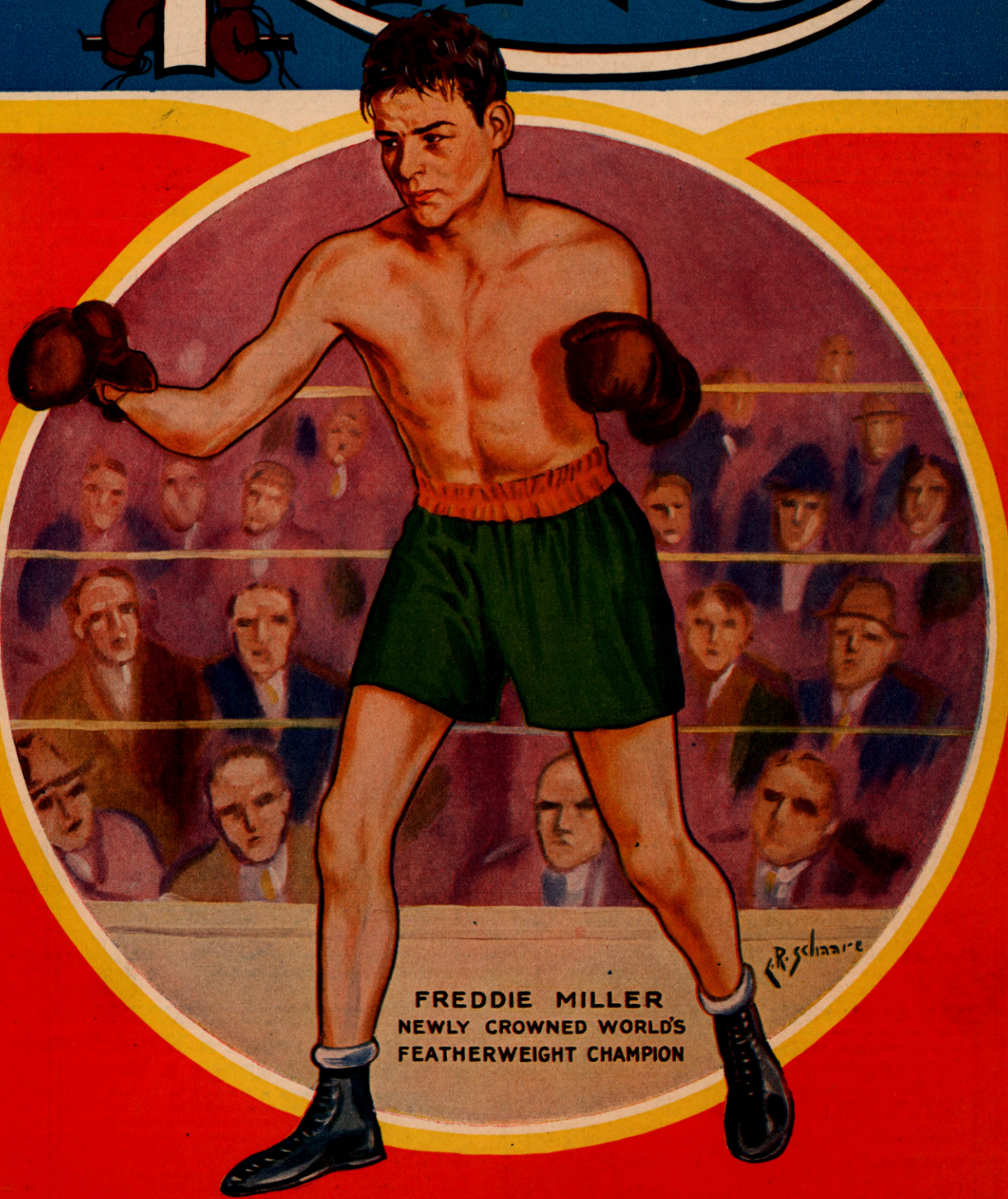

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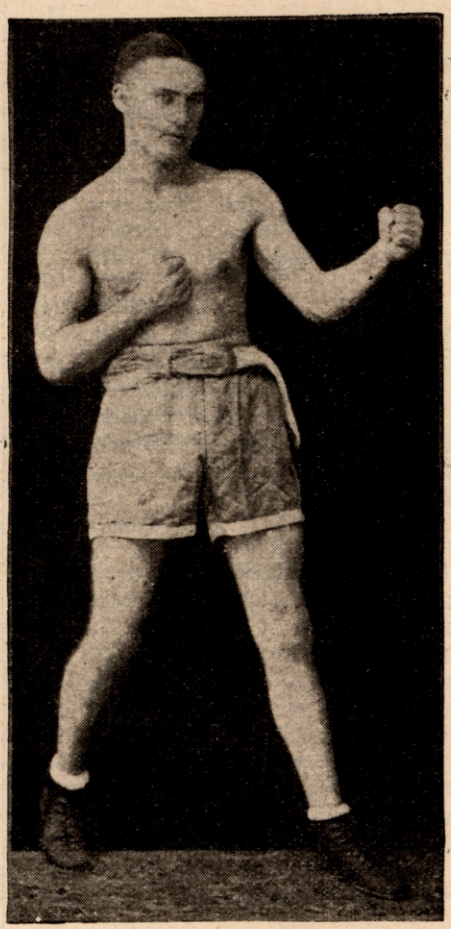

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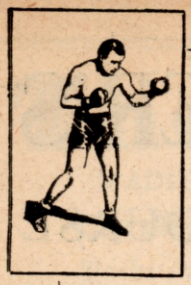

The RING

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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In Our Next Issue

"A knight of the Purple Sage—"The story of the picturesque career of the tough, eccentric Jim Barry. T. W. McNiel, the author, delves into the realms of the past and digs up some interesting material.

George T. Pardy, one of America's foremost scribes, an old time sports editor from the Chicago Inter-Ocean who came up from the "Good Old Days", continues his series in "The Ring" with "Ballyhoo in Fisticuffs", an article that shows how giant gladiators, with little except height as an asset, have been exploited by shrewd managers.

The death of Johnny Eckhardt a few weeks ago, removed one of the last survivors of the old time referees who gambled with death every time they entered the ring. There aren't many left of that period, and Eckhardt's death recalls the hectic Horton Law days. Nat Fleischer covers the period in "The Passing of Johnny Eckhardt."

Have you ever given a thought to the few boxers who were able to keep a clean slate in their climb toward the title? In the entire history of boxing since Sullivan's time, only seven fighters succeeded in turning that trick. Read about them in "Untarnished Records".

"Rasslers and Their Mileage", "News of the Mat World", "Getting Acquainted", "From Milo to Londos", and several other wrestling features will keep our army of mat fans interested.

And not forgetting the contribution of Ed Smith, famed referee of the old school, "When Gratitude Meant Just That", a story about Joe Walcott.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of The Ring guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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"Divers, Chiselers, Fakers, KEEP OUT!"—Bill Brown

New York Commissioner Reviews First Year in Office and Issues Warning to Phonies

By BILL BROWN

LOOKING back over the first year of my tenure as a New York Boxing Commissioner, I do not remember when I've had so much fun, and when I've had so much opportunity to help the game of which I am so fond.

I do not want to stand out and say that all the good things done by the New York Commission in the last year were due to my initiative and my suggestions. My colleagues are reasonable citizens who are eager to do their best for boxing, and welcome any proposition which will further the game and benefit those in it. We manage to get along pretty well.

First, let me make it plain that I did not seek the post of Athletic Commissioner. My good friend Eddie Flynn suggested my appointment and my good friend Governor Lehman welcomed the suggestion. My receiving the appointment through these channels made it certain that it came to me untrammeled with political connections.

I made it plain from the first day that I had no political connections or debts, and that malefactors hoping to get along through political drag would have no chance with me. I have stuck to this policy at all times. I take this opportunity to tell the world that so long as I am connected with the commission that will remain my policy.

Boxing is no place for chiselers and crooks, for the shady character and the cheater. I believe that the best thing I have done in my first year as a commissioner has been the absolute discouragement of that type of individual.

I have done my best to do away with what are known as "dives into the tank."

* * *

I HAVE taken the trouble to investigate all reports of such connivance, and to attend fights in which there may have been suspicious circumstances. I remember one case which will bring out what I mean. Neusel was to fight a man by the name of Brown at a smaller club. I heard reports I did not like, reports which no doubt were unfounded. I went to Brown and told him what I had heard. He denied that he had ever been approached by anybody. I told Neusel about them.

An hour later Neusel sent word that he had hurt a knee. Three doctors said he had hurt a knee. I said he had not. Neusel wanted to call off the fight. I threatened him with deportation. His connections offered a six-round exhibition, then a ten-round no-decision bout. I said, "Fight, or back you go to Berlin on the next boat."

Well, they fought, a big crowd was protected, they put up a fine contest, and everybody was happy.

On another occasion I heard that a fighter had been offered $350 to "dive into the tank" in the second round. His manager, whom we have suspended, was so low a weasel that he even tried to cheat his fighter out of $200. The fighter's wife interfered and he failed to show up.

For his decision to be honest, the fighter was in danger of being suspended. I investigated. The fighter is in good standing. His manager never will have anything to do with fighters again in our jurisdiction just so long as I am on the Boxing Commission.

Of course, everybody asks me about my threat to have the Baer-Carnera fight called off.

I went to Asbury Park, where Baer was clowning. I felt that boxing was in a serious situation—that Baer owed it to himself and this country to get into the best possible shape against the foreign champion.

I did not believe that Baer was training. I figured that he was making a joke of himself and the fight. So I took action to prevent a fiasco.

John R. Kilpatrick, head of the Garden organization which was running the fight, accused me of taking $50,000 out of the box office by my stand at so near the fight date.

I say that I put $100,000 into the till. I told Kilpatrick that primarily I was interested in boxing, not in the box office. My action restored confidence in the fight, because stories of Baer's clowning had broken it down.

Had Kilpatrick been on the job, he would have gone down to Baer's training camp two weeks before I got there, and he would have insisted on Max's training rather than joking.

I do not like the Baer type of fighter. I say this frankly. Max is an amiable young man, too amiable. I am old-fashioned enough to think that a fighter in training should devote himself to training. I point to Barney Ross as a type on which Baer might model himself. Ross is a grand little fighter, a credit to his people and his country, and a serious lad who will go far.

* * *

INCIDENTALLY, I thought Ross beat McLarnin the second time. That he was adjudged the loser was due to our poor system of judging a fight, which is all wrong.

In the first place, we should have no judges. The referee should name the winner. He should give consideration to hard hitting more than to pecking, and he should give points for superior physical condition at the finish.

I believe we should have two or three referees on the job all the time. Running in new men who see action only ever so seldom means poor refereeing. No matter what you do, you cannot do your best if you are rusty.

Now, as to the heavyweight situation. Let us have an elimination tournament. Carnera cannot claim a return bout with Baer without first proving that he is the best contender, and that he is in shape to fight fifteen rounds.

Let Carnera fight Hamas or Lasky or Schmeling over the fifteen-round route. Let the winner fight somebody else. Let us keep going through the winter, without holding up action and interest until next June. That is too long to wait.

There is one reform I have instituted during my first year as Commissioner that I am proud of, and that is the requirement that contenders first go fifteen rounds before being matched for a title. That rule would have had a serious effect on the Lasky-Hamas fight, wouldn't it? Before lifting our fighters to the peak, let us find out if they deserve this lift, if they can stand the gaff over the championship distance.

* * *

I WOULD like to see the Commission take keener interest in training. Fighters do not work hard enough. Two or three weeks of soft work and they say they are ready. Sometimes a fighter is graduated from a lighter division into a heavier one because he is too lazy to train.

Mickey Walker is an example. He (*Continued on page* 41)

REFEREE'S TROUBLES

IT is an accepted axiom of the ring that—nobody loves a referee! Not all the time, anyway. It may be, that when the third man between the ropes pronounces a verdict in favor of a winner who happened to be a choice of the majority, he gets a big hand and approving slaps on the shoulder, as he wends his way through the aisle en route for home. But even then, unless his decision has been confirmed by a clean kayo, there's always a disgruntled minority which unloads curses instead of blessings upon his devoted head.

Take the recent McLarnin-Ross battle for the welter title, in which the judges disagreed, and Referee Donovan awarded the palm to the Celt. The majority didn't like Donovan's ruling, and expressed themselves in no uncertain terms as to the inaccuracy of his judgment, as they saw it.

Remember the Canzoneri-Ross lightweight title match last year? Donovan refereed that one, too. It was a pretty close thing for fifteen rounds, but Donovan revealed that he had disqualified Canzoneri for low punches in the sixth, eighth and ninth rounds. Of the three officials who handled that bout, Judge George Kelly was the only one who didn't call a round even. And he gave eight rounds to Canzoneri. Referee Donovan voted the twelfth even, Harold Barnes, the other judge, scored four as a split, and Ross was declared the victor.

That's the way it goes, and the referee is the bozo who has to stand the brunt in the final analysis, if it happens that the judges leave it up to him. The third man has no comeback, either. He may be, and usually is, perfectly honest in his expressed opinion, but that doesn't prevent his being listed as a robber who'd take candy away from a kid, by the adherents of the chap he didn't give the duke to.

* * *

YET, every now and then a worm *will* turn. Not here in little old N'Yawk, perhaps, where the game is standardized and has all its rough edges pruned off. The majesty of the esteemed Boxing Commission, plus special officers, and the knowledge that a hurry-up call will bring the city cops on the run, acts as a powerful deterrent to the staging of a roughhouse by belligerent spectators, disgusted because the verdict is not to their liking.

But there are still sections of this glorious land of the free where primitive emotions hold sway, and the socking of a referee by annoyed patrons sometimes occurs. In such cases, if the referee chances to be something on the scrapping order himself, the crowd may be treated to an extra battle not down on the program.

Only a few months ago, ex-champion Jack Dempsey, when refereeing a wrestling bout somewhere out West, was made the target of a swing by a grappler he disqualified. As might have been expected, Dempsey's head was well out of range when the punch arrived, and an instant later the wrestler was knocked cuckoo by the justly celebrated left hook of the old Manassa Mauler, whose wallop still retains its pristine vigor, even if his legs have lost some of their elasticity. The same thing happened recently in wrestling matches in which Jack Sharkey and Max Baer were the referees. Each K.O.'ed a wrestler in the matches they refereed.

But for a well-staged ring comedy, we are prepared to award the prize to the entertainment provided for a fight crowd at Grand Forks, N. D., on the night of September 13. Johnny Knauf, a cracking good welter in his day, was officiating as third man in a bout between a colored man known by the rather singular sobriquet of Ace of Spades. The latter's opponent was Ernie Hetherington of Winnipeg, Manitoba. It seems that the Ace was somewhat given to unorthodox conduct, and had been frequently warned by the referee to stop fouling.

In the fifth round, the warning was repeated, whereupon Ace, dodging away from his legitimate antagonist, rushed at Johnny Knauf, and swung savagely at him. Knauf ducked, and retaliated by driving the colored lad to the ropes, where a short, jarring uppercut connected with Ace's chin, putting the recipient down and out. Resuming his official duties, Knauf then calmly proceeded to count out the prostrate fighter, and raised Hethrington's hand, declaring him the winner.

* * *

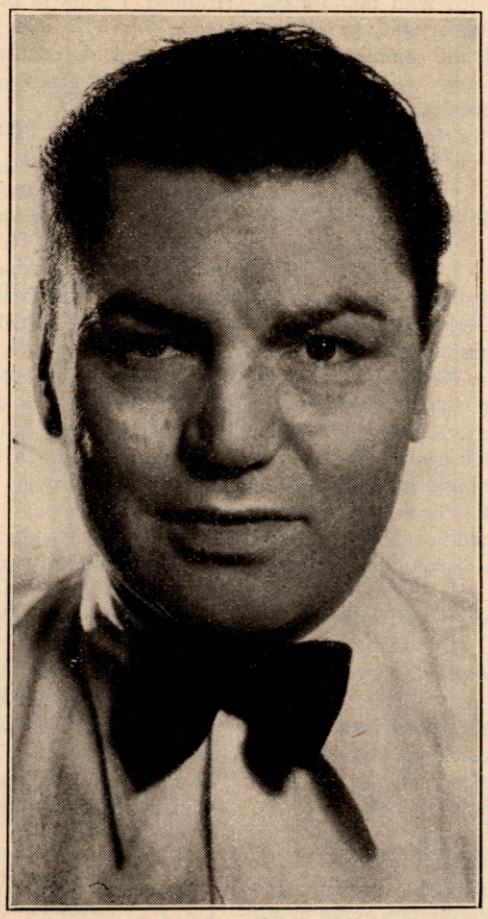
DURING the progress of the unadvertised battle, Hetherington had not been idle. For when Young Jack Thompson, former Negro welter champion of Minneapolis, climbed into the ring, with the evident intention of going to the rescue of the battered Ace, Hetherington greeted him with a right to the jaw, and Young Jack tumbled back whence he came. Hetherington, be it known, is a former pugilist.

However New York sport enthusiasts might enjoy such a night of thrill surprises as that which enthralled the good folk of Grand Forks, they are not likely to be thus entertained. Patrons may, and frequently do, yell themselves hoarse with indignation over unpopular decisions, but they take it out in talk. Referees in the East may be insulted, but must needs refrain from "letting their angry passions rise," beyond the extent of muttering suppressed oaths under their breaths. The fight scribes have the best outlet for their anger after all, because they can indulge in outpourings of printed vituperation, and morally scald the object of their wrath, without any fear of a comeback.

One's fancy involuntarily wanders to that warm night in June, 1932, when Jack Sharkey was declared winner on points over Max Schmeling by Referee Gunboat Smith. What a howl of disapprobation went up from the 70,000 odd spectators that thronged the Garden Bowl on that auspicious occasion. They, for the greater part, thought Schmeling won, and the epithets vocally hurled at Gunboat were numerous and violent.

But the violence was all purely vocal! Even Schmeling's manager, the astute Joe Jacobs, although he shrilled to high heaven that Max had been robbed, made no attempt to assault the Gunboat man, nor did Schmeling express any desire to bat the referee. We just don't do such things in our cultured neck of the woods! Smith was, of course, efficiently roasted by the Schmeling contingent and a majority of the sport writers. And yet the Gunboat man did not utterly lack supporters.

A check-up of the opinions of boxing writers at the ringside revealed that



Jack Dempsey, who as a referee has used his iron fists on the chin of many unruly wrestlers. His "style" of officiating has been copied by Max Baer and Jack Sharkey in recent contests in which they have acted as the third man in the roped square.

INSIDE *the* ROPES

By GEORGE T. PARDY

twenty-three thought Schmeling won, against eight who gave Sharkey a shade. Two called it a draw. On top of this finding, such competent observers as Gene Tunney, former heavyweight champion, James J. Johnston, manager of Madison Square, and the then New York Mayor, James J. Walker, were of the opinion that Schmeling deserved the victory.

All through that contest the judges and referee disagreed. Together they saw only five rounds in the same way: Smith, George Kelly, and the late Charles F. Mathison all scored the fifth, sixth and seventh round in Sharkey's favor, and the eighth and twelfth for Schmeling. Smith gave Sharkey seven rounds, three to Schmeling and called five even. Kelly gave Sharkey the first seven, the next seven to Schmeling, and gave Sharkey the edge in the last round. Mathison gave Schmeling ten rounds, and Sharkey five. Which left it up to the Gunboat, who accordingly pronounced Mr. Sharkey world's champion.

* * *

UNDENIABLY the path of a referee is far from being strewn with roses and, so far as Gunboat Smith is concerned, the tall, ex-heavyweight slugger might well look upon himself as a sort of judges' victim. It was the judges who put him in a hole in the Sharkey-Schmeling affair by putting too severe a strain on the Smith intellect. And it was the judges again, who made him a mark of public derision by failing to agree on a winner in the Charles Massera-King Levinsky battle at the Garden last February.

Bill Brown, who set the pace for fearlessness in the ring when he refereed during the hectic club membership days in New York City.

The King fought an unusually dumb fight, even for him. He lost two rounds for low punching, tried to box, instead of using the slamming right that has frequently brought home the bacon for him, took an awful body hammering and was, generally speaking, a flop until the last four of the scheduled ten rounds, when he tore in regardless and had the better of the mixing.

Nine out of ten present thought Massera had won. But the judges passed the buck to poor Smith, who joyously hailed Levinsky as the victor. There was a pretty hullabaloo staged vocally by the patrons. But Massera's manager, Sidney Roth, had more reason to yell murder than anyone else at the ringside.

For Roth had to strike a pretty tough bargain in order to get that particular match for his protégé. He believed in Massera, but the matchmakers pointed out to him that Charlie had not yet earned a place among the top-liners. But he could sign him up with Levinsky, on condition that the King was to get a certain percentage of the gate, and if this fell short of $5,000, Roth must make up the deficiency out of Massera's end. The house was poor, and the gate receipts $6,879.78, which meant that Roth was obliged to kick in with sixteen hundred bucks, as well as seeing his man lose.

* * *

JACK KEARNS, who piloted Jack Dempsey to the world's championship goal, had a very diplomatic knack of handling referees during his palmy days, and it was due to his exceedingly neat manipulation that Dempsey was frequently accorded privileges by the third ring men, which were undeniably of great advantage to the Manassa Mauler in fighting his way to the top. It must, therefore, have been quite a relief to the referee of the Enzo Fiermonte-Les Kennedy contest at Hollywood, California, the other night, when, by knocking Enzo as cold as a canned sardine in the fourth frame, Kennedy eliminated any necessity for a point decision, and possibly an argument with the able Mr. Kearns.

It was of course an unfortunate happening from the standpoint of Mr. Kearns, who had spent a lot of valuable time ballyhooing the handsome Italian, who is the current husband of Mrs. Madeleine Force Astor Dick Fiermonte, and stepfather of Jacob Astor 3rd. But you can bet the referee didn't see it that way. For that matter, what referee would? It must be a secret inner joy to any referee when he lamps a boxer stretched out for the full count. The complete kayo simplifies things so thoroughly.

Incidentally, compliments are due the New York Boxing Commission members for their refusal, not long ago, to permit a match between the discredited Fiermonte and Light-heavyweight Champion Maxie Rosenbloom. Commissioner Brown was extremely candid in his appraisal of Enzo, and events have proved the commissioner right. Had the match with Rosenbloom taken place here, it is just possible that Maxie might have cuffed Fiermonte around without knocking him out—and then some New York referee would have had to decide the thing on points, thereby leaving an opening for a Kearns protest against the action of the third man in the ring, and a still further infliction of Enzo upon boxing customers who don't want him at any price.

The best of us make mistakes, even Mr. Kearns, who erred grievously when he imagined he could steer Fiermonte's stumbling hoofs around the many obstacles that block championship trails. Not but what he has had considerable success as a champion-maker, as witness the progress of Dempsey to the heavyweight, and Mickey Walker to the middleweight title under Kearns' pilotage.

But in those cases, the proper material was ready to the craftsman's hand. Dempsey and Walker were emphatically "the goods," whereas trying to mould the false alarm from Italy into the semblance of a real fighter was quite another thing. The ill result of his labors must have reminded the sagacious manager of what bitter truth lies in the ancient maxim—"you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear!"

In the past, however, the Kearns luck has been, on the whole, excellent. Luck, in the person of a referee with whose verdict few of the onlookers agreed, presented Mickey Walker with a ten-round point decision over Tiger Flowers, the colored holder of the middleweight crown, before a Chicago club, in 1926. Walker was the chief aggressor, but Flowers out-clevered him by a big margin.

Benny Yanger, the veteran Chi featherweight, was the third man in the Walker-Flowers imbroglio. Now Benny, when in active service, was distinguished for his rushing tactics. He was never much of a boxer, but put away many an artistic

jabber by sheer force of muscle, speed and punching power. It was natural that his sympathies should incline to the man who did the forcing and, accordingly, Walker's hand was hoisted in token of victory. The Flowers people had not been very keen for Yanger as referee, but Benny suited Kearns okay, for the latter knew all about the Chicagoan's scrapping career and penchant for slugging methods, and one infers that Walker's intelligent mentor had a very clear notion of just how Yanger's mental machinery would be likely to work at any particular time.

Commissioner Bill Brown never had any use for the "judges' system," and probably hasn't today, although he accepts the situation philosophically, because there's nothing else to be done. He has been quoted on more than one occasion by the press as follows:

"If a referee cannot give the decision without the help of others, he isn't fit to be the third man in the ring!"

Years ago, when Bill Brown ran his Twenty-Third Street club, his versatility was accentuated by the fact that he filled the rôles of promoter, proprietor, matchmaker and referee. There was no stalling in the Brown arena. Whenever two gladiators failed to step about briskly, Mr. Brown called a halt, addressed the crowd, stating that he was about to hurl forth the disqualified bums into outer darkness for not trying, and promptly suited the action to his words.

No complaint was ever heard from patrons of the Twenty-Third Street club regarding the referee's efficiency. Not that it would have done them a damned bit of good had they kicked, for Bill Brown was, and is, a law unto himself, being built that way, and magnificently indifferent to criticism. Incidentally, although sitting among those who wield authority, he doesn't care much about the "no foul" rule, enacted by the Commission before he joined up.

Not that he denies its present efficiency, his argument being that it is a product of inefficient work by incompetent referees. Many will agree with this view, Mr. Brown holding that if referees were capable of distinguishing between fair and foul punches, there wouldn't be any necessity for a "no foul" ruling. Undoubtedly the prevalence of fouls which led to that rule being adopted was due to the fact that most referees hadn't nerve enough to disqualify offenders, and have them thrown out of the ring.

Patsy Haley, a small referee who has always displayed plenty of iron nerve as third man.

* * *

WHICH reminds us of a fight in which Bill Brown figured as third man, the battle in 1920 in the old Garden between little Jack Sharkey and Joe Lynch. The crack bantams boxed cautiously for a couple of frames, having considerable respect for each other's ability, until Sharkey suddenly hung a beautiful short right on Lynch's chin. Joe was within an ace of falling, but managed to stick the round out by clinging to Sharkey in the clinches, with the tenacity of a limpet sticking to a rock.

Now Brown didn't approve of fighters holding, but he was willing to give Lynch time to get his head clear, and said nothing. But when Joe continued his clinching tactics in the next round, the referee stopped hostilities temporarily, and had a little conversation with the offender. Lynch was informed that he must stop hugging and fight, or be ejected from the ring. Joe perked up at once, went in and milled like a tiger, with the result that the battle is listed as one of the most spectacular that ever occurred between little fellows.

The foregoing is offered as evidence of Brown's readiness to stop a fight in the interests of patrons who were being cheated by an indifferent performance. On the other hand the Commissioner has given proof, since his induction into office, that he doesn't believe in referees being too squeamish about the shedding of a little healthy gore.

Last year, when Eddie Lenny's giant, Ray Impelletiere, was given a boxing lesson by clever Tommy Loughran, Referee Bartley stopped the bout in the sixth round and was going to award the decision to the big fellow, because Loughran was bleeding freely from a cut underlip. Bill Brown was at the ringside and intervened, ordering the contest to continue and thereby probably averted a sweet riot, for the crowd was just in the mood to mob the referee for his action. As it was, they fought out the ten frames, and Loughran won a fair verdict on points.

It is noticeable that the old-timers among present-day referees have generally shown themselves true to their tradition of giving decisions from the common sense standpoint, where the conditions do not exactly conform to hard-and-fast interpretation of the rules. Patsy Haley, for instance, when officiating at a battle between Tony Canzoneri and Archie Bell in 1926, at the old Coney Island Stadium, stopped the bout in the fifth round, and announced that as both men were bleeding too freely to continue the fight was over. However, as Canzoneri had the better of the going, Patsy proclaimed him the winner.

Haley, in his day one of the best bantams that ever donned a glove, was always a fearless cuss in a referee rôle, as he demonstrated by a singularly unorthodox action during the days of the Frawley Law, no decision regime.

* * *

MANY of New York's boxing experts and writers hated the no-decision racket, by virtue of which incompetent champions could hold on to their titles indefinitely, so long as they managed to escape the perils of a knockout. It was the no-decision clause in the boxing law that enabled Al McCoy (champion in 1914), by a lucky one-round kayo of George Chip, to hang on to the title for a number of years, although frequently thrashed by opponents, who could defeat, but failed to knock him out.

The late Bat Masterson, in conference with some of his newspaper colleagues, came to the conclusion that the clause in the Frawley Law forbidding decisions was not constitutional, and decided to test it by having some referee pronounce a verdict at the close of a bout. The trouble was to find an official willing to take such a risk. Several referees were consulted, but one and all shied from the proposition until Haley was approached.

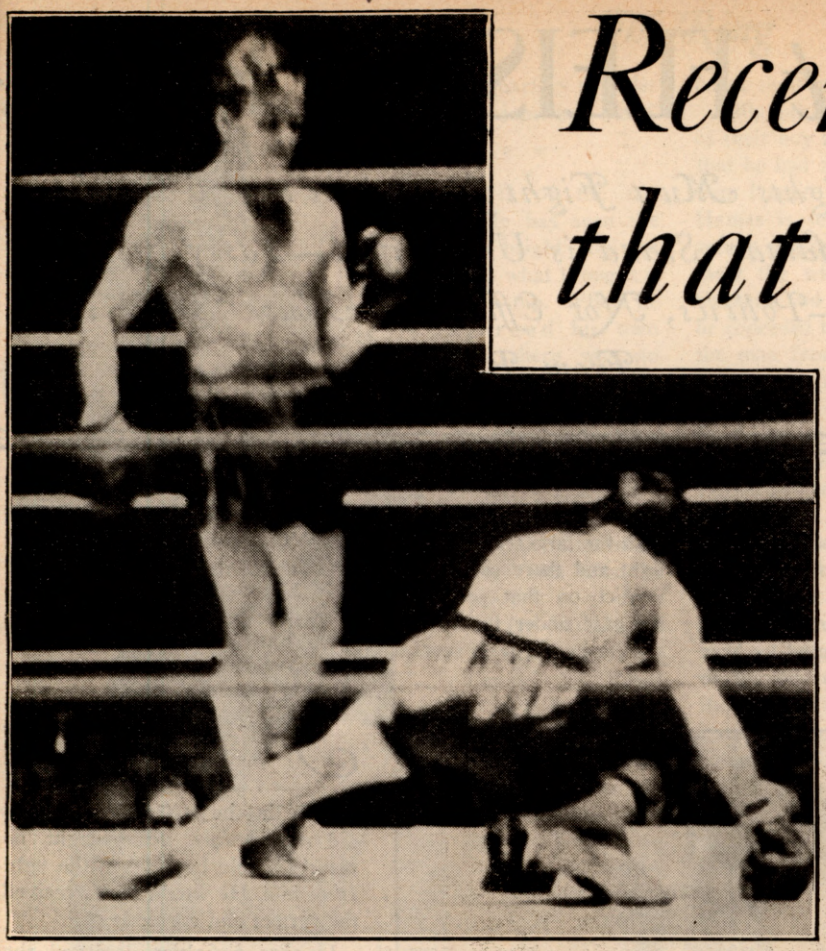
The ex-fighter was willing to make the experiment and consented. So it followed that one night at the old Garden, when Patsy was officiating as third man for the prelims, the crowd was astounded when, at the conclusion of a slugging bee between two energetic lads, Patsy proceeded to hold up a blood-stained mitt and pronounced its owner "the winnah!"

Haley was promptly pinched by a zealous police captain and afterwards suspended by the Boxing Commission for his breach of the rules. No immediate good came of the experiment, but it doubtless added to the force of public opinion which was afterwards responsible for the elimination of the no-decision nonsense and the framing of a more sensible law for the government of boxing. Also, the incident served to list Mr. Haley as the sort of gamester who was dead willing to—"try anything once."

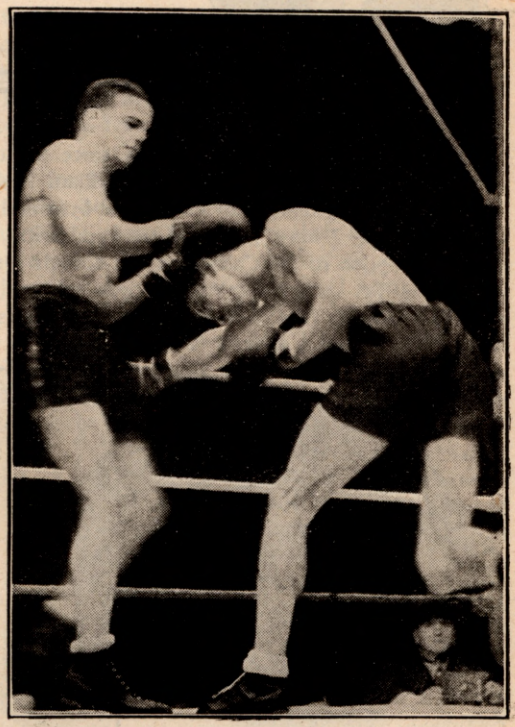
* * *

AMONG the list of pugnacious referees willing to mix matters with interfering outsiders, quite regardless of their dignity, must be numbered no less a figure than New York's present wrestling czar, Jack Curley. (*Continued on page* 42)

Recent Fights that Thrilled

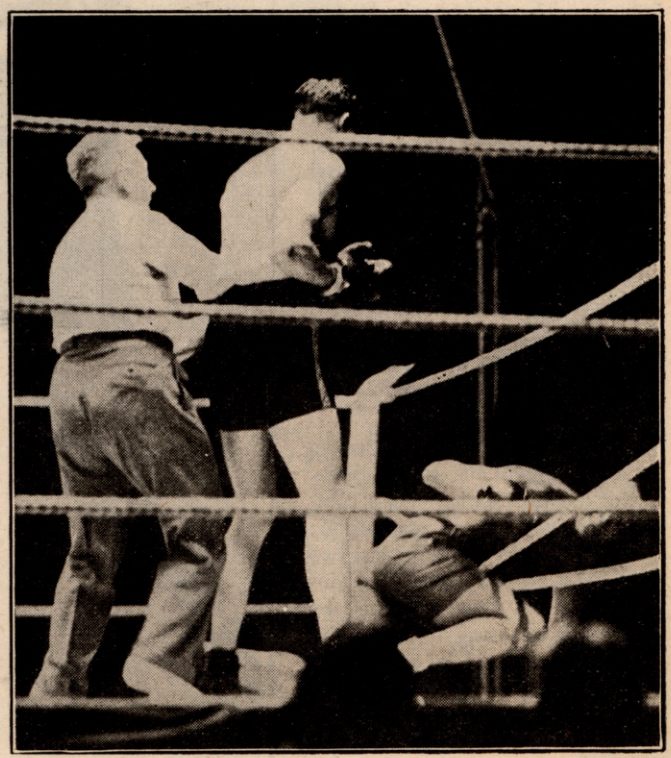


Here we see Miller standing over Dave Crowley, whom he whipped in fifteen rounds a few days after winning from Tarleton. Freddie then continued his victorious streak by stopping another featherweight, Sharkey; lost on a foul to Billy Gannon, and beat Jimmy Walsh.



Freddie Miller, world's featherweight king (left), in his fifteen-round bout with Nel Tarlton, which Freddie won on points in Liverpool.

A scene in the Lasky-Hamas fight in Madison Square Garden, which Hamas won on points at the end of the fifteenth round. Lasky's spurt was started too late and Hamas won because he had rolled up a good margin in the early rounds.



Jack Peterson (standing) has Larry Gains in an awkward position outside the ropes in their battle for the British heavyweight championship at London. Gains was badly whipped and retired in the thirteenth round.

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Heavyweights Must Fight for Right to Meet Max Baer—Hamas' Stand is Unjustified—Lasky Still in Running—Politics, Not Efficiency, Must Be Ousted From Boxing

FOR several years, almost since the old commission under the leadership of William Muldoon and Jim Farley inaugurated the round-by-round system of boxing, I have advocated the elimination of that system and the adoption of the California and Illinois system of awarding the verdict on a point score. I was extremely glad to hear that Bill Brown, one of the few commissioners of boxing in America who knows what it is all about, would introduce a resolution at the commission meeting in New York to change the judging of fights from the rounds to the point system, because I figured that his knowledge of boxing would sway his fellow commissioners into agreeing to his way of thinking. But this joy was short-lived for Colonel Wear and General Phelan ruled against him and the farce of seeing a beaten fighter take the decision in New York fights will be continued.

Bill Brown thinks the present system of judging fights is absurd, and so do I and hundreds of other fight fans. The recent Lasky-Hamas bout is an example. There was a contest in which victory meant considerable, because it placed the victor in a commanding position for a titular shot at Max Baer. Hamas, according to the round-by-round system, won that fight. Referee Bill Cavanaugh gave him the victory. I recorded a Hamas victory by five rounds to four and one even, but only because I was scoring according to New York rules. However, had the point system been in vogue, I would have cast my vote in favor of Lasky by a wide margin.

Why? Because Hamas rolled up all his points in the early rounds, but at no time did he have a commanding lead in any one round; while Lasky carried off the last two rounds by extremely large margins and outclassed Hamas likewise by big margins in two of the earlier sessions. In fact, Lasky had Hamas on the verge of a knockout and probably would have scored one had the bout been a fifteen-round affair.

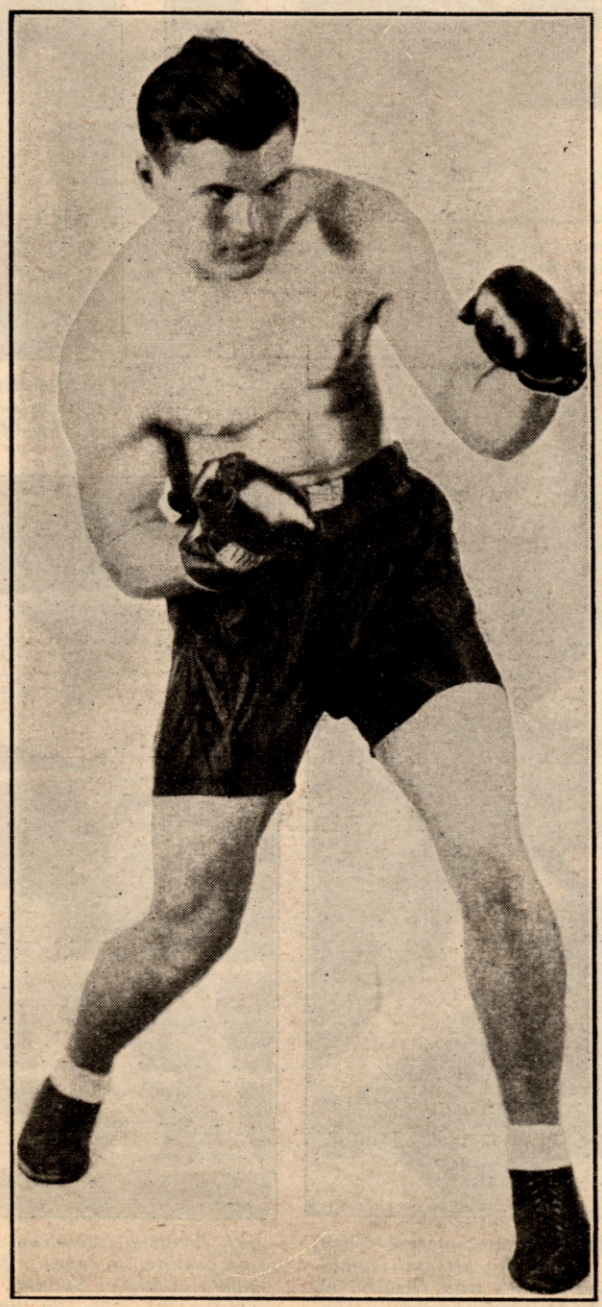
But that is neither here nor there. According to the rules under which the boys fought—rules that call for the judges and referee to award the bout to the fellow with the larger number of rounds to his credit—Hamas won that fight and there can be no question about the correctness of the verdict on that score. That, however, would not have been the case under the old system of scoring a fight, or the point system in vogue in several other states.

* * *

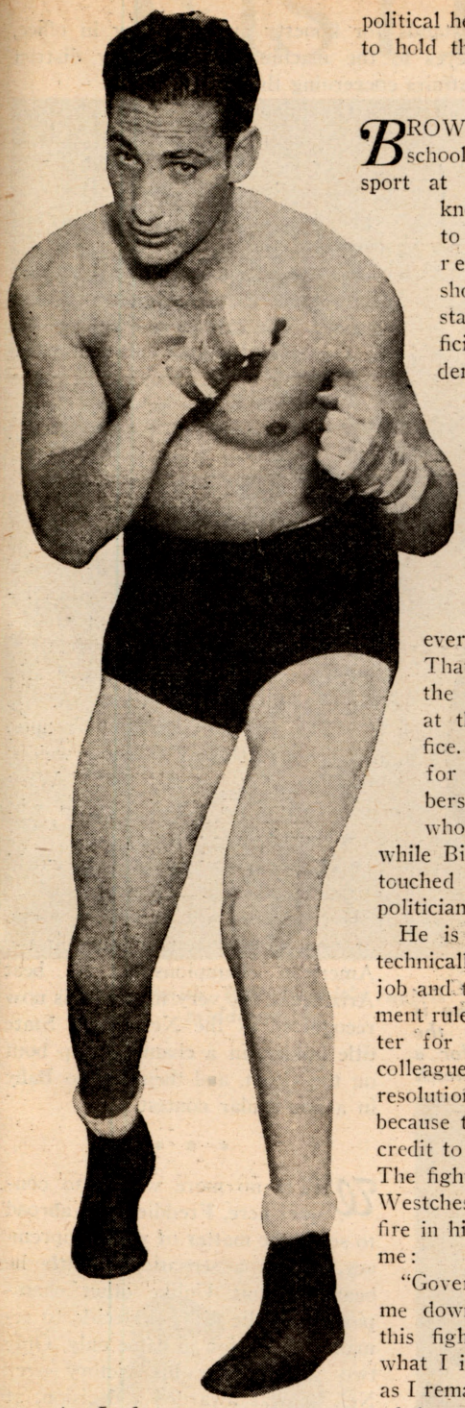
IN the old days, if a fighter finished as strongly as did Lasky, and scored as heavily in the last two rounds as did the Hebrew heavyweight, no referee would have taken the fight from him. He would have received the verdict and correctly so.

If ever a fighter deserved the decision for forcing the mill, hitting the harder, stunning his opponent and landing wildly at will in the last two rounds, Lasky did. Yet the New York rules prevented him from winning because his opponent did all his work in the early half of the fight, spent all his energy rolling up a safe margin and then made it impossible for his rival to win thereafter except by a knockout.

If there is any merit to such a system, General Phelan and Colonel Wear might enlighten the public that pays the freight for the fight game to exist and for them to hold their office, even though without pay. I doff my hat to Bill Brown for his efforts on behalf of boxing and his lone fight against politics in the sport. When Bill tried to put across a sensible rule, whereby every fighter would be compelled to fight at all times, instead of waltz and hold after rolling up a margin of victory on rounds won, the military members of the New York Board voted thumbs down. These same members saw fit to take their political orders from a Tammany District Leader and a Tammany boss, to fire the most capable member of the Commission excepting Bill Brown, Deputy Commissioner Chick Goodman, to make way for the leader's henchman. What we need in boxing are sensible rulers, more Bill Browns and less military men who take their orders from



Steve Hamas, who insists on getting first chance at Baer.



Art Lasky, a strong contender for titular bout.

political headquarters in order to hold their jobs and titles.

* * *

BROWN is of the old school. He has seen the sport at its height and he knows what brought it to the top. When he refereed his own shows there was no stalling. When he officiated in the old Garden as third man in the ring, he wouldn't let Tex Rickard or any member of the Commission tell him what to do.

He was always independent because he knew every angle of boxing. That's why he is given the cold shoulder down at the Commission office. He knows too much for the military members of the Commission who are politically ruled, while Bill Brown cannot be touched or dictated to by politicians.

He is fundamentally and technically equipped for the job and the sooner his judgment rules the board, the better for boxing. When his colleagues voted against his resolution — apparently only because they didn't want the credit to go to Bill Brown— The fighting Irishman from Westchester County, with fire in his eyes, remarked to me:

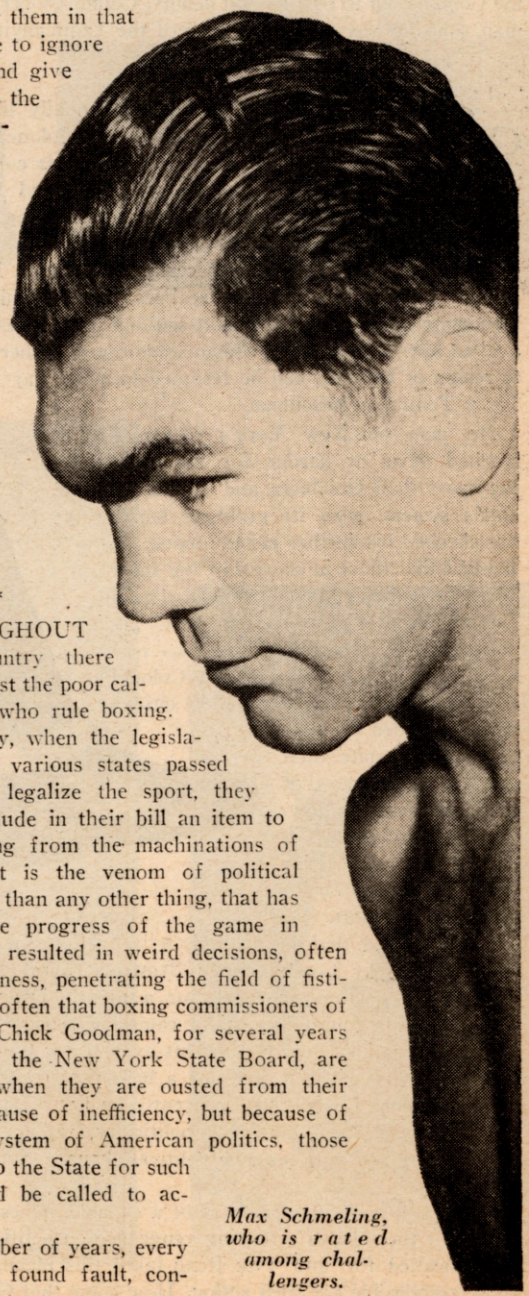
"Governor Lehman sent me down here to clean up this fight game and that's what I intend to do as long as I remain on the job. Many of the rules under which the sport is now carried on are rotten and I am prevented from changing them because my colleagues oppose me. I'm wise to all the tricks of boxing. I know all the sharpshooters and their methods, and they can't pull the wool over my eyes. I'll place them where they belong before I'm through."

* * *

BROWN can't make the headway he is aiming for so long as he is politically stymied. But the white-haired, fiery up-stater won't give up so easily. He proved that when, although thoroughly discouraged over his failure to put over the new scoring rules, he immediately went to the mat with his resolution on making all championship elimination bouts fifteen-round affairs, and he won that. He insisted that a man who intends to fight for the title in a fifteen-round mill, should first show he can go that route by engaging in a bout of that duration against another challenger. Thus, when Hamas, Schmeling and Carnera were named as the leading challengers for Baer, from whom Livermore Max's next opponent will be selected, Brown won his point that such bouts shall all be scheduled for fifteen cantos.

Although the Hamas mentors fought bitterly for recognition of their boy as the next opponent for Max, the Commission ruled that he had not sufficiently established his claim to such recognition. I agree with the Commission's ruling on that point. Before Hamas is selected as Baer's opponent, he must give Lasky a return engagement over the fifteen-round route, or else must meet the winner of an elimination tourney in which Lasky, Carnera and Schmeling are the participants. After all, it must be conceded that the logical opponent for Baer is none other than the man from whom he won the title—Carnera. Primo earned a return match by his showing in the last encounter. He will outdraw any of the other contenders with the exception of a Baer-Schmeling bout, which looms now as the best match of all. Fight fans will flock to see the second chapter of the slaughter of Carnera—another Firpo-Dempsey version. That is fight psychology.

It would be well for Hamas to consider that, if the four men named by the boxing board really feel they are each entitled to the next shot at Baer, they should prove their right decisively by accepting the edict to fight among themselves. Incidentally, such a tourney would make this winter the most interesting fistically in years and would help put the sport back on its feet. But if they try to stall and talk themselves into a championship match, let them talk. The best treatment for them in that case would be to ignore the talkers and give the fight to the one who battles his way to the front. There isn't a fighter among the quartet so great that the game cannot continue without him. Let's have action. That's what the sport needs — not talk.



Max Schmeling, who is rated among challengers.

* * *

THROUGHOUT the country there is a cry against the poor caliber of men who rule boxing. Unfortunately, when the legislatures of the various states passed measures to legalize the sport, they failed to include in their bill an item to protect boxing from the machinations of politicians. It is the venom of political leeches, more than any other thing, that has hampered the progress of the game in America and resulted in weird decisions, often even crookedness, penetrating the field of fisticuffs. It isn't often that boxing commissioners of the type of Chick Goodman, for several years a member of the New York State Board, are found, and when they are ousted from their post, not because of inefficiency, but because of the spoils system of American politics, those responsible to the State for such action should be called to account.

For a number of years, every time I have found fault, con-

structively, with the New York Boxing Commission, the leading body of its kind in the world, I have been informed that such attacks are unwarranted. Especially so, when I have declared in these columns that politics plays an important part on the proceedings of one or more members of the board.

"There is no politics on this Commission," is what one of the members informed me a few months ago, "and you, above all, should know better than to tell the public that we cater to politicians!"

Well, I took this Commissioner on his word and offered a retraction, but now I shall go on record with the statement that rotten politics play a mighty important rôle in the working of the New York body and practically every other commission in America. This is particularly true in New York, as was recently exemplified when the leader of a Tammany district ordered the Commission to oust its best deputy, Commissioner Goodman, to make way for a henchman of the Tammanyites.

* * *

IF General Phelan, whom I personally like and regard as a fine gentleman, and Colonel Wear had the guts that is possessed by their colleague, Bill Brown, they would politely have informed District Leader Mahoney and Tammany Leader Dowling that politics should play no part in sports and to keep their hands off. But did they do it? They certainly did not! Bill Brown protested because he realizes that in Chick Goodman boxing had a real asset, but his protest availed him nothing as Goodman was ordered either to resign or be fired, and he resigned to make way for a Tammany henchman.

No man on New York's Commission has worked more or harder for the interests of the sport than Goodman and it was only the spoils system, with its grabbing hand, that has checked his further aid to boxing. I also thought that those in control of the sport in New York, high class men appointed by the Governor, were for boxing first, and politics last, but apparently I was mistaken, for General Phelan and Colonel Wear have proved to their fellow citizens that when it comes to orders, despite their military training, they take them from the lowly politician regardless of the effect such action on their part has on the morale of the sport.

I understand that in addition to the efforts made in behalf of Goodman by Commissioner Brown, General Phelan fought against the ousting of Chick for a month, but with pressure brought against him, he finally capitulated and ordered Goodman's resignation. Brown stood his ground for Chick to the end. The good General is in line for a high post on the New York State Armory Board, and apparently he figured it best to play his hand with the New York politicians, rather than to incur their enmity and hurt his own political chances. Such is the game of politics.

What a farce! Such removal of a capable, honest, efficient official, for the sake of wreaking vengeance on political opposition, was uncalled for, and THE RING takes this means of rebuking those responsible for such action. How come that Governor Lehman, who stands for honesty and efficiency in office, shuts his eyes to the machinations of petty district leaders in affairs concerning the state?

The case of Chick Goodman is given so much space because it is just one of many such cases throughout the country. Boxing deserves a better break and should get it. Let us oust politics, Messrs. Phelan and Wear, not efficiency. The political leeches must not be permitted to dominate the sport. Of Chick Goodman's successor we shall have considerably more to say in our next issue. The case is not yet settled. Governor Lehman will hear more of this direct from me.

While on the subject of commissions, I take issue also with the New York board for its absurd and unsportsmanlike stand in re the case of Freddie Miller. The members, at a recent meeting, declared that despite the victory over Nel Tarleton, British Empire and European featherweight champion, New York will still refuse to accept Miller as the world title holder and will continue to look upon him only as just another featherweight fighter. Why, Mr. Commissioners? What must a fighter do these days to win your support?

If ever a boxer was entitled to world recognition, Freddie Miller is such a boy. Here is a lad who licked every one of note in this country to win the American championship. He beat Arizmendi, the very man who is now recognized as the New York State title holder, in a championship bout on the Coast, and then lost to Baby in a non-titular contest.

Primo Carnera, who is still in the race for a return match with Baer.

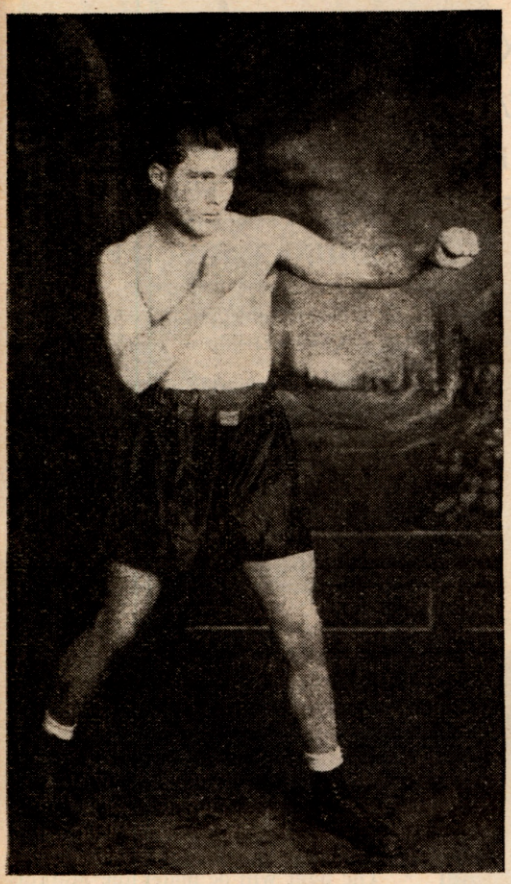
* * *

WITH no more worlds to conquer here, Freddie went abroad to settle the matter of world supremacy, and in a sensational battle he beat Tarleton. Unlike other champions, Freddie did not decide to remain a champion in name only. Only two weeks after his victory over Nel, he was awarded a decision, at the end of ten rounds, over Dave Crowley of London, and eight days later he tackled another tough lad in Benny Sharkey of Newcastle, whom he knocked out in the first round.

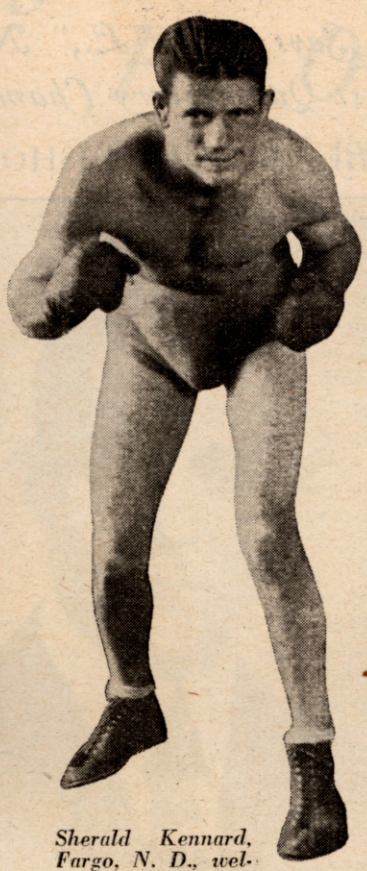
There were three victories of which we American followers of fisticuffs should feel proud. If Freddie were a New Yorker, there is no doubt in my mind that he would have been patted on the back and acclaimed by the Boxing Board as a world title holder. But because Freddie justly refused to enter an elimination tournament which, for him, would have meant nothing had he emerged the victor, because he already was American title holder, he has been shunned by our noble directors of boxing. Why? Perhaps our Commissioners will agree to tell us in our next issue.

Only seven days after knocking out Sharkey, Miller went to Manchester to fight Billie Cannon of Liverpool in a ten-round over-the-weight bout, and unfortunately he was disqualified when in a mix-up, Cannon jumped to one side and caught a blow in the groin that laid him low. The referee, despite the fact that Miller had the bout all his own way, (*Continued on page* 41)

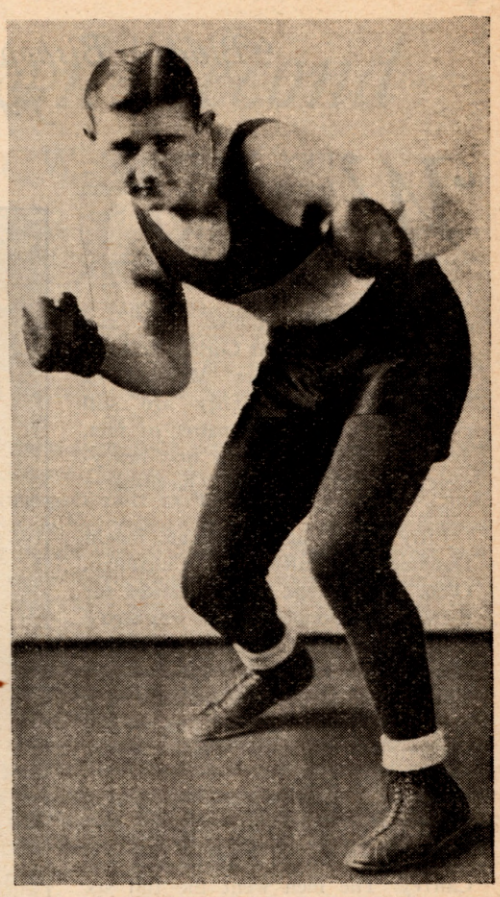
FISTIC FLASHES



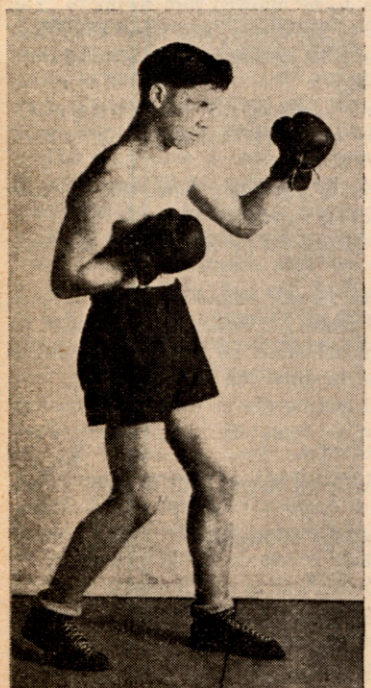
Jimmy Smith, Philadelphia's rugged middleweight.



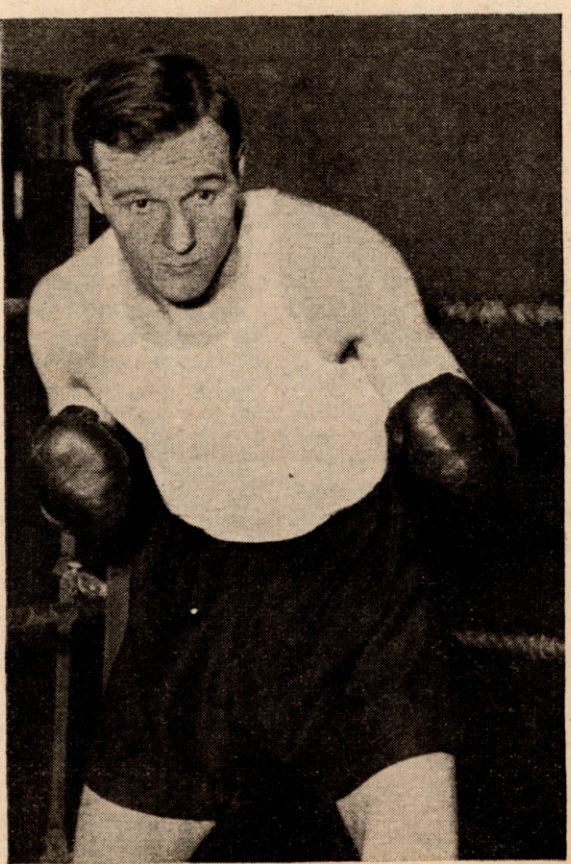
Sherald Kennard, Fargo, N. D., welterweight.



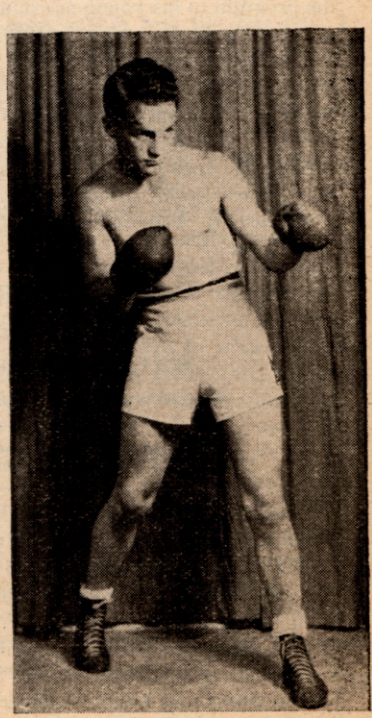
Ray Cossette, Sioux Falls, S. D., 147-pound comer.



Mickey "Baby Face" Slater, Sioux City featherweight.



Werther Arcelli, New England's outstanding welterweight contender.



Bus Breese, Manhattan, Kansas, lightweight aspirant.

Takes Issue with Experts

"Biddy" Bishop Says "John L.," Not Corbett, Was First Queensberry Champion

By "BIDDY" BISHOP

WHEN Jim Corbett defeated John L. Sullivan at New Orleans on September 7, 1892, his victory did not give him the title of "first Queensberry champion."

Sports writers at that time, and since, have stated that Corbett was the first champion under Marquis of Queensberry rules. They are still chronicling this. As a matter of fact, John L. himself was the first heavyweight champion under Queensberry rules.

Fifty years ago, Sullivan fought Dominick McCaffrey at Cincinnati, Ohio. This contest was advertised for the world's championship. It was boxed under Marquis of Queensberry rules, and Sullivan was declared the winner. This, beyond all question, makes it very plain that John L. Sullivan, and not Jim Corbett, was the first champion under Queensberry rules.

The most unusual decision ever rendered by a ring official was made in this contest between Sullivan and McCaffrey. The men went the full six rounds. The referee, Billy Tait, did not render his decision for two days after the contest. He sent the word from Toledo, Ohio, to Cincinnati, forty-eight hours later, thereby declaring that Sullivan was the winner.

"Biddy" Bishop, veteran fight manager, promoter and scribe.

Concerning this memorable battle, the writer has in his possession a very rare souvenir of that contest. It is the printed program of the affair. Harry Weldon, then sporting editor of the *Cincinnati Enquirer,* covered the battle for his paper. He gave the program to his young assistant at that time, Joe Nolan. Nolan presented it to the writer in 1920.

The contest took place August 29, 1885, almost fifty years ago. I doubt if there is another one of these programs in existence. At Harry Weldon's death, his understudy, Joe Nolan, succeeded him as the *Enquirer* sports editor, which position he held for over forty years. Nolan died about four years ago. Joe was one of the most loved sporting writers in the United States.

Because it is most interesting, I will reprint the program. Here it is:

OFFICIAL PROGRAMME
of the
SULLIVAN-McCAFFREY CONTEST
At CHESTER PARK, *Saturday,* Aug. 29, 1885

—

Under the Management of Bob Farrell, Champion Lightweight of the World

—

Jimmy Conley, of Boston, and Bill Bradburn, of Chicago.
Black Diamond, of Cincinnati, and John Hughes, of New York.
Mike Smith, of Cincinnati, and Young Primrose, of Cincinnati.
Young King and Farrell's Pupil, both of Cincinnati.
Al Beach and Pete Russell.
John King, the Humming Bird, and Tommy Warren, featherweight champion of the Pacific Slope.
Bob Burns and Louis Grainger.
Joe Monague and Frank Smith.

After which, will appear

JOHN L. SULLIVAN
of Boston, Champion of America, and
DOMINICK F. McCAFFREY
of Pittsburgh

In a Six-Round Glove Contest for the Championship of the World

Arthur Chambers will second John L. Sullivan and Alf. Lunt will perform a like service for Dominick F. McCaffrey.

—

Master of Ceremonies - WM. MULDOON

—

In his trip from New York to San Francisco, covering a period of eight months, John L. Sullivan knocked out 29 men.

—

Young McCaffrey repeatedly challenged the world, barring Sullivan, and later deposited money to fight Sullivan, which led to a proposed fight at Philadelphia and to the match of today.

—

The fight will be under the Marquis of Queensberry rules, and as everybody is not familiar with their requirements, they being new rules, they are herewith apprehended.

"To be a fair stand-up boxing match, in a twenty-four-foot ring, or as near that size as practicable.

"No wrestling or hugging allowed.

"The rounds to be of three minutes' duration and one minute time.

"If either man falls, through weakness or otherwise, he must get up unassisted, ten seconds to be allowed him to do so. The other man meanwhile to retire to his corner, and when the fallen man is on his legs the round is to be resumed and continued until the three minutes have expired.

"And if one man fails to come to the scratch in the ten seconds allowed it shall be in the power of the referee to give his award in favor of the other man.

"A man hanging on the ropes in a helpless state, with his toes off the ground, shall be considered down.

"No seconds or any other person to be allowed in the ring during the rounds.

"Should the contest be stopped by any unavoidable interference the referee to name time and place for finishing the contest as soon as possible, so that the match must be won or lost, unless the backers of both men agree to draw the stakes.

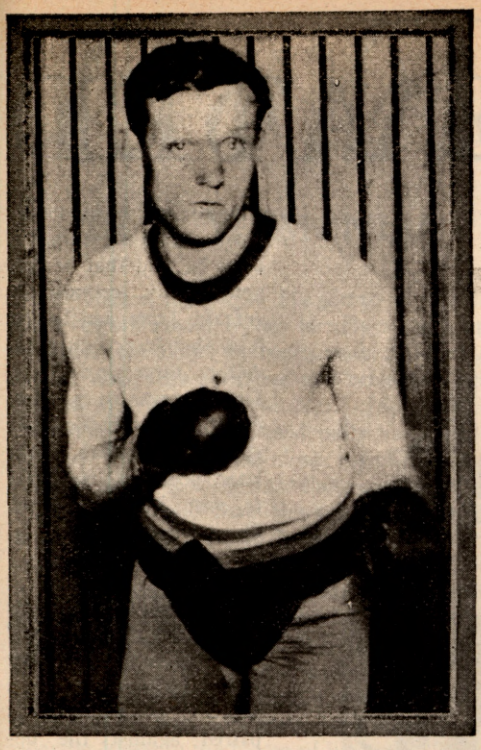
"The gloves to be fair sized boxing gloves of the best quality, and new. Should a glove burst, or come off, it must be replaced to the referee's satisfaction.

"A man on one knee is considered down, and if struck is entitled to the stakes.

"No shoes, or boots, with sprigs allowed."

* * *

ON the front cover of the program are pen drawings of both Sullivan and McCaffrey. Under the picture of McCaffrey is a brief synopsis of his career. He had defeated Charlie McCoy, Mike Cleary, Gus Lambert, Jimmy (*Continued on page* 43)



Jimmy Wilde, the greatest fly-weight in modern ring history.

JIMMY WILDE, *His Own Second*

By ED W. SMITH

MANY words have been wasted, from time to time, in general discussion of the value of a second in a fighter's corner; words that in the main might have been put to better use—perhaps in the way of a discourse on dietetics, proper use of the long-forgotten feint, value of a good left hand, and such.

There's no gainsaying—in the mind of this long-experienced narrator, at least—the value of a good second in the ring's angle; chiefly, I would say, for the purpose of establishing a confidence on the part of the battler that nothing else might give. And for other reasons which it is unnecessary to relate here and now.

Not so long ago, it was brought out by a certain fighter who was very good in his time, and who was just that fatal half-step behind a championship test, that a good second was half the battle. He cited one case in which Tommy Ryan—a double champion at one time and one of those high-grade old-timers of whom much has been, and still is, being written—brought him through when defeat loomed ominously.

Hardly could I subscribe to an opinion that it's fifty-fifty between fighter and second in the way of gaining a victory. That's just putting it a bit too strong.

Anyway, this fact is brought to mind by an instance of that sort. It concerns Jimmy Wilde, a little English battler who came to this country in 1919 and who wasn't in the least afraid to toss hard-earned honors into the pot against the best little fellows that America could offer him, in stellar role.

The first time I saw this quaint little chap, and his oddly English and Welsh retinue, was when he landed in Chicago and was matched to battle Jack Sharkey, then one of the best bantamweights of the country and as tough a lad to battle as any of the small men. The match took place in Milwaukee, drew a tremendous house at the huge Auditorium, and was about as good a fight from end to end of the ten rounds as any customer could ask to see. It was a no-decision affair and opinions differed vastly, as is usual in such cases.

* * *

AT least that contest established Wilde as something more than an outstanding fighter and great boxer, considering always that he was giving away a lot of weight to such a hard-cooked egg as the pugnacious Hebrew lad from New York. So it was in the nature of events that Wilde—having come to this country purposely to give all and sundry, who could make the weight, a crack at the world's title, which he justly claimed—be matched with Frankie Mason, admittedly the best of the flies of that era. Ad Thacher of Toledo, a great character and excellent promoter, saw possibilities in the match and made it without much trouble, an indoor battle of twelve rounds with a decision.

Thacher, it may be remembered by the old-timers, was the hearty chap who called Tex Rickard's attention to Toledo's merits, as the scene for the Willard-Dempsey match, when he was casting about for a spot for that historic encounter. Ad's blandishments prevailed and Toledo got the battle, with Ad cut in for a share of the proceeds—Ad and his buddy, the late inimitable Jim Glynn.

Frankie Mason came from Fort Wayne, Ind., where his ordinary vocation was proof reading. He was a smart little bit of a man, as cagy a ring performer as it would be possible to find. Wilde realized that he had a tough match on and, being jealous of his laurels, got into the very pink of shape. But there were two things upon which he insisted. One was the weight and the other that I act as referee. There was no trouble about the first condition as Mason was able almost any time to make 105 pounds. But when it came to bringing an outsider into Toledo for the important post of referee, even the estimable Mayor Schreiber was prevailed upon to rebel.

But they could no more budge that stubborn Welshman, Jimmy Wilde, from his position than they could push over a stone wall. So Jimmy finally had his way. And it was while I was in the ring with Wilde and Mason, that exciting night in 1920, that I saw to what extent Jimmy had brought the exact science of running his own corner.

And incidentally I feel sure it was the first time in any ring that a ten-second warning was sounded by the timekeeper to signal the start of a round. Never before had I heard of such a thing, but it was suggested to me in an indirect way by Wilde, himself, in our preliminary talk the afternoon of the match after the arguments, long and bitter, over the referee question had finally been ironed out. I suggested a whistle and, later, this idea was superseded by the buzzer, now common in well-conducted arenas.

* * *

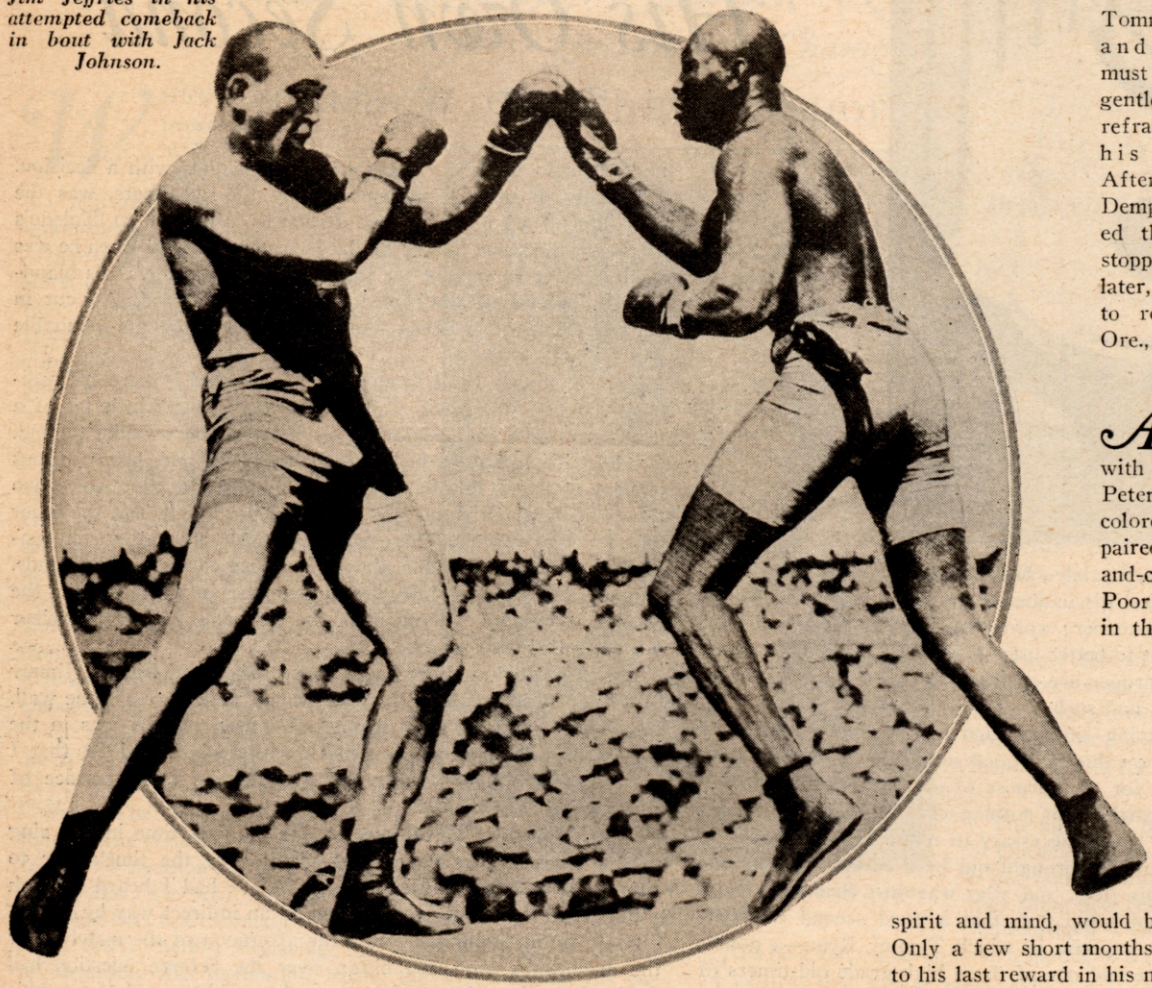
ONE thing Jimmy insisted upon, and it was the first time I ever saw it done. When he returned to his corner at the conclusion of a round, he wanted nothing but his stool put into the ring's angle. His seconds remained outside of the ropes for the first thirty seconds of the rest period. During that brief lapse of time, Jimmy sat on his chair utterly relaxed, arms hanging limp and head thrown back without a sign of life.

"This is the idea," Wilde explained to me afterwards. "When I have finished a round, I wish nothing but absolute quiet while I collect myself. My brain is relaxed and as rapidly as I can, I run over the course of the round just finished, pick out what mistakes I think I might have made, and quickly make up my mind what I'll do in the next session, all depending on what my opponent has just done and is apt to do next. After that, I'll tell my seconds what I want in the way of water or other attention. I fight my own fights and ask for no advice. What I can't see out there is of no importance to me—at least I've never found it so."

So, you see, Jimmy's seconds were merely helpers to the extent of bottle holders and fan swingers and, all told, it was the strangest corner, considering that it was a world's championship fighter's, that I've ever run across. There may be merit to what Jimmy did—but as an afterthought, only a super-smart fighter would dare to insist upon such an arrangement. The average fighter is far too fussy and needful of counsel and succor to go in for a "silent" corner.

Anyway it was a tremendous battle (*Continued on page* 43)

ILL-FATED



The final stand of Jim Jeffries in his attempted comeback in bout with Jack Johnson.

WHERE, in the realm of sportdom, can we find a more pitiful, pathetic and touching scene than the tragic figure of a once great ring star who, through either misfortune, bad management, or often a combination of both, tries to scale the heights he once occupied. All too often handicapped by the ravages of age, long idleness or, in some cases, a battered mentality.

There is nothing that sears the heart of the true fight fan more than the spectacle of a former ring idol, far past his prime, floundering around the ring, battered by an opponent who couldn't have even extended the victim at the apex of his career. Yes, mates, it's one of the tragic pictures of pugilism. Unfortunately it is a picture that is all too often placed on exhibition.

The first case of a champion trying to regain his lost laurels dates back to the dark and long-forgotten days of the eighteenth century, days when hardy old bare-knuckle brawlers like Jack Slack, Ben Brain and Dan Mendoza were ruling the fistic roost.

All down through the years since, we've had champions who through defeat or retirement, went into seclusion, only to come back in later years and try to regain their former popularity; some, for the simple reason they liked to bask in the limelight; others, because they knew no other way of making a living. The latter in particular, often presented the most pathetic picture.

It would be hard to find a more tragic scene than the day back in the gay and glamorous nineties when Jack (Nonpareil) Dempsey was led down the aisle and literally helped through the ropes for his battle with Tommy Ryan. Already weakened and drawn from the ravages of the dreaded "White Plague," his once marvelous physique reduced to a mere shadow, Dempsey could hardly hold up his hands in front of the clever Ryan.

No one was more conscious of Dempsey's condition than was Tommy, and to his credit and sportsmanship, it must be said that he was gentlemanly enough to refrain from butchering his helpless opponent. After three rounds, Dempsey was so exhausted that the battle was stopped. Less than a year later, poor Jack was laid to rest in a Portland, Ore., cemetery.

* * *

ANOTHER battle that was crammed with pathos was the time Peter Jackson, the once colored marvel, was paired against the up-and-coming Jim Jeffries. Poor Peter, with one foot in the grave from years of dissipation, was slaughtered in three rounds. A more touching scene than the picture of the once great Peter being helped from the ring, broken in body, spirit and mind, would be hard to conceive. Only a few short months later, Peter passed to his last reward in his native Australia. The sad scene of Peter's last stand that windy March 22nd, 1898, will always be impressed in my mind as one of the ring's most pitiful spectacles.

Little did I think as I sat at the ringside and watched the rugged, powerful Jeffries reduce Jackson to a battered hulk of humanity, that twelve years later, I would sit at another ringside and see this same fate meted out to poor Jim. That sultry July day at Reno in 1910 was a replica on a larger scale of the Jeffries-Jackson fight. Even today, I can see Jeffries as he stumbled and shambled about that bloody Reno ring, being slashed and cut to ribbons by the super-clever Johnson.

I've often wondered if, back in Johnson's head that day, there was a picture of a bruised, battered and broken Peter Jackson lying on the floor of that Frisco ring years before. I've often thought that perhaps Johnson's "golden smile" was made wider and more sincere by the knowledge that he was vindicating the massacre of his famous fellow-man. Certainly some power urged Jack on that day at Reno as he slowly and methodically slaughtered the idol of the white race. Certainly, his skill was never greater, nor his smile any more "golden" than as he repelled the "comeback" aspirations of the once mighty Jeff.

* * *

ANOTHER touching scene was enacted the day Jess Willard, with the promise of a return bout with Jack Dempsey hinging on his ability to hurdle the barrier in the person of Luis Angel Firpo, clambered through the ropes to swap punches with the glaring giant from the Argentine. The chasm was too wide to cross. The toll of years was too much to overcome.

Bad investments made Jess' "comeback" imperative. True, he replenished the old bank-roll to a fair extent in two battles with

"COMEBACKS"

By T. W. MCNIEL

Floyd Johnson and Firpo. The picture of Jess down in the eighth round trying in vain to pull up to his feet by the aid of the ropes, made its impression on me. With legs paralyzed and refusing to function, as the count neared "ten," Jess shook his great bowed head slowly and sadly as he realized that his "comeback" was done for. There was a touch of pathos to the picture that remains indelible.

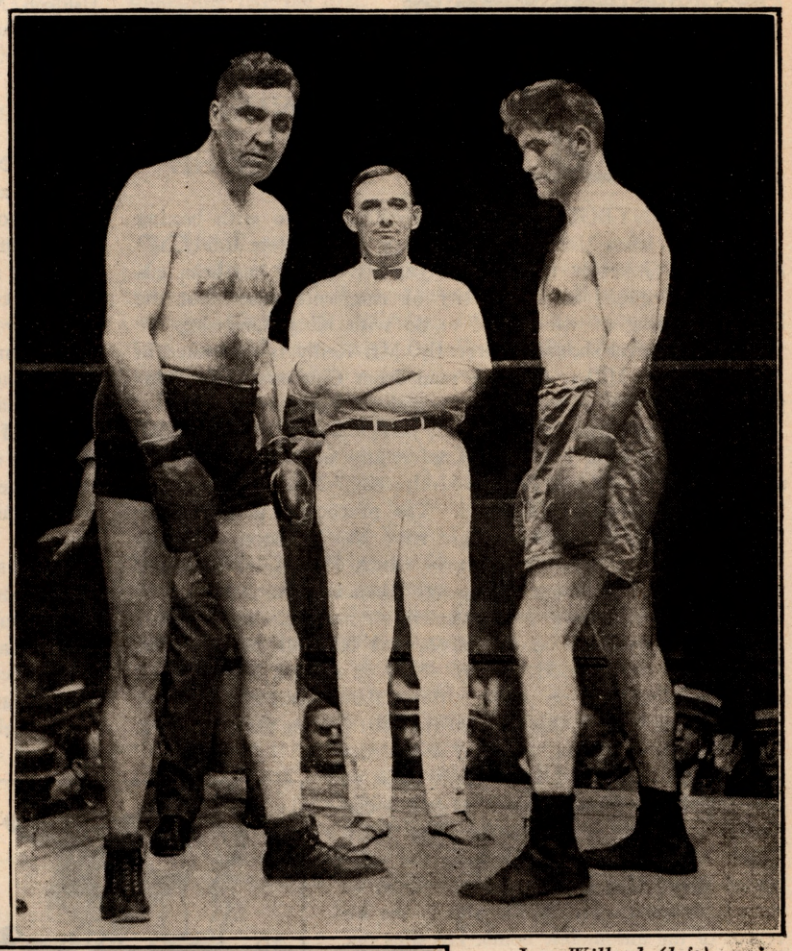
Then the night that Benny Leonard slipped through the ropes to do battle with Jimmy McLarnin. When Benny was led to his corner a beaten man in the seventh round, it stirred thousands of fans to the quick. Fans, who had followed and cheered him to the echo in the days of his glory, saw their idol drop out of the picture. They gazed with pity at Benny, slowed to a walk, battered into submission by a man to whom he could have given a boxing lesson in the bloom of his youth. Too bad, that Benny, one of the greatest, if not the very greatest lightweight that ever laced on a glove, was forced, through no fault of his own, to come back in the twilight of his career and have a dark blot placed in his record. It is a blot that well might have been omitted had the fates been more kind to him.

* * *

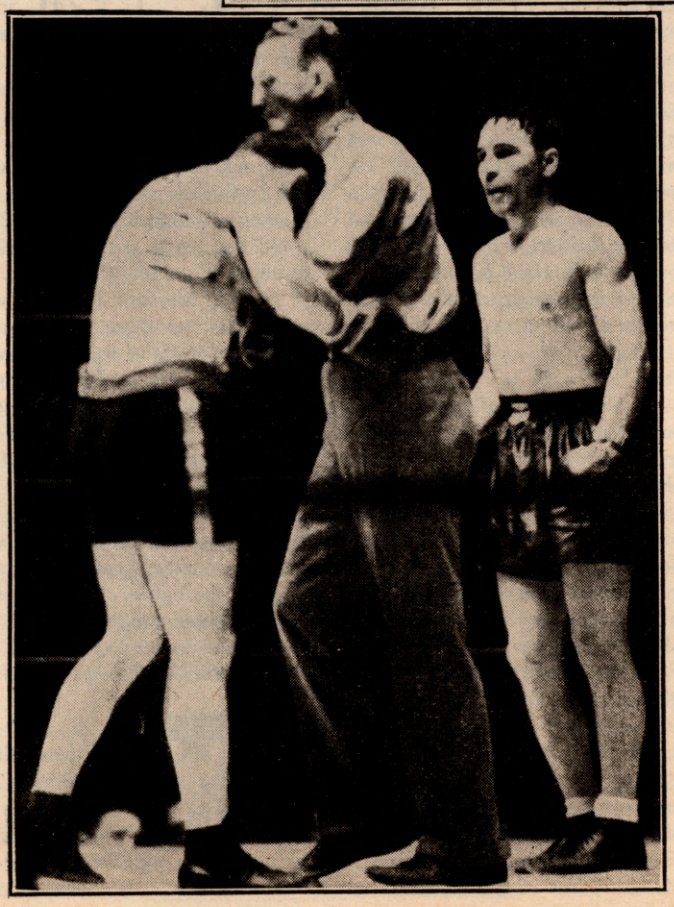
ANOTHER "comeback" that bordered on the verge of the pathetic was the time Tommy Burns went to England to fight Joe Beckett. Burns, who should have known better, when the battle was offered, jumped at the chance. At thirty-nine Burns was no match for Beckett and was kayoed in seven heats by a man against whom he could have named the round and punch, a dozen years earlier. Incidentally, that is the only kayo chalked up against Tommy. Though the police stopped his fight with Johnson, he was still on his feet in that mill.

I remember a few years ago when Jack Britton was touring the "sticks" meeting "hometown" talent in an effort to recuperate a fortune that vanished overnight in the Florida real estate slump. Gone was his once marvelous speed. Gone was the co-ordination of mind and muscle. Gone was the old snap and vigor. Instead, he was a tired old man, slow and listless as one who has made a fortune, and seen it slip from his fingers, might well be expected to be.

It was sad to see the once flashy Britton, the Britton who had shared the fame and fortune that is enjoyed only by those few who climb to the topmost rung of the fistic ladder, in there with a local "Kid" Whoosis, "Young" Moco, and "Battling" Yahoo, boys who couldn't have hit him with a sack of shot in his heyday. Yet there they were in there, hammering away at the old veteran, pounding him with blows that he had no business taking at his age.



Jess Willard (left) posing with Luis Firpo.

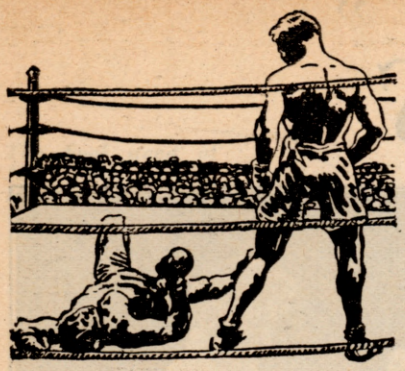


Arthur Donovan halting the one-sided contest between Jimmy McLarnin and Benny Leonard, when the former lightweight king was on the verge of collapsing.

* * *

THESE are only a few examples of the thousands of ill-fated "comebacks" that have been staged since those long-forgotten days when pugilism was in its swaddling clothes. Need-

(*Continued on page* 43)



The RING

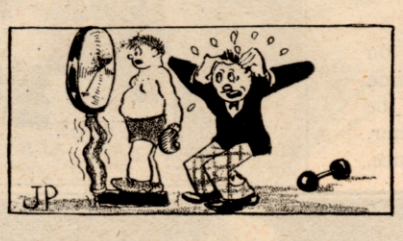
By DANIEL M. DANIEL

ANYBODY who has anything to do with boxing from Maine to Hong Kong knows Pete Reilly, the jokester from Brooklyn. Mr. Reilly has been engaged in a diversity of ring enterprises, not the least interesting of which had to do with King Levinsky, the Chicago mackerel shouter. Currently, Mr. Reilly is interested in Mr. Frederick Miller, a young man from Cincinnati who happens to be the pick of the crop among the feathers.

It is most interesting to follow the peregrinations of Mr. Reilly. He is busy writing a series of adventure books. Not so long ago he issued "Pete and Fred in Hollywood." Now he is scrivening "Pete and Fred in England." The precocious pair went to Merrie England for Miller's fight with Nel Tarleton, and they have been having divers adventures which Mr. Miller no doubt will frame in most eloquent language when he returns.

Mr. Reilly is known for a variety of accomplishments. For example, he used to be a professional baseball player. That was many years ago. He played short or second, but his lack of size and weight—or perhaps sheer ability—militated against his promotion into anything higher than the Cotton States League. He knows ball players when he sees them.

Mr. Reilly also is known from coast to coast as the inventor of that delicate social maneuver which is called the Hot Foot. When Mr. Reilly gets busy with the celebrated Reilly Hot Foot, no shoe is safe, no corn is fireproof. Mr. Reilly also is the inventor of the automobile bomb. He slips one of these projectiles into the motor and soon the driver feels that he is bound for the stratosphere, car and all.



In England, Mr. Reilly's adventures had a most interesting genesis. Miller beat Tarleton, who, it was demonstrated, is not quite the fighter some experts on this side had rated him to be. In a later fight, with Willie Gannon, Freddy got himself into a foul situation. Then he beat Jimmy Walsh, a corking good featherweight. There is no doubt that Miller is the best of the feathers, and I hope he will quit Merrie England before he gets too tired to do his best. It will be most interesting to listen to Mr. Reilly's account of "Pete and Fred in England, or High Life on the Thames."

* * *

SOMEWHERE else in this precious periodical you will find a piece written by Bill Brown, the New York Boxing Commissioner. Perhaps you do not know just who Bill Brown is. Around New York they know Bill just as they know the City Hall. But there may be places where they are not so familiar with William.

Well, Bill has been in the body building and health business for forty years. He started out in the famous Woods Gymnasium in New York, where candidates for the police and fire department were trained and prepared. In time, Brown had his own place, on West Twenty-third Street. He rebuilt the tired business man, and twice a week held fights. They were *fights!* Bill did his own refereeing, and if any young man was attacked with laziness, Bill threw him out of the ring faster than you could say Antofagasta.

In Brown's gym, Bill was a law unto himself, and the fighters knew it. Some famous battlers showed there. It was in Brown's that Benny Leonard suffered his knockout by Johnny Shugrue.

In later years, Brown built a health farm at Garrison-on-the-Hudson, N. Y. Browndale, it is called. There you will find Bill working with the business man who has eaten or drunk all too unwisely. He does some marvelous jobs there. And what with one thing and another, he is quite a commissioner.

* * *

IN his article, Brown tells about a fighter who was about to be suspended for breaking up a show in one of the New York clubs. The battler failed to appear and the commission was about to do the customary when Brown smelled a mouse and investigated. The fighter was not suspended. The writer looked into the case, and here is what he learned—

A New York club needed a replacement headliner in a hurry. The promoter picked out a fighter who had not had any work for a long time. The fighter had a name, but he was out of shape. That suited the promoter. He called the fighter's manager—"Mr. X. I need your boy for next Wednesday night. I will give him $350, and he takes a dive in the second round. Clean knockout, left to the jaw. What say?"

The manager jumped at the chance. For $350? Why, he'd tear down the Empire State Building for less.

Off dashed Mr. X to the fighter's home. "You meet Joe Zmickel next Wednesday night at the Smootch Club, and we get $150. Don't worry, and don't take the trouble to train. There is no time, anyway. You take a graceful dive into the tank in the second, left to the jaw, clean knockout, and you pay the rent and the grocer."

The fighter debated with Mr. X. He never had faked, he did not like to do it now. "What about the rent and the grocer? I can't advance you a dime," expostulated wily Mr. X.

The fighter said, "Okeh. I'll be on hand."

* * *

MR. X left. Mrs. Fighter had listened in. "You can't do this," she cried. "You never went into the tank, and you are not going to do it at this stage of your career. I won't let you."

The battler cried, too. "But, May, we haven't a dime in the house. The landlord will be here tomorrow, and we are two months behind now. The grocer, you tell me, says he must have twenty-five on account. Gosh, I sure hate to get mixed up in a fake, but what are we to do?"

"Listen, we'll make it," she remonstrated. "We have been through things like this before. There will be a fight, somewhere. If you get into this fake you will be finished. As it is, you have a chance. Something will turn up. You cannot go through with this. I won't stand for it. I have stood by you through thick and thin. I have scrimped and saved, and gone without dinner sometimes. I need a warm coat. Don't think I wouldn't like to lay my hands on some real cash. But not this way."

They argued it out for two days. The night of the bout arrived. The fighter did not show up. His wife had won her battle!

The next morning Mr. X was around, shouting, blustering, threatening. The promoter showed up. Shouting and threatening. He went to the Commission, and the Commission got ready to suspend the battler for long enough to ruin him altogether.

The fighter was summoned before the boxing board. One of the Commissioners questioned him. "A simple case of cold feet, and we will have to teach him a lesson," said the Commissioner.

* * *

WHILE the fighter was being questioned, Bill Brown listened. Never said a word. Just smiled. When the quizzing solon asked, "How long will we give this kid?" Brown said, "Please call him in again. I want to ask a few questions myself. This is not what you think it is."

The fighter came back. Brown said, "Young man, you were

ROUNDUP!

Pete and Fred in England—Something About Bill Brown—That Heavyweight Elimination Tournament

very skillful in parrying questions put to you by the General. Now, I listened to everything, and I know something. You did not tell all. You did not tell the truth. I know just what happened, and unless you come clean you will be barred from this state for life. If you give all the dope, I will see that you are protected, that you get a fight right away. You aren't fooling me one bit."

The fighter hung his head. "I couldn't lie to you, Mr. Brown," he said. "I was supposed to take a dive, and my wife wouldn't let me."

"Lucky for you, you have that sort of wife," Brown replied. "What's more, your manager promised you $150. Well, you have no manager right now. That chiseling crook signed for $350. He not only wanted you to fake it, but he was ready to steal $200 from you.

"Now, you start training. Get into shape. I will get you a fight. As long as I am on this commission, you will not be molested—if you keep straight. And don't try to lie again. You are a rotten liar. And don't ever debate with your wife on matters of honesty and wisdom."

The fighter walked out with his head held high. Brown got him that fight.

* * *

HOW about Mr. X? Well, he was barred from New York for life. He went to all the politicians. They went to Brown. Bill laughed. Mrs. X went to the governor in Albany. She got into the executive chamber.

"Mr. Brown has barred my husband for nothing at all, on the word of a little crook," she announced. "Mr. Brown is preventing us from earning our living. My husband has been an honest and influential manager of fighters for many years. Mr. Brown does not like him personally."

The Governor, Herbert Lehman, listened patiently. "If Mr. Brown has barred your husband, then your husband deserves to be barred, and I can do nothing."

She screamed, "Aren't you the Governor of this state? Aren't you the boss of the Commission?"

The Governor said quietly, "No, madam, I am not the boss of Mr. Brown. In matters relating to boxing, I have nothing to say. If Mr. Brown wants your husband barred, he must have a good reason. I am sorry."

Mrs. X left, hurling imprecations on the head of Bill Brown. The pressure continues. Mr. Brown keeps smiling. That manager never will be permitted to have anything to do with fights in the state of New York just so long as Bill Brown remains on the Commission. He shouts, "Crooks and chiselers, out!" And Bill means it.

* * *

A COUPLE of issues back, I advocated an elimination tournament among the heavyweights to decide who will fight Max Baer next June. Primo Carnera's connections have been hollering for a return match, but I am glad to note that the New York Commission will not be stampeded, and that it insists that Primo get into an elimination to show whether he is fit or not.

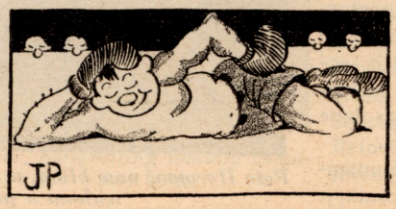
Carnera will have to fight over the fifteen-round route to demonstrate that he rates another chance. And one elimination will not do. The New York Commission wants all the heavyweight contenders to keep busy all winter, and develop a real, outstanding contender for Baer.

It may be that in the process of time and elimination, Carnera once more will fight Baer.

It may be that if they fight again, Primo's ankle will be less brittle.

It may be that in a return bout, Carnera will be less nervous, that his corner will be occupied by more able handlers, and that Baer will not be so ferocious.

But at this time the student of fisticuffs and psychology cannot get it out of his head that a second Baer-Carnera fight would be something like the first.



Primo never will be able to obliterate from his memory those terrific wallops, those trips to the canvas, that moment when he told Referee Arthur Donovan that he had had enough.

* * *

YOUR correspondent would like to see Lasky and Hamas fight it out again, over the fifteen-round route, with both men in better physical shape than they showed in their New York meeting. Hamas, in particular, might be better equipped for the long route. I agree with Bill Brown that the training which fighters do these days is very sketchy.

If a boxer seeks to demonstrate his fitness and his right to a championship fight, he should be forced to demonstrate it over the distance of a championship fight. It is a wonder to me that the New York Commission did not tumble to this long ago.

The public is ripe to be intrigued anew by boxing. That is especially true in New York. But the public is not ripe to be bilked again. It will not go for a phoney show, and it is about time the promoters appreciated this.

There are cards, there are fighters. All that is needed is a little intelligence, a little co-operation.

The public is out of sympathy with fighters who think this is 1924. Ten years have passed, money is tighter, the public is more knowing and discriminating. It wants action. It will dig up the dough if the show is there. If there is no show, no amount of publicity will induce the public to believe otherwise.

Let Hamas and Lasky fight again. Let the winner meet Carnera. Let Schmeling come back and get mixed up in this, though I believe either Hamas or Lasky can take him. Let no red herring be smeared across this trail!

* * *

FUNNY how a champion, because of his lack of color and consequently his lack of drawing power, can cause the fight fans to lose all interest in the class over which such titleholder rules. Take the case of Maxie Rosenbloom, for instance. Maxie, who has been at the head of the light-heavyweight division for three years, has made less than any champion of recent years, and only because the fight followers cannot be induced to respect him as a champion.

His style of fighting is amusing to some degree, but becomes dull after you have seen it for any length of time. Maxie has learned, much to his regret, that running, slapping and clownish tactics on his part have killed the class, so far as drawing power is concerned, and it will require the presence of a Mickey Walker, Jack Delaney or Paul Berlenbach to get the light-heavies back into the public eye.

That's what one fighter, especially the head of the section, can do to the entire division!

* * *

WHILE the American fighters of top-notch rank are having their troubles obtaining lucrative bouts, foreigners are getting theirs either in the movies or in the ring. There's Max Schmeling, for example. Knocked out here by the present heavyweight king, Max Baer, and whipped in a hot engagement by Steve Hamas in a comeback attempt, Schmeling recently stopped the mediocre Walter Neusel to win the German heavyweight crown and now is again basking in the spotlight. Only a few weeks ago, Max, who obtained about fifty thousand dollars in American money for his victory over Neusel, accepted an offer to appear in the movies with his wife, for which he will receive one hundred thousand dollars.

When Bantams *Were*

Jimmy Barry, one of the greatest bantams of all time.

IT used to be an accepted ring maxim that the greatest fighting spirit was to be found among the bantamweights. And even today, it is admitted that sluggish bantam performers are exceptional, while the big men come under a reverse ruling. Yet there is no denying the fact that for a decade, the members of this division have ceased to draw big money at the box office. Of course, the logical answer seems to be that bantam talent is at an exceedingly low ebb, yet this does not explain why fighters of this grade registering as topnotch artists are not as numerous today as they once were.

It is, however, worthy of note that the small chaps are still popular across the water and frequently play to good houses, though American promoters, as far as large clubs are concerned, pass them by. For this reason, Al Brown, the colored lad hailing from Panama, who holds the world's bantam title, and has defended it successfully against numerous foreign challengers, including Johnny King, England's present champion, has done all his fighting in Europe for the past three years.

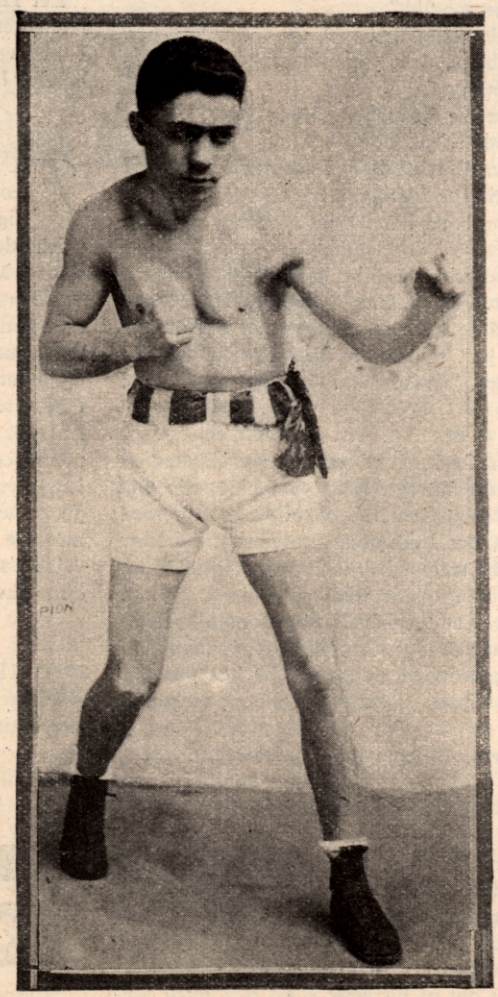
Yet it is not so long ago, as time flies, since bantamweights rated as capital drawing cards in this country. Recollect, for instance, what huge gatherings of fight fans crammed the New York arenas in the 1920 to 1922 period, when Pete Herman, Joe Lynch, Johnny Buff and little Jack Sharkey were tossing the bantam crown from one to the other, and putting up battles of furious intensity that kept onlookers keyed up to the concert-pitch of wild excitement. And there were plenty of other good lads listed as bantams then, always open for engagements and capable of giving the leaders tough arguments.

* * *

GOING back into remote fistic history, it is a matter of record that two pocket-edition sluggers, Jimmy Barry, of Chicago, and Terry McGovern, of Brooklyn, registered as gate attractions that gladdened the hearts of the promoters of their times. Not even the best of the big fellows could outdraw either of this spectacular pair. For sheer viciousness and punching power they were probably never equaled. They never were pitted against each other, for Barry retired about the time that McGovern forged to the front, the Chicagoan reigning from 1894 to 1898. With both in their prime, it would have been difficult to choose a probable winner, in the event of a battle between them.

Barry was the idol of Chicago sporting circles, where he was born and bred, and in recognition of his fondness for cyclonic ring methods, the critics bestowed upon him the sobriquet of "the little tiger!" Like McGovern, he was the product of a rough school, for Jimmy was developed as a ringster around McGurn's handball court on the northwest side of his native city, where some of Chi's best boxers were moulded into form. The lad who graduated successfully at McGurn's was usually fit to hold his own in any scrapping company.

It was a place where fights were decided strictly on their merits, for the most part with two-ounce gloves in an arena with a hardwood floor, innocent of covering, and unpadded wooden stakes at the ring corners. Old man McGurn, a hard-bitten Mick, catered to a crowd that wanted an evening's entertainment served up raw, on the half shell, so to speak. If a man claimed a foul, that crowd had to know beyond all room for argument that he was hurt so badly that it would be murder to let him continue. And if the foul looked intentional, the guilty party stood an excellent chance of being mobbed in a style likely to prevent him from being physically able to repeat his offense for many moons to come.



Pete Herman, now blind, at one time a bantam without a peer.

The result was that the McGurn fighting breed was noted for its devotion to the strenuous life and contempt for what is termed in sporting parlance "stalling methods." And of all the renowned gladiators the court sent forth to the outer world, none was of tougher fiber than Jimmy Barry. He fought his way to the top of the local fistic ladder by dint of hard milling and determined offensive

Fighting Kings

By GEORGE T. PARDY

tactics that admitted of no backing up on his part when in action.

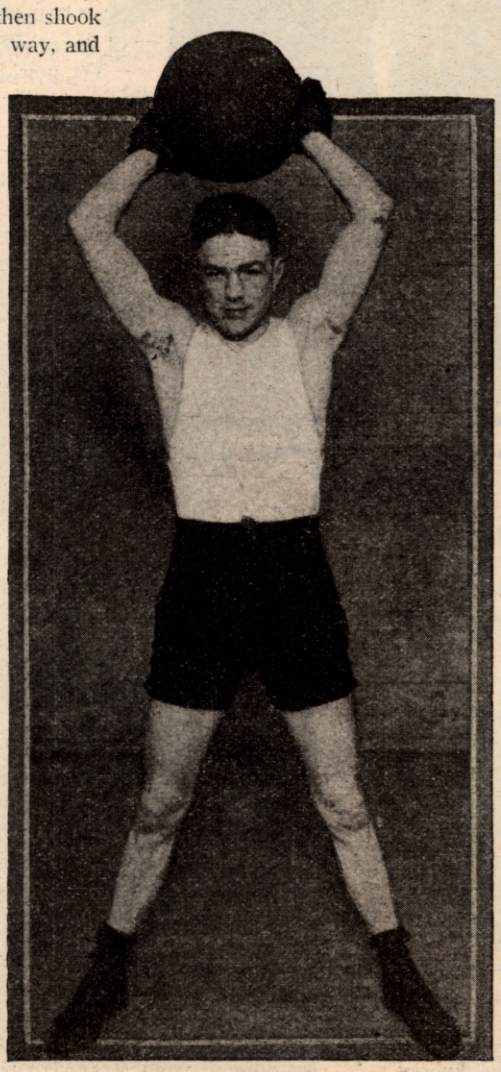
Before the little man became champion it was his custom to take on any noted boxers of his weight who were touring the West with theatrical companies. Barry was always on hand with his mentor and teacher, Harry Gilmore—veteran lightweight champion who once fought Jack McAuliffe for that title—whenever a challenger came along. But it was noticeable that most of the traveling stars preferred to steer wide of the sturdy Chicago lad.

* * *

ON one occasion, Billy Plimmer, British bantam champion, one of the best men of his class in the world, made his appearance at the Chicago Empire Theatre with a vaudeville show. Plimmer was offering a $100 forfeit to any 115-pounder who could stay four rounds with him, and Barry at once answered the challenge. But, prior to leaving New York, Plimmer had been warned that Barry was bad medicine. He knew that the Chicagoan was capable of giving him a hot argument in a regular ring, and had no intention of risking his reputation against him in a stage bout, where he, as a champion, had all to lose and little to gain.

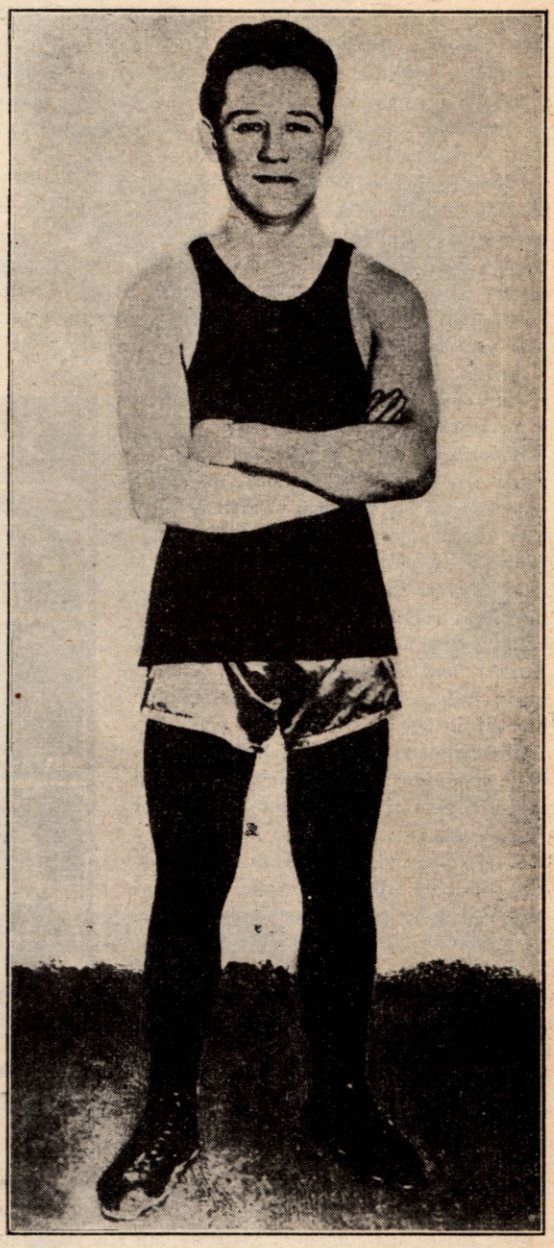
Plimmer's sparring partner was Joe McGrath, Irish champion bantam, whom Billy had whipped in eight rounds at Coney Island several months before. McGrath was a short, chunky boy, and a heavy puncher, who had put up a game fight with Plimmer for the distance they covered. Plimmer conceived the idea of passing the Barry proposition up to McGrath, and did so. It was arranged to have the Celtic lad and the Chicagoan box four rounds on the Empire stage.

On the night of the contest, while Barry was in his dressing room, McGrath entered, ostensibly for the purpose of obtaining a belt hanging behind the door. As he passed the local boy, he paused, looked him over, then shook his head in a pitying sort of way, and went out without saying a word. Barry grinned at Gilmore, who was attending him, and the veteran guffawed hoarsely. The notion of a "hard-as-nails" slugger, who had scrapped his way to the front through the McGurn outfit, being unnerved by such a palpable trick was a great joke to the professor and his pupil.



Joe Lynch, a clever, hard-hitting bantam champion of a few years back.

At the start of the bout, Barry met McGrath's rush with a counter attack of savage rights and lefts, and a short-arm jolt to the jaw dropped the Celt before the round was a minute old. One of McGrath's seconds immediately raised a yell of "foul," and jumped into the ring. There was a warm altercation between seconds and referee, and McGrath obtained a much-needed rest of several minutes. When hostilities were resumed Barry crowded his opponent, and again put him down. At this juncture a police captain interfered and threatened to stop the contest. McGrath was nearly out, but his seconds revived him, and the trouble was on again.



Young Jack Sharkey, whose thrilling fights with Joe Lynch packed the old Garden on several occasions.

In fact, it was nothing but trouble for McGrath, for Barry at once hit him with a right to the chin that resounded all over the house. This time there was no use in trying to rally Joe. He lay, limp, dead to the world, and the same resourceful second who had previously butted in to save his principal, again gave tongue to his "fouling" chant, having climbed inside the ropes for that purpose.

This was more than Barry's fiery temper could brook. Springing from his corner, where Gilmore had just removed his gloves, he descended upon the disturber of the ring peace, who was fully thirty pounds his superior in weight, and pummeled him vigorously. Before Gilmore could drag him away, Barry scored a second knockout, this time with bare knuckles.

THE incident was charactertistic of Jimmy, but it is worth mentioning that, despite his easily excited anger, he was never known to lose his head, afterward, during the many championship battles he fought. Tiger though he was, as a boxer Barry always preserved an outer semblance of calmness when performing with the mitts, and never could be provoked into a rash action.

One of Barry's severest ring tests occurred in 1897, when he met Sammy Kelly before a New York club. Kelly was an East-Sider, a great little fighter, who passed over to the silent majority in 1923. Up to the time of his death he was a well-known figure on Broadway, and at the local clubs, for Sammy never missed a glove contest of any importance.

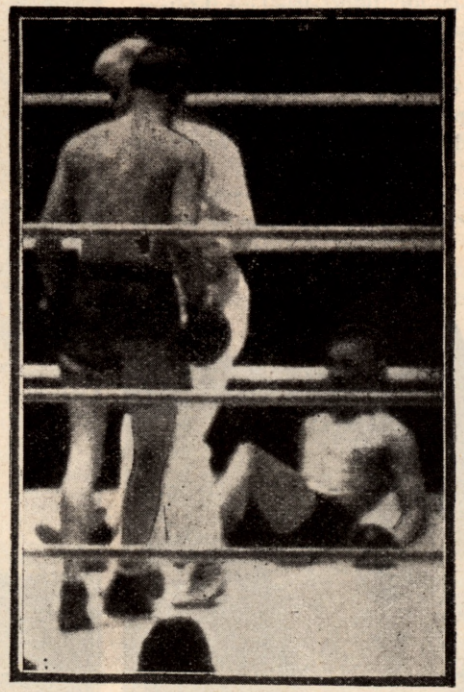
When Kelly was in his prime, the bantam limit was 115 pounds, ringside weight. Scrappers of today who grumble over the task of making weight at two in the afternoon, can scarcely realize what a hard time their predecessors had in getting down to the proper fighting notch, and retaining their strength. Grinding down to that exact figure put many a good man on the skids, and sometimes, as in the case of Joe Gans, when the great Negro battler was compelled to make 133 at the ropes for Battling Nelson, resulted in premature decline and death.

It was easy for Barry to reach the 115 mark. In trained condition, he never scaled above 112, and had to give away at least three pounds to most of his opponents. Kelly, on the contrary, had to work like a beaver in order to touch the bantam limit and be fighting fit. When the Kelly-Barry match was made, the New Yorker held out for a 2 o'clock scaling, being fully aware that he could not do himself justice at the ringside weighing. Barry consented, and Kelly had his afternoon conditions okayed. The articles read that the men were to enter the ring at 10 P.M.

As it chanced, the preliminary bouts all ended in short knockouts, and at nine o'clock nothing but the final remained to be run off. As every trainer knows, it is quite possible for a boxer who is finely trained to rest up for a few hours, eat a good meal, and put on from five to six pounds by the time he strips for action. Kelly, having tipped the scales at the required mark at two o'clock, proceeded to relax in accordance with the method above referred to. As the articles gave him until ten before answering the gong, he refused to leave his dressing-room until another hour had expired. The impatient crowd fussed and complained bitterly, but Kelly was strictly within his rights, and there was nothing to do but wait till Sammy was good and ready.

* * *

THE spectators were well repaid for their long waiting, however, for old-timers will tell you that they never saw a more hectic twenty rounds fought by small fry. In the early stages Kelly clipped Barry with a short right to the chin that dropped the Chicagoan for a toll of "nine." A heated controversy regarding the length of time Barry was on the floor afterwards developed between the adherents of the two scrappers, somewhat resembling in its virulence the "long count" argument that followed Gene Tunney's second victory over Dempsey, but impartial onlookers agreed that nothing unethical occurred. Barry fought in his customary tiger fashion. Kelly, whose ring tactics were much the same as those employed by a later bantam king, Joe Lynch, was a brilliant speed-merchant, with an effective wallop in either hand. Barry was the stronger in the final frame, and rushed Sammy all over the ring, but the knockdown scored by the New Yorker evened matters up and a draw verdict was returned.



Johnny Buff, a good little champion from New Jersey.

Terry McGovern was at all times prone to displays of hot temper, and on one occasion his lack of self-control brought him disaster. That was when Tim Callahan faced him in 1898. In a previous engagement, Terry won from Callahan in twenty rounds. But at the time referred to above, Callahan substituted for George Munroe, who had injured his ankle, and was compelled to call the bout off, so far as he was concerned, at the eleventh hour. In response to the promoter's cry for help, Billy Roche, who was handling Callahan, rushed his man to the scene of battle.

Roche knew McGovern like a book, and felt that, barring accidents, Callahan could hardly hope to last the limit with the impetuous Brooklynite. Callahan was a clever, two-handed boxer, tall and long in reach. His one chance of going the route with McGovern was to box him and avoid mixups as much as possible.

For this reason, the wily Mr. Roche, with a veteran's cunning, demanded that the boys should engage under clean-break rules. Sam Harris, Terry's mentor, protested vigorously, but Roche remained firm. It must be either clean-breaks, or no fight! The spectators were impatient, there was no other opponent available, and Roche won his point.

* * *

MC GOVERN started off in his usual rushing style. Terry was extremely sore at being compelled to fight under rules that hampered his close-in methods of attack, and was anxious for revenge. But Callahan took advantage of the clean-break system and boxed cagily at long range, making crafty use of the ring limits to keep out of danger. Whenever Terry got too close for comfort's sake, Callahan clinched and hung on, until the referee parted them.

Yet, now and then, McGovern got home with terrific punches that jarred Callahan badly, and about the tenth round Roche grew uneasy, for it seemed as though Callahan would be unable to weather the storm. When Callahan came to his corner for the usual three minutes' rest, Roche whispered in his ear. Tim nodded his comprehension. When the bell rang, Terry rushed. Callahan ducked under a right and hugged his antagonist tightly. His head was resting on McGovern's chest, and the astonished Terry heard him hiss in strident tones:

"Call yourself a fighter, hey? Why you cheap, lowdown A. P. A., you never whipped a man on the level in your life!"

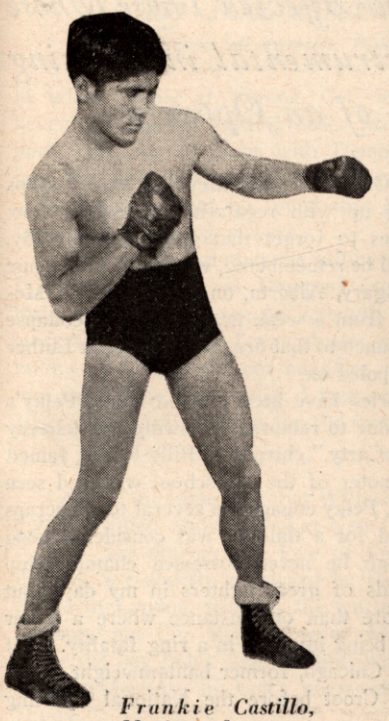
The A.P.A., or American Protective Association, now only an ugly memory, was at that time a powerful political and semi-religious organization, whose members hated and fought with fanatical virulence against Irishmen of the Roman Catholic faith. The phrase has now lost all meaning but, at that time, to accuse a dyed-in-the-wool Celt of belonging to an aggregation of would-be persecutors of every ideal he held dear, was equivalent to the proverbial folly of shaking a red rag before an enraged bull.

So, as Roche had correctly figured, this venomous insult stung Terry's Hibernian temper to the verge of madness. Rules and all else were forgotten. He clutched Callahan with one hand, and holding him in an iron grip, proceeded to lambast him savagely with the other. The referee promptly called a halt, and awarded the decision to Callahan on a foul. A few months later, however, McGovern had his revenge, when he met Tim under straight rules and knocked him out in ten rounds.

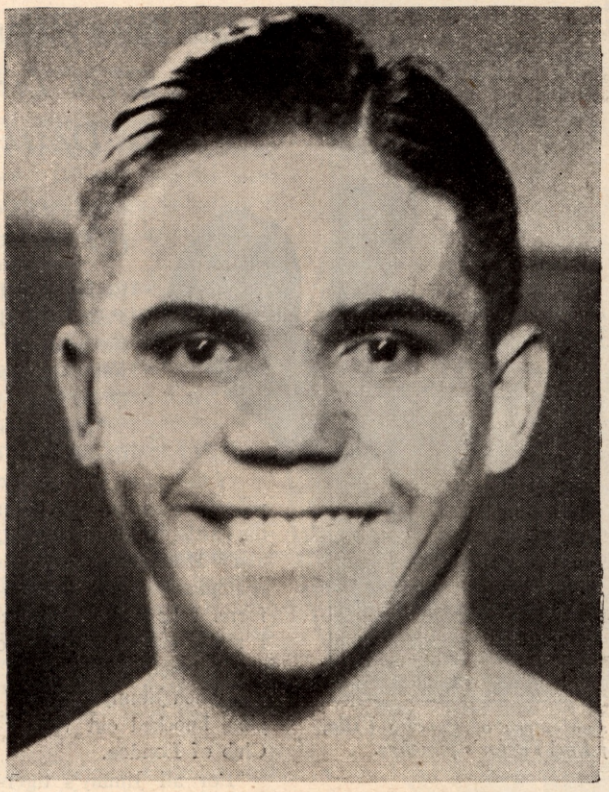
* * *

JOHNNY COULON, who lost the world's bantam title to Kid Williams in 1914, was also a great little fighting machine, but differed from McGovern and Barry in that he relied on a more cautious style of battling, to win his way in the ring. Yet Johnny also possessed a temper of no (*Continued on page* 45)

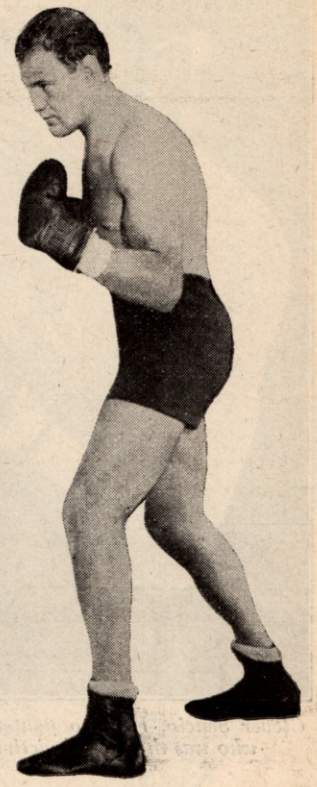
Colorful Fighters



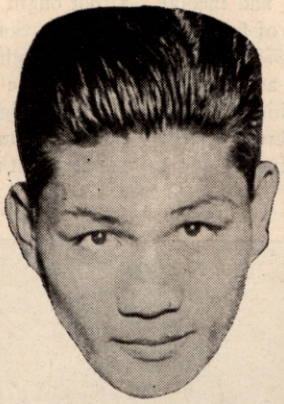
Frankie Castillo, Mexican bantam, fighting around Los Angeles.



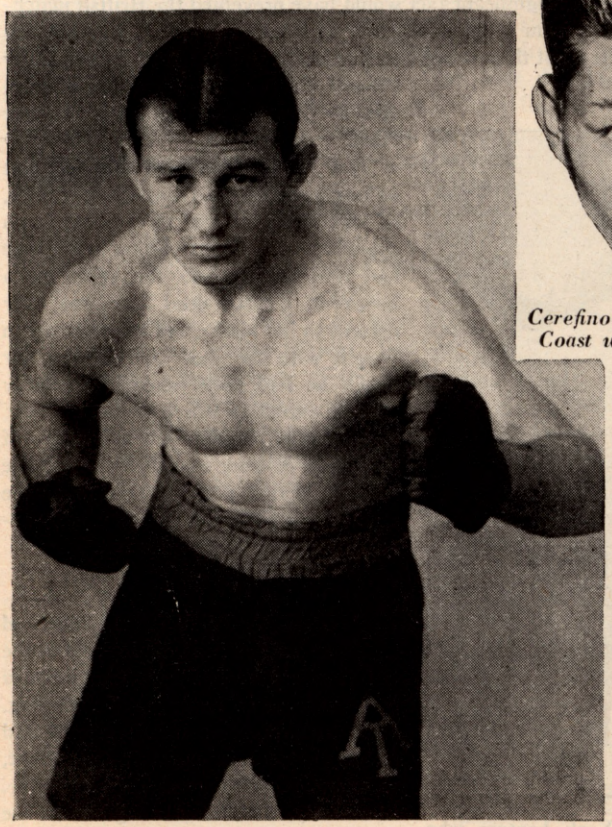
Johnny Pena, aggressive New York featherweight, on the Pacific Coast.



Abie Feldman, New York heavyweight, doing good work in California.



Cerefino Garcia, Pacific Coast welterweight flash.

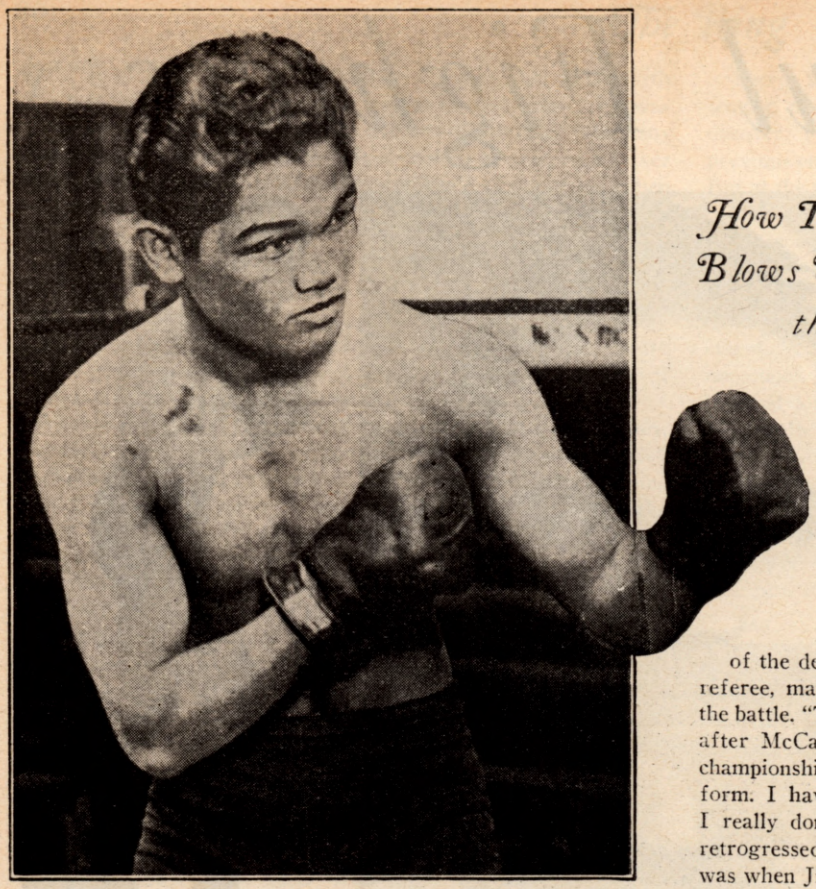


Al Trulmans, Coast middleweight, now in New York.

Little Pancho, brother of the late Pancho Villa, and a formidable little ringman in his own right.

RING

How They Have Affected Those Whose Blows Were Instrumental in Causing the Death of an Opponent

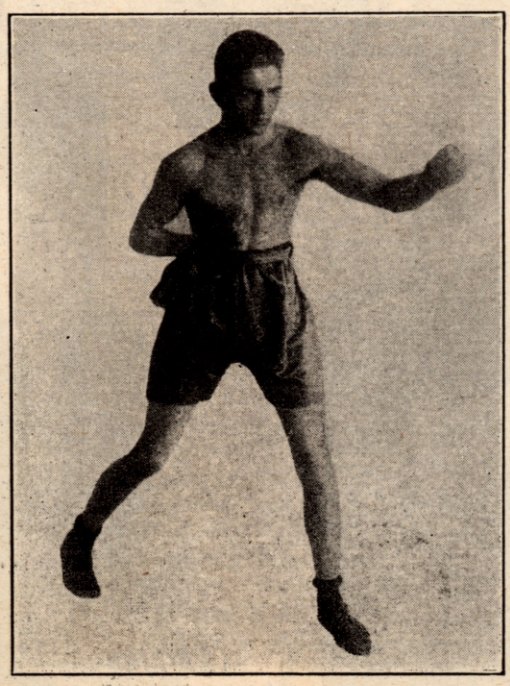


Clever Sencio, Filipino fighter, stablemate of Pancho Villa, who was the second victim of Bud Taylor's punches.

PRIZE fighting, and later the more scientific boxing, never was, nor now is, a tame sport. It is a strenuous pastime, one that requires physical fitness and mental alertness. If one aspires to fame in the field of fisticuffs, he must possess those assets or he'll fall by the wayside. Every now and then one reads of a fatality in boxing, just as one does in other branches of sport, yet if the records of pugilism for the last twenty years are studied, you'll find that there are less deaths and permanent injuries suffered in this strenuous sport than in most any of the others.

In fact, as was pointed out in the last issue of THE RING by Nat Fleischer, the largest number of fatalities and permanent injuries suffered by participants in athletics, is listed in football, yet the hue and cry that is raised when such a misfortune takes place in the field of fisticuffs, is far greater than when it occurs in our popular college pastime. The reason? Well, for one, boxing has been looked upon as a brutal sport almost from its infancy and, again, because the sympathy of the public seems to favor to a large extent the collegian.

We were sitting in the headquarters of the Madison Square Garden promoter recently, where daily there congregate the scribes, fight managers and boxers of note, and the question of ring fatalities came up. It was the recent battle between Max Baer and Primo Carnera that brought on the discussion, when one of the veteran newspapermen opined that it was a lucky stroke for boxing that Arthur Donovan had stopped the fight or a second Luther McCarty episode would have been written into the boxing records. Baer had the wild man's look in his eyes at the time.



Frankie Jerome, the New York bantam who succumbed after receiving a bad beating from Bud Taylor.

STRANGE how that McCarty story keeps popping up with regularity, no matter how one tries to forget that great ring tragedy. Luther, it will be remembered, was killed by Arthur Pelky at Calgary, Alberta, on May 24, 1913; McCarty dying from a weak heart, after his collapse following a punch to that organ that brought Luther down like a poled ox.

"Many stories have been printed about Pelky's death being due to remorse, following the delivery of the death blow to McCarty," chirped in Billy Roche, famed referee, manager and promoter of the old school who had seen the battle. "That is not true. Pelky engaged in several tough scraps after McCarty's death, and for a time he was considered good championship timber though he never possessed championship form. I have seen hundreds of great fighters in my days, but I really don't recollect more than one instance where a boxer retrogressed as a result of being involved in a ring fatality. That was when Jimmy Barry of Chicago, former bantamweight champion, knocked out Walter Croot before the National Sporting Club of London.

"For all Jimmy's tiger-like fierceness in the arena, he was ordinarily a rather sensitive little chap, of sympathetic nature, and Croot's death troubled him greatly. As a matter of fact, Croot ought never to have been allowed to fight Barry, or anyone else. Some time before his fatal bout with the Chicagoan, Croot fought Pedlar Palmer and was knocked out. On that occasion, he remained unconscious for several hours. You would think that significant fact would have prevented the British matchmakers from using him again, as it certainly would have in this country, but they weren't so particular in those days. The autopsy showed that Croot's heart was affected and so Barry and his seconds were freed.

"But Jimmy afterward told me that so long as he continued in active service, he was always afraid to lash out at an opponent with all his strength, when he had him toppling on the verge of a knockout. Croot's dead face was ever present to his vision, and he never again fought with the dash and energy for which he had been noted. But Barry was the exception which proves the rule. The average pugilist isn't a creature of extremely delicate sensitiveness and the hold of mental post mortems over the unavoidable accidents doesn't usually appeal to his tender imagination."

* * *

BIG JESS WILLARD, who had just arrived in New York from the South where he had been touring as a guest referee in boxing and wrestling, was among those present. Jess, who had an engagement in Newark that night, was considerably interested, because he, like Pelky, had killed a fighter in the ring. Jess claimed that he never used all the strength behind his punches after

FATALITIES

By JOE HUMPHREYS

Dean of American Fight Announcers

he killed Young at Vernon, Cal., but that Young's death had never affected his fighting other than to cause him to exercise more care. In his fight with Dempsey, he said that he went into the ring determined to hit only hard enough to secure a quick knockout, but he found that he had erred in calculating Dempsey's punching powers.

"I soon found out that the killing might be on me for, if ever I saw a tiger, it was Dempsey in that ring with me. I had little opportunity to use my strength against Jack because of his quick action. Though I was always careful about my hitting, the killing of Young did not interfere with my career. Long after that fatal blow was landed, I kept on fighting and winning until I defeated Jack Johnson for the world's heavyweight title."

* * *

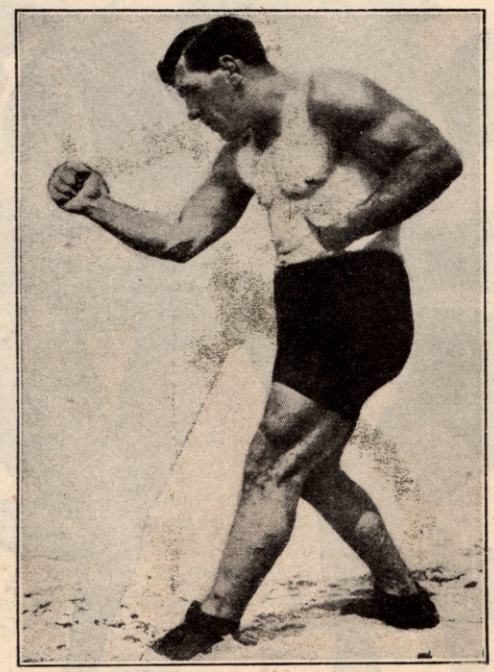
IN the same way that Willard killed Young, Kid Levigne killed Andy Bowen at New Orleans but the Kid's punching powers and love of the game were not impaired thereby, for shortly afterward he fought and knocked out Dick Burge in London, winning the world's championship. Bob Fitzsimmons put Con Riordan away for keeps in a stage bout at Syracuse, but Bob's deadly right didn't lose any of its force or accuracy because of Con's unexpected journey over the Great Divide.

Recalling other famous ring deaths, Clarence Gillespie, another veteran, remarked that Jack Root had been boxing just one year when he stopped Tom Lansing in Chicago, and the latter died from the pounding he received. Yet Root later became known as one of the best middleweights in the business.

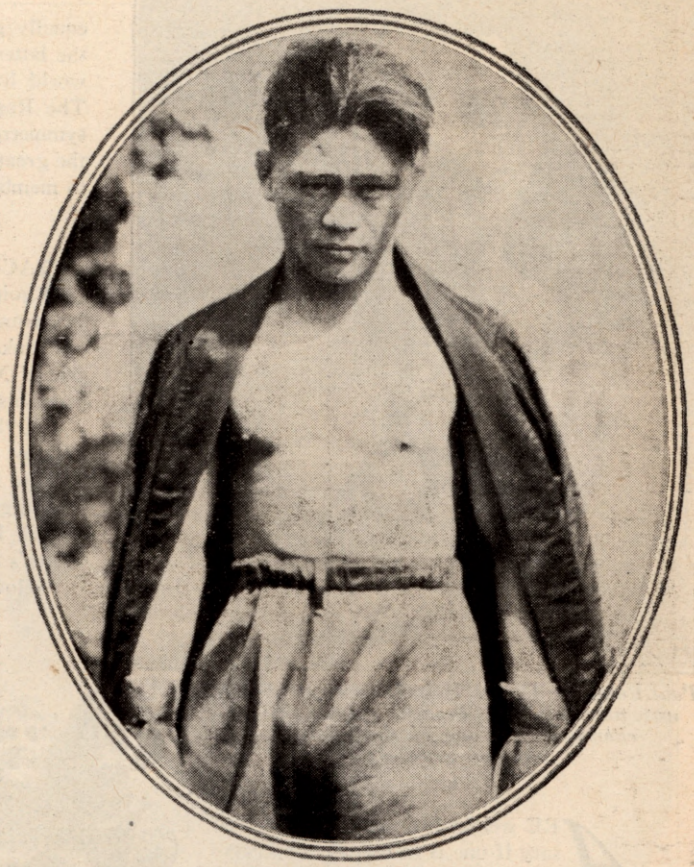
The case of Bud Taylor, former bantamweight champion, is one of the best examples of self-control on record in boxing circles. Bud, a red-haired Terre Haute kid, a wicked, clever, hard-hitting lad, won on a technical knockout from Frankie Jerome in New York, and a few hours later Jerome died from a hemorrhage in the Flower Hospital of New York City. Frankie was well liked in his home city and on the day of the funeral a huge gathering paid its last respects to the dead gladiator. Among the mourners was Taylor.

A few weeks after the fight with Jerome, Taylor resumed his fistic campaign as if nothing had happened. He went on merrily, winning bout after bout and then, about two years after the unfortunate Jerome killing, Bud clashed with a stable mate of the late Pancho Villa, Clever Sencio by name. Sencio received a terrific beating in that mill and several hours after his defeat, he collapsed in his hotel room and died on his way to a hospital. Thus Bud Taylor for the second time in his career was the cause of a death. Whether it was his punches or the poor condition of the opponent that was responsible is difficult to say, but the fact remains that that second death did not affect Taylor any more than did the first, and he continued for almost four years more to wage battle in the ring.

And when Tommy Burns was little more than a welterweight, he was one of the principals in a Michigan ring fatality. The only change the accident made in



Bull Young, who was killed in a ring battle with Jess Willard.



Pancho Villa, who died shortly after his fight with Jimmy McLarnin.

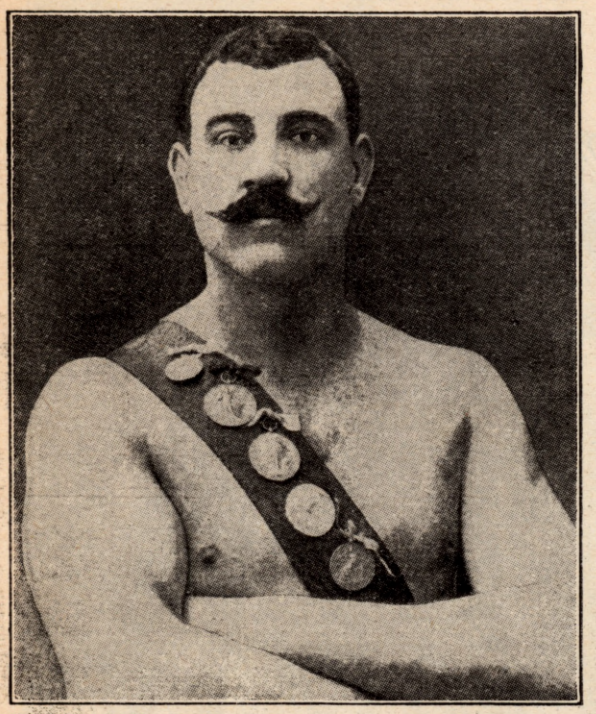
Tommy's makeup was that it caused him to alter his name of Noah Brusso for the more jaunty moniker to which he afterward attached the title of world's heavyweight champion.

"And," added Charley Harvey, "Owen Moran stowed away Tommy McCarthy before a San Francisco club in 1910 and the knocked-out boxer never came to. Did the incident affect Moran's British nerves? Not that you could notice, for it was after McCarthy's demise that Owen treated Bat Nelson to the novel experience of being dropped for a full count, and thereby earned a match with Ad Wolgast for the lightweight title.

"I had Moran and I tell you there never was a greater little fighter than he. What I wouldn't give for a Moran today!"

The deaths of Pancho Villa, Frankie Campbell and more recently that of Ernie Schaaf were also recalled, and in each case, it was pointed out that the survivor continued on with his career, as if nothing serious had ever happened. Although Villa didn't die as a result of a ring blow, yet it was a punch from McLarnin that brought on the septic poisoning that caused his death, McLarnin, after the unfortunate affair, continued, and eventually became one of the greatest little fighters of modern times. Only recently he regained the world's welterweight title from the man who took it from him —Barney Ross.

WRESTLING'S



Paul Pons, the French Hercules who in his day was not only the French weight lifting champion but one of the world's foremost wrestlers.

ARE weight lifting exercises necessary if one is to become a successful wrestler? How often have you seen that query in the "Questions and Answers" page of this publication? I have seen it dozens of times, and always I have read the answer: "No, it is not necessary but the best wrestlers come from the field of star weight lifters." That, in my opinion, is a proper answer.

If you examine the list of the leaders in the mat world since the time of William Muldoon, you will find that those whose records stand out were weight lifters, many of whom were kingpins in the sport before they turned their attention to the art of grappling. Wrestling draws its stars from almost every branch of athletics, but primarily from football and weight lifting huskies. The former, agile, powerfully built fellows who depend largely on their speed, and the latter, brawny-muscled, beautiful, symmetrically developed bodies with the bulging muscles of a Hercules. Among some of the most-famed matmen who excelled as strong men are George Hackenschmidt, Jim Londos, Richard Shikat, Carl Pojello, Hans Steinke, Hans Kampfer, Sandor Szabo, Stanislaus Zbyszko and Henry Steinborn among others.

Hackenschmidt, who by many experts—including Jack Curley—is rated the greatest wrestler of all time, despite his double defeat at the hands of Frank Gotch, was equally great as a weight lifter. In fact his fame was first gained in the latter field. Hack's book, "The Way to Live," is his contribution to world literature on gaining physical perfection through weight lifting. The Russian Lion's body has been the model for many sculptors. For symmetry, there are few athletes even today whose build excels that of the great Hack, who is living in London where he teaches physical culture to members of the House of Lords.

* * *

BACK in the "nineties," a 263-pound weight lifting champion was going great guns as a wrestler. His name was Mat Simmer but his winning streak came to an end in the hands of "Farmer" Burns.

Frank Gotch often wrestled and trained with a well-known weight lifter named Noah Young. Young claims to have lifted 290 pounds, one hand from his shoulder.

In 1911, Gustav Fristensky, a Bohemian, came to this country in an attempt to capture the title which was held at that time by Charley Cutler. He was a perfect specimen of physical manhood and possessed amazing athletic ability. Although he failed in his quest for the title, he did help supply the color which was lacking at the time of Frank Gotch's retirement.

Following Fristensky, came George Lurich, the famous Russian wrestler and world-famous weight lifter. This great athlete has left weight lifting records that to this day still stand. He lifted 266 pounds overhead with one hand and accomplished many other feats which have never been equalled.

Lurich's career came to a sad end during the World War when he became a victim of the typhus epidemic that swept Russia in the earlier days of the great strife. He is buried in Reval, Esthonia.

Stanislaus Zbyszko, another internationally famous wrestler and strong man, came into the public eye in this country shortly after Lurich's début. Zbyszko attracted attention by his marvelous physique. He was one of the most powerful foreigners that ever had visited these shores.

Zbyszko had a twenty-two inch biceps, the largest upper arm ever seen in American athletic competition up to that time. He was a most active fellow, with an overabundance of endurance and strength. Considering that he started his athletic career at an early age and didn't retire until after he had completed thirty years of competition, the elder Zbyszko holds a unique record in the mat sport.

Today there are more weight lifters and strong men in wrestling competition than ever in the history

Joe Bonomo, the American Adonis who has won many prizes in strength tests and also in posing contests. Here he is supporting a load of American beauties. Don't you envy him?

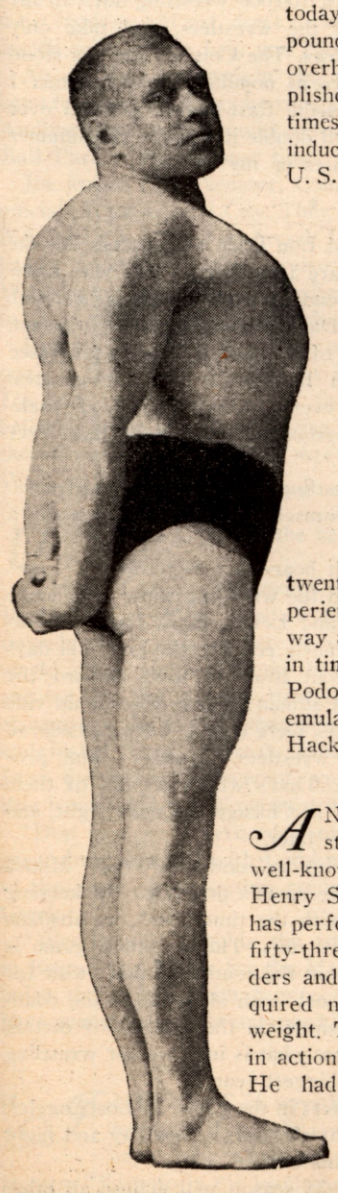
STRONG MEN

Weight Lifters Rank Among Greatest Grapplers— Hackenschmidt, Londos, Zbyszko, Shikat, and Steinborn Among Leaders

By WILLIAM H. VREELAND

of the sport. Only recently there were added to the list two recognized strong men, Charles Rigoulet of France and Walter Podolak of Syracuse, N. Y. They rank among the world leaders in weight lifting. Each claims the world strong man title.

Rigoulet made a successful début in the "grunt and groan" colony in Paris some months ago. If he turns out to be as good a wrestler as he is weight lifter, he will be a future champion. Charles is the only man today who can lift 400 pounds to arm's length overhead. He has accomplished the feat several times. He will probably be induced to come to the U. S. A. and to wrestle here and to exhibit his remarkable strength.

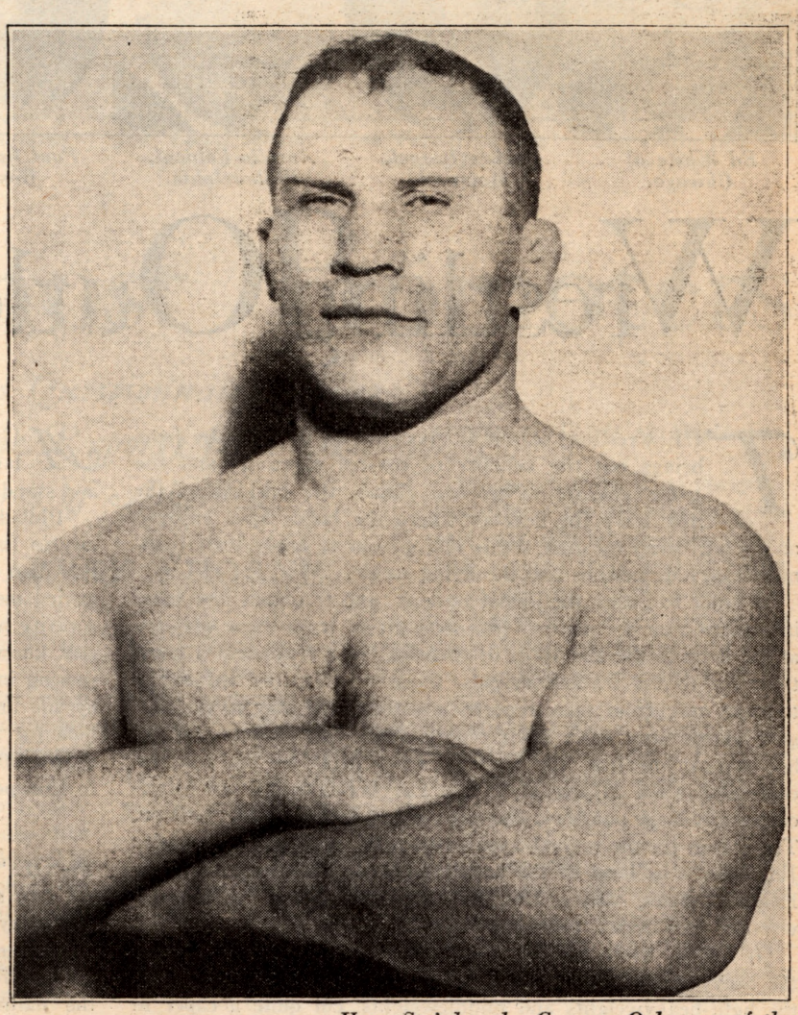


George Lurich, famous Russian wrestler and weight lifter.

Podolak is recognized as the strongest man in this country. He has officially lifted over 650 pounds in a two-hand dead-lift style. He is very fast in spite of his bulk and is an accomplished acrobat and hand balancer. Walter is still in his twenties and with more experience, he may go a long way as a wrestler. Perhaps in time, both Rigoulet and Podolak may be able to emulate the greatness of Hackenschmidt.

* * *

ANOTHER former strong man, and now a well-known wrestler, is "Milo" Henry Steinborn. This marvelous athlete has performed the deep knee bend with a fifty-three pound weight across his shoulders and in attempting this feat, he required no assistance in shouldering the weight. Those who have seen Steinborn in action have, perhaps, noticed his limp. He had his leg accidentally broken years ago when performing a strong man stunt in vaudeville. He was supporting a platform across his body while in the human bridge position and having a loaded automobile pass over it, when the platform broke. In spite of this unfortunate accident, Henry is today in perfect physical condition except for the limp, and is wrestling around St. Louis. He is training another former weight lifter who has just entered the mat sport. George Mansor is the name and he holds the junior national heavyweight lifting championship.



Hans Steinke, the German Oak, one of the strongest wrestlers in the world today.

Karl Pojello, who recently supported an upright piano with a player, in a human bridge.

Karl Pojello, a wizard of scientific wrestling, recently performed the same human bridge as Steinborn but instead of an auto, he supported an upright piano and its player. Karl is noted for his strength as well as his wrestling skill, and those who have watched him wrestle know he needs no further instruction in that gentle art.

Joe Bonomo, the American Adonis and candy manufacturer, is quite often seen on the mat. This athlete has won prizes for his posing and strength feats since he was nineteen years of age. Tearing telephone books in half is just a pastime with Joe.

Jim Londos, a former California strong man, was a champion weight lifter on the Pacific coast years back. He often posed for sculptors. His physique is almost perfect. Shikat, Steinke, Szabo, Kampfer, Wladek Zbyszko, and Nick Lutze use heavy weights in training for important bouts. They also favor the heavy bar-bells in training.

The heavier class boasts of the most former weight-lifters, but there are also many of the lighter (*Continued on page* 45)

Ed White of Chicago. *Lucien Riopel, Montreal.* *Aurelia Fabiani, Philadelphia.* *Paul Bowser of Boston.* *Francis A. Stagg, Evansville, Ind.* *John Contos, Upper New York State.*

Wrestling Outlook Bright,

THE wrestling season is upon us. As soon as the frost brings out the vendors of roasted chestnuts and the geese migrate to tropical climes, the huskies of the mat leave the beaches where the ladies have enjoyed an eyeful, brush up their tights and go out to apply their hammerlocks, half nelsons and the flying tackle.

In order to gauge the indoor outlook, and to obtain first hand information on the season's prospects direct from those who are at the helm in the mat sport in America, THE RING sent a questionnaire to the leading moguls, those who feature the heavy tonnage and, from their reports, wrestling will play to the biggest houses since 1930. Their reports show that even during the hot summer months, the fans in many parts of the country, especially in the Middle West and Far West, turned out in exceptionally large numbers, thus presaging a banner winter session. The reason for the revival, apparently, is the return of the popular Jim Londos as head of the heavyweights in all except the New England states, where Don George, with whom he recently wrestled two draws, still holds sway.

Of course, while the fans show their greatest enthusiasm for the heavyweights, the fellows in the lighter divisions, especially the light-heavyweights and middleweights, cut quite a caper in many parts of the land. Even in New York, where heretofore they were seldom seen, they are now packing in the Ridgewood, Jamaica, and Coliseum arenas where Jack Curley's former chief of staff, Jack Pfeffer, stages his shows, and the same holds true in the larger cities of Ohio, Kansas, Michigan, Missouri, and down South. The boys in the lighter sections are rapidly forging to the front and it won't be long before they occupy the spotlight alongside the beef trust in the public print.

* * *

BUT it is with the heavyweights we are now concerned. Here is what the leading wrestling promoters, who book only the pachyderms, predict:

Jack Curley, New York's famed promoter, no doubt the world's best known sport character:

"New York is sure to enjoy a big season in wrestling. Despite the abuse heaped upon the greatest thrill producer, the mat game is in most healthful condition. Several big foreign stars are headed this way. If they are half as good as the reputation preceding them, Madison Square Garden and the Seventy-first Regiment Armory, where I will have my shows, will often be filled to capacity.

"Chicago had a $104,000 house on the occasion of the recent Londos-Lewis match. Los Angeles enjoyed several $50,000 houses during the summer and other cities drew in favorable proportion. That's the best answer to our calamity howlers. For the benefit of those who say sport shows have reached the end of the road, let me say there is nothing wrong with wrestling. The game will go on and on and on. Just watch New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and all other big wrestling centers this season."

AURELIA FABIANI, the man who has successfully launched the mat sport to popular heights in Philadelphia, and stands today as one of the world's great promoters, says:

"Philadelphia takes more interest in wrestling than any other city in the East. Ten years ago when I started the game with less than one hundred dollars gross receipts, there were few who envied me. In the last five years, $50,000 houses have not been a rarity here, and today more than 100,000 wrestling fans in my city know every hold, know all the wrestlers, and take only passing interest of other sport shows. The Commission has stood by me and accomplished wonders in popularizing the game. I look for a tremendous indoor season. Last year I grossed over $1,000,000. This year I think I will double it. I spent the summer in Europe and have a few surprises up my sleeve."

* * *

JOE "TOOTS" MONDT and Lou Daro see success for the mat sport this winter. Both are former wrestlers who know every angle of the sport. Mondt, a near champion, a tough nut for anyone to crack, and Lou Daro, a combination strong man who performed wonderful feats of strength and who possessed the natural showmanship which has made him the greatest wrestling promoter the West has ever seen in the game, are making plans for the most active session wrestling fans have ever seen on the Pacific Coast.

Daro is the daddy of all wrestling promoters in California. He has gathered a fortune for himself and incidentally made a lot of money for the grapplers.

Only recently Daro and Mondt boarded a General Air Lines Airplane in Los Angeles to attend the wrestling show in Chicago the next night between Londos and Lewis. Hark back, ye old-timers, especially those who constantly refer to the good old days when most wrestlers moved from town to town aboard the blind baggage or in a side door Pullman! Those who could ride on the cushions, as the day coaches were called, were considered in the capitalistic class. Today wrestlers, managers, and promoters travel mostly by airplane. That's why you read of them in the New York show one night, in Chicago the next night, and in Los Angeles twenty-four hours later.

"Yes, there has been a great evolution," said Joe "Toots" Mondt at Wrigley Field in discussing the sport's progress. "In keeping with the times, we must move with the times, and the airplane is our greatest asset to accomplish this. The wrestling game is in a flourishing condition throughout the country. I don't wait for reports, but I keep in constant touch with all parts of the country by personally attending the shows in the interest of certain wrestlers or promoters and I know what is in store for wrestling this winter. It will be the sport's biggest year."

Daro is one of the great characters in the game. In Los Angeles, they call him "Carnation Lou"—at all hours of the day and night a carnation adorns the lapel of his coat.

"Yes," Daro says, "the 1934-1935 season will eclipse all other efforts in the game."

Edward A. Contos, Baltimore, Md. | *Jack Ganson, San Francisco.* | *Jack Corcoran of Toronto.* | *Joe "Toots" Mondt, representative.* | *Joe Turner, Washington, D. C.* | *Lou Daro, Los Angeles.*

Say Foremost Promoters

The Ring's Questionnaire Brings Optimistic Reports from All Parts of America

By HARVEY THORNE

JOE TURNER of Washington, D. C., says the wrestling outlook in his city is fine. If you want to run a wrestling show in Washington, D. C., Joe Turner is the chap you must see. He is a smart fellow and knows all the ropes of sports promotions. Take a tip from an old pal, don't tackle wrestling promotion in Washington without the help and consent of Turner.

An old-time lightweight champion, he turned promoter when age crept on, and today he runs shows very successfully at the big Auditorium during the winter season and at the American League Ball Park in the summer time.

Joe knows every senator, Congressman, ambassador and other officials in the Capital City. They are his patrons and he looks after them like a hen after its brood. Joe's only diversion is fishing. He has a good-sized cabin cruiser boat and you are nobody in Washington unless you are invited on one of the numerous cruises in quest of the Chesapeake inhabitants.

Everett Marshall, the fast coming heavyweight wrestler, is one of Joe's favorites. Shikat is another and so is Browning. Joe is a great champion of the Roosevelt new deal. A great believer in the wrestlers obeying the N.R.A. code and, along with the Roosevelt prosperity, wrestling is getting its share in Washington.

* * *

UP in New England, the best and most popular promoter is Paul Bowser.

"This will be my eighteenth season of wrestling promotion in Boston," says Paul, "and I think it will break all previous records for attendance here. I have seen all the stars of the mat world come and go. Some have been great, some have been greater. At the present time, I think that the New England claimant to the world's championship, Don George, who has been undefeated for many years, stands out both from the athletic and from the personal viewpoint, and it is his personality and ability that have aided wrestling most in this neck of the woods.

"Don has never refused a match to anyone. His recent two great draw matches with Londos prove his mettle and entitle him to the same championship recognition as is being given to the Greek.

"Wrestling still holds the world's record for indoor shows in Boston and I look for the Madison Square Garden building to bulge this season with fans crowding into its four walls. We have many fine cards arranged."

* * *

"INTEREST in wrestling in Eastern Canada has been maintained and in some localities even is increasing," says Jack Corcoran, one of Canada's leading promoters. "Toronto is the leading center of the sport and the more important bouts this fall will, I anticipate, attract capacity crowds of 17,000 at Maple Leaf Gardens.

"Although there is no reason to complain of the attendances of the past year, which have maintained a high average, there is every reason to expect that future crowds will be bigger than ever. Any one of half a dozen or more prominent wrestlers can be featured here. There is no lack of talent for Canadian shows, the kind the public wants and enjoys.

"Such smaller cities than Toronto, as London, Niagara Falls, St. Catherines, Hamilton and Stratford in central and western Ontario and the capital city of Canada, Ottawa, in the East, are red hot wrestling centers."

* * *

LUCIEN RIOPEL, Montreal promoter, who learned his wrestling under one of the greatest leaders the game ever had, George Kennedy, pops with enthusiasm over the winter outlook. It was Kennedy who brought European wrestlers, such as Raymond Cazeau, Raoul De Rouen, Constant Le Marin and many others to this country, and ran wrestling, season after season, at the old Sohmer Park in Montreal, while the rest of America lay dormant so far as wrestling was concerned.

Kennedy brought Gotch to Montreal and the little Italian Pietro beat him so badly that Gotch was forced to quit. Constant Le Marin beat the great Stanislaus Zbyszko there and sent him to the hospital for a prolonged stay as a result of the punishment.

"Today," says Riopel, "Montreal is as interested in wrestling as ever and since my old tutors have passed away, I have always kept my hand in the game. Season after season I have dished out the best in the sport to our patrons hence I feel qualified to predict a most successful winter across the American border.

"Next to George Hackenschmidt, Ed 'Strangler' Lewis was always our biggest card in Canada, and Lewis, I hope, will be seen in several of our leading shows during the indoor season."

* * *

ANOTHER graduate of the mat game is the promoter in San Francisco, Calif., Jack Ganson. Not only in the city of San Francisco, but many other spots on the Coast, such as Stockton, San Jose, Fresno, and Reno, Nev., look to Jack to furnish them with wrestling thrills. Jack was in New York the other day arranging for mat talent and feels sanguine of satisfying, financially and otherwise, all the wrestlers who will visit the Pacific Coast under his promotional banner. He says the sport will have its banner year there.

John Contos, the promoter who handles clubs in Syracuse, Binghampton, Rochester, Utica and other cities in upper New York, thinks the game is in for its best year. He predicts that Londos' popularity and that of Don George, another New York favorite, will bring the wrestling game back with a bang. He predicts that matches between Londos (*Continued on page* 41)

From MILO to LONDOS

By A. D. PHILLIPS

WHEN Zbyszko regained the world heavyweight title from Wayne "Big" Munn in Philadelphia on the night of April 15, 1925, he brought to an abrupt close the short reign of the University of Nebraska athlete who had astonished the wrestling world by taking the title from Ed "Strangler" Lewis the previous January. Equally astounding to the mat world was the victory of the veteran Pole over his youthful collegian, for Zbyszko at the time was past the fifty-year mark and, although a giant himself, looked like a pigmy beside his big husky rival. But science was the biggest factor in deciding the winner and, in Zbyszko, Munn found one of the most finished wrestling stars of modern times.

Scene in the match between Gama and Zbyszko. Gama won in short order. Zbyszko couldn't get his bearings in the mud.

Munn, despite his six feet six inches and 260 pounds which he scaled on the day of the battle, lacked experience and conclusively proved that as a wrestler he didn't belong in the same class with his opponent. When Munn tossed Lewis, it was brute strength that turned the trick, but against Zbyszko strength alone couldn't count because the Pole ranked among the best in that line. Against Lewis, it will be recalled, Munn won the first fall by tossing the Strangler out of the ring, and Lewis lost the second and deciding fall because he was injured.

When Zbyszko faced Munn, he was determined to regain the crown. He had trained faithfully and nothing short of a miracle would have sufficed, so far as Munn was concerned, so primed for battle was the foreigner. Zbyszko gained the championship in two straight falls. He gained the first after only 8 minutes and 11 seconds with a forearm hold, and the second, in 4 minutes and 53 seconds, a forearm hold and hammerlock being employed to pin Wayne's shoulders.

* * *

MUNN was banking on his favorite crotch hold, the one with which he lifted Lewis high above his head and hurled him out of the ring, but the veteran Zbyszko was wise to the hold and didn't give Munn a chance to use it effectively. He warded off all attempts of Munn to get it. Meanwhile Zbyszko was putting into play his years of experience and soon transferred his position from one of defense to one of offense, a situation that became immediately dangerous to the collegian.

In an effort to get his man, Munn shifted to jiu-jitsu at which he was adept, and tried desperately to get his man with a Japanese hold, but Zbyszko, aware of Munn's knowledge of the Jap style of wrestling, had trained himself to meet such type of competition and every hold Munn tried was ineffective. Zbyszko easily extricated himself, only to leave a look of surprise on Munn's face.

After eight minutes of grappling, Stanislaus lifted Munn up bodily, while the crowd gasped in astonishment, and before Munn could wriggle free, he was brought down to the mat with a thud. It then required only a few seconds for Zbyszko to pin the giant's shoulders for the first fall.

The second fall, as already stated, took about half the time and was gained with far less effort. Zbyszko lifted Wayne from his feet in the length of his arm over his head and again slammed Munn to the mat. He brought Wayne down in exactly four minutes and then it required only fifty-eight more seconds for Munn's shoulders to be pinned for the second and deciding fall. The bout was over and the world heavyweight mantle again rested on the shoulders of Zbyszko.

In the preliminary bouts that night Frank Pesek of Nebraska threw Frank Bruno of Lithuania five times in 39 minutes and 46 seconds, and Mike Romano, the same Mike who is still competing in the East, tossed Ivan Kantski in two falls.

* * *

JUST as astonishing as was the fall of Munn after so short a reign, was the defeat of Zbyszko only one month and a half after he had regained the title. This time it was Joe Stecher who regained the laurels which he had lost to Lewis back in 1920.

Joe and Stan clashed on Memorial Day, 1925, at St. Louis, and the scissors king emerged the victor in straight falls. The match was not a very exciting one because the men sparred too much, each being wary of the other. Zbyszko was in deadly fear of the scissors, judging by his tactics, and as a result the match was devoid of the spectacular.

The first fall was gained in an hour and twenty-three minutes, when Stecher applied a full scissors on the rival and crushed his stomach until Zbyszko was forced to yield. Several times during the early part of the match, Stecher attempted the same hold but, before he could apply it effectively, Stan either ran out of it, or hugged his opponent in a manner that prevented execution of the hold.

On several occasions Zbyszko got a painful toe hold, his favorite, on Joe, but Stecher wriggled free. A full nelson by Zbyszko in 26.17 almost forced Stecher to the mat, but Joe freed himself and applied a headlock and then a hammerlock that proved agonizing for Stan.

* * *

STECHER won the second fall in short order. It took him just five minutes and again the famous scissors hold turned the trick. So badly used up was Stanislaus that it required the services of

This snapshot was taken at Lahore, India, by Zbyszko in 1926 after his match with Gama. Every man in the photo is a famous Hindu wrestler. The most renowned are in the back row with Zbyszko. The first from the left is Fazal. The third is Goonga, then comes Zbyszko and Tiger Daula.

The Return of Joe Stecher as World Heavyweight King and The Bout of Zbyszko by Gama Recalled

CHAPTER XXV

his seconds to carry him to his dressing room. He complained bitterly about the pains in the stomach caused by the deadly squeeze, but regained his normal form after a short rest.

Throughout the match, with few exceptions, Zbyszko's defense consisted in dropping on the mat and winding himself into a ball to escape the grim legs of the Nebraskan. In this fashion he would content himself by rolling around the ring, seldom making any pretense at attacking the challenger.

At the start of the second session, Zbyszko tried for a flying mare, but Stecher promptly grabbed him and squeezed him into submission. Although Zbyszko's shoulders were not pinned to the mat, he was held in such a vise that he was helpless and forced to concede the fall. In fact his shoulders were not pinned for either fall. On both occasions he was compelled to quit.

* * *

ON that same day, another important match took place that will be mentioned here primarily because of its historic interest, and the fact that from a financial point of view, it takes its place among the record holders. It was the contest between Munn and Strangler Lewis at Michigan City, Ind. Lewis threw his opponent in the deciding fall with his famous headlock and thus avenged the defeat in which he lost the title.

The match was a fighting affair from the start, with action aplenty throughout. Munn early resorted to his old tactics of picking up his opponent and then slamming him around carelessly, but this time he found Lewis well trained to guard against the effects of such rough treatment. There was no question about Munn's superiority of strength, but he was woefully lacking in ability to cope with the veteran Lewis.

Munn was so badly treated in this engagement, that he had to be carried from the ring, as was Zbyszko in the St. Louis affair. Lewis set a record by applying twenty-one successful headlocks that had Munn dazed and wabbly.

Munn won the first fall in 24 minutes and 24 seconds with his favorite hold, the crotch hold. Lewis took the second 15 minutes with a headlock, after using the same hold four times previously with punishing effect.

The third and deciding fall was gained in 32 minutes and 12 seconds with another headlock. Both wrestlers were well used up at the time, but Lewis was far the stronger.

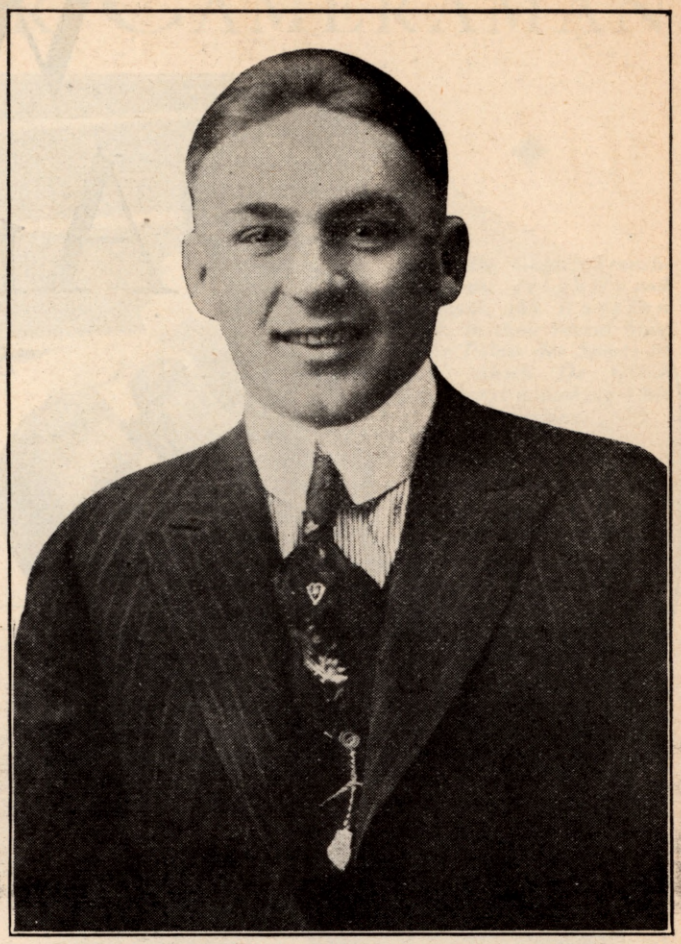
As many as 20,792 persons witnessed the affair and paid a total of $64,162, of which Lewis received $30,000.

The Zbyszko-Stecher match drew 15,471 persons for a gate of $51,670, of which Zbyszko received the lion's share under agreement.

As Lewis had won the title from Stecher four years previously, and as the match between the Strangler and Munn had outdrawn the championship affair between Zbyszko and Stecher, the promoters figured that a Stecher-Lewis return engagement would go big and immediately negotiations were begun. But Stecher was not overanxious to risk his crown against the headlock king so quickly, and decided to accept challenges from less dangerous, although worthy, opponents prior to taking on the Strangler again. Of these matches we will have more to say in the next issue.

* * *

FOLLOWING his defeat and the loss of the crown, Zbyszko decided to tour the world and in an effort to obtain a return match with Stecher, and force the issue as the leading contender, he met all comers. It was during this year that he visited India to clash with the Great Gama, reputed to be the world's foremost wrestler, far greater than any man who had held the championship since the days of Gotch, and it was in that match with Gama that Zbyszko received the surprise of his life.



Joe Stecher as he looked in civilian clothes the day after regaining the heavyweight title from Zbyszko.

He was defeated in less than five minutes before a crowd of 100,000 persons, including the nobility of England. Zbyszko blamed his quick defeat on the slippery ground to which he said he was not accustomed, but didn't hesitate to sing the praises of Gama as one of the world's wonders in the mat sport. It was during 1926 that Stanislaus did his traveling and the following year he came to force himself into another championship match, but without success. It was only recently that he retired.

Hints on Training

IN view of the fact that wrestling calls for endurance and strength as well as wind, those are the three things the amateur must cultivate from the beginning. With this object in view, however, he must not overlook the question of speed, which is as essential to the man on the mat as it is to the boxer in the ring.

Taken all in all, there is nothing that will so develop a man's muscles and make him strong in mind and body and self-reliant as wrestling. A young man would be very foolish to start in at once, without any preliminary preparation, on a rigorous course of training. He must season himself gradually by gymnastic work of a light character, increasing his tasks as he feels he is getting better and stronger, and he should not attempt any serious wrestling until his muscles are well enough developed to withstand the unusual and severe strain which will be put upon them.

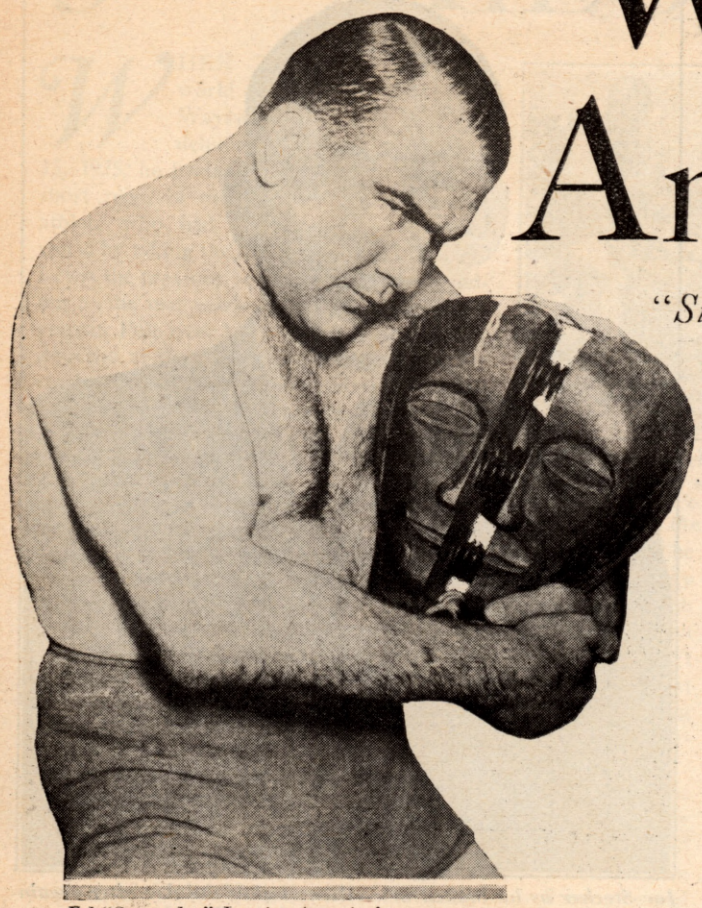
As a pleasing and interesting diversion he can practice holds and counters with some friend, learn the quarter, half and full nelson, the hammerlock, the hiplock, the scissors, and in fact, all of the many varieties.

For the wind—and this must not be overlooked—take a course of running—on country roads where it is possible. Where it is not, then run anywhere. A half-mile will do if you haven't been used to it, the student himself will be the best judge of that, but don't cover so great a distance that you are fagged out at the finish.

Wrestling Ambassador

"Strangler" Lewis Goes Abroad to Spread Good Will and to Lure Europe's Stars to the Land of "Milk and Honey" for the Curley Combine

By ED. W. SMITH



Ed "Strangler" Lewis, America's representative on good-will mission to Europe.

"THEY are among the greatest entertainers of this or any other era. All of them that I have seen are consummate actors with a diversity of talents truly amazing. They are a constant source of wonderment to me! . . . ."

This was the astonishing statement made recently to the writer by one of the best-known directors of motion pictures in the M-G-M studios in Culver City, Calif., largest in the world. *And he was speaking about wrestlers!*

"Can it be that this newest sensation on the Pacific Coast, Man Mountain Dean, is setting a new fashion in wrestlers? His tremendous bulk has caused a decided furor as has his freakish shape and size, topped off with the flowing beard, and his flare for putting over the most astonishing bouts, all of the unusual about him—and the crowds that have flocked to see him have broken all attendance records!

"And it all suggests that maybe now the trend of the times will be along the freak lines, in the same way as the pugilistic taste flopped over to the huge in humans, along about the time that Jack Johnson went into the heavyweight boxing title, and the world at large was engaged in a mad hunt for fighters of six feet four, and anywhere in weight from 225 pounds up—nothing short of that would fill the bill . . . ."

The above ideas suggested themselves after an evening spent in a Los Angeles arena watching Frank Dean, "The Man Mountain" of 315 pounds, putting on his stunts against comparatively small men—dwarfs compared to him, yet men of reputation in wrestling—such as George Zaharias, Howard Cantonwine and Joe Savoldi among others. Yet he has smashed them down as a tractor goes over the roughest of fields! This, despite the fact that in New York Dean is regarded as a palooka who has been downed repeatedly by the very same men whom he has tossed on his California tour to become the Coast sensation. In fact, every man he has tossed in his build up on the Coast, has downed him with ease at least three times during the year in Eastern bouts.

ED "STRANGLER" LEWIS, dean of all grapplers, noblest Roman in point of service, highest example of sportsmanship and developed talent, left a few weeks ago for Europe. He was beaten by Jim Londos in Chicago the latter part of September in a title match of a single fall and immediately was put into a new rôle by those who control the American Wrestling sport—Jack Curley, Toots Mondt, Paul Brush, Ray Fabiani, Dars and Ed White. He was sent abroad as a sort of ambassador plenipotentiary, a precursor of good will, a delegate to spread the doctrine among foreign countries and to tell all and sundry just what a fine field there is in this country for wrestling men of merit and intelligence and showmanship and all else that goes to make up the wrestler of this day and age as he is exploited by the able promoters who are doing such an excellent job of mass production.

Lewis took a hurried trip to Los Angeles for the purpose of attending to a few business affairs in connection with his restaurants in Glendale and Alhambra, suburban towns adjacent to the metropolis of the Southland, booked passage hurriedly on the *Ile de France* and was on his way. He left for France on October 5.

Thus again does this mighty man exemplify the statement once made of him—he is the nearest thing to perpetual motion that is humanly possible!

He is the most restless, unceasingly active and probably the most useful member of this tremendous fraternity! And of him no greater words could be said!

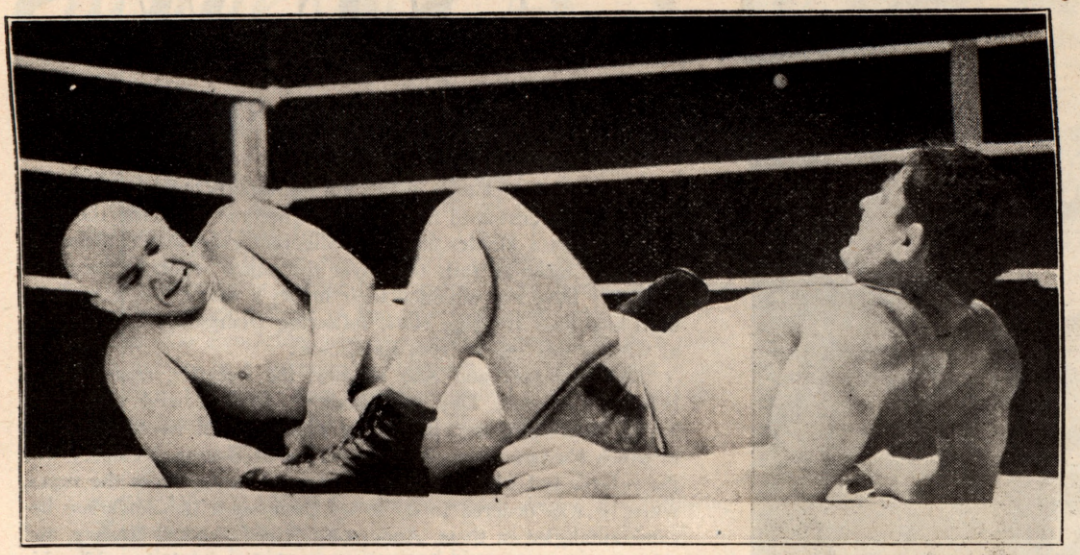
Lewis himself told me he is armed, if that is a good word to use in such connection, with fine letters from several leading American citizens to both Adolph Hitler in Germany, and Benito Mussolini in Italy, and will visit them after he has established headquarters in London, where he will be in constant touch with some of the top-hole sport leaders of the motherland. Likewise it was Ed's intention, he said, to do a lot of wrestling and to keep in strict training at all times.

* * *

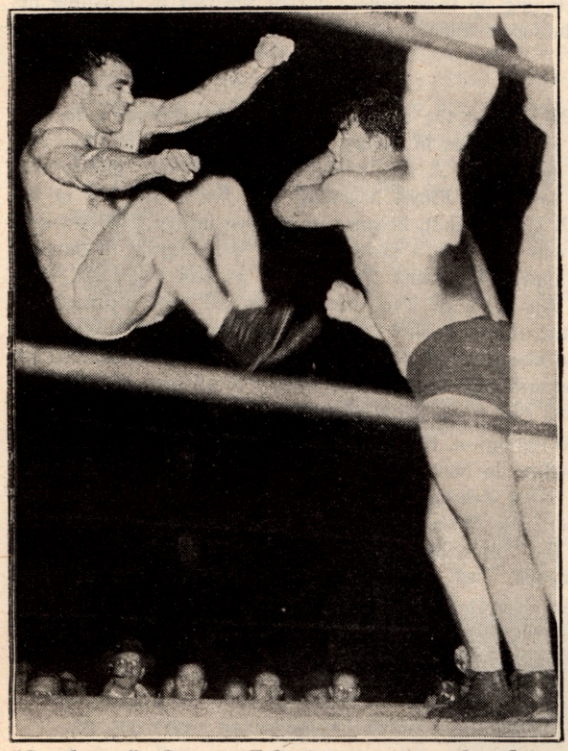
FOR the purpose of spreading propaganda and such, we could think of no finer selection among all of America's athletes. Lewis is a mammoth man of fine appearance, impressive of speech and with a degree of earnestness running all through that tremendous frame and leonine head of his, the whole making him about as outstanding a figure as one could conjure up.

It has been suggested that this is hardly a propitious time for trying to interest or even impress British sportsman with American sincerity and highness of purpose. Certainly the English press has been giving us some horribly heavy raps over the outcome of the recent yacht races, and the "raw deal" they assert Carnera got in his fight with Baer. But I (*Continued on page* 44)

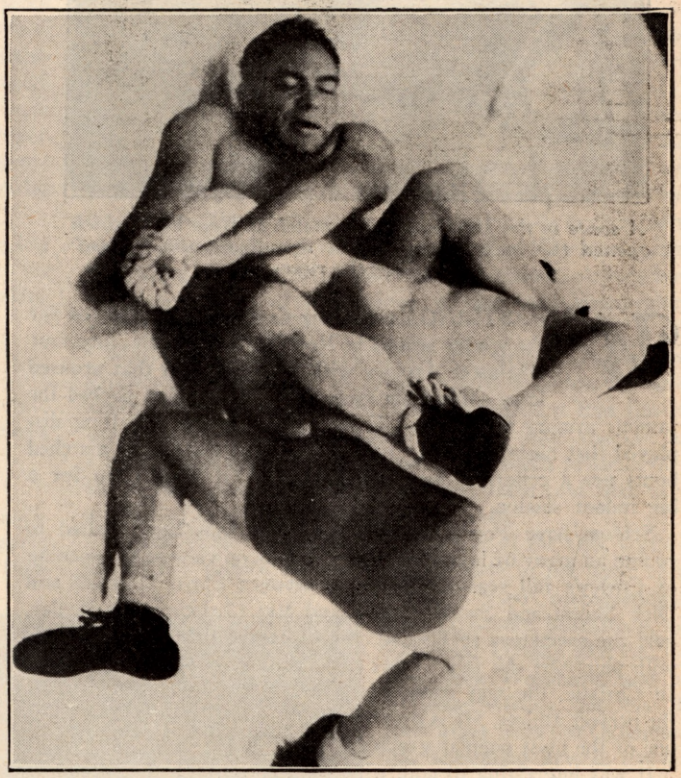
SNAPPED *by* OUR CAMERAMAN



Henri De Glane, French-Canadian, (right) and Kwarlani, the Russian Giant, in their recent bout at the Palais des Sports in Paris, which De Glane won. Henri is making a hit in Europe.



"Gentleman" George Zaharias awaiting the flying tackle of Jumping Joe Savoldi in their recent match at Wrigley Field, Los Angeles, California. Here we see Joe ready to land his famous "drop kick" in Zaharias' bread basket.

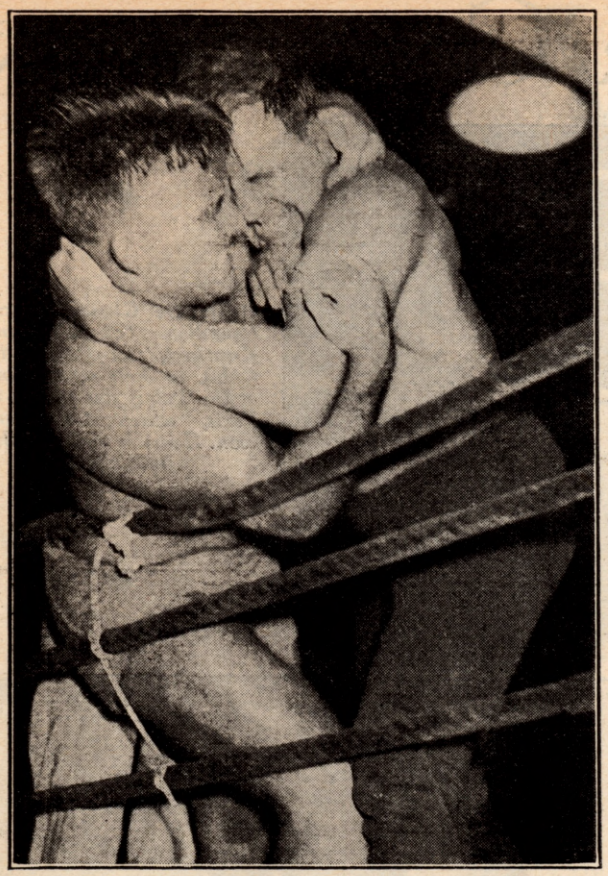


Gus Sonnenberg is packing 'em in in Australian rings. Here we see Gus with a wrist hold and a body scissors on Wong Bock Cheung in his Antipodes debut in the Sydney Stadium. Gus won handily.

Man Mountain Dean, who couldn't throw third-raters in New York, is rated a "sensation" on the Pacific Coast. Here he is shown in his recent match with Jim Londos in Los Angeles, where 38,756 fans paid good money to see him defeated in a titular match with Londos.

NEWS

By EDWARD MERRILL



A scene in the Marshall-Shikat match in New York which opened the indoor heavyweight wrestling season. Floyd is against the ropes.

WRESTLING on the "big time" was inaugurated for the winter season in New York in the Seventy-first Regiment Armory with a banner card that aroused keen enthusiasm among the throng that packed the famous armory to capacity. If the calibre of the wrestling displayed that night by Jack Curley's boys and the evenly matched bouts are a criterion, then wrestling in New York is in for a big indoor session.

Seldom have Pop Knickerbocker's mat fans been treated to so fine an array of high-class talent as was on view at the opening of Curley's fall season. The bouts between Floyd Marshall and Dick Shikat and Sandor Szabo and Vic Christie in particular, held the spectators spellbound. Both were real shooting matches, with plenty of the finest types of wrestling on view throughout. In Christie, the mat game has a wrestler who looks and acts the perfect athlete. He is gentlemanly, and knows his holds. He is one of the most popular grapplers in the East.

It was interesting to note with what enthusiasm the spectators greeted the matmen despite the fact that not one, during the entire evening's entertainment, engaged in what has become known as "the modern football style of wrestling." Occasionally the flying tackle and roughness were indulged in, but that was the exception. The men proved that the fans are more eager to see the wrestlers exhibit their wide variety of holds, rather than to bounce around the ring without any wrestling at all.

Curley's inaugural show was a triumph of real wrestling over hoodlumism, the kind that has caused many mishaps, put many good prospects out of commission for all time and even has resulted in several fatalities. Occasional rough stuff is enjoyed by the wrestling fans. They like to see a flying tackle, but when the match is one continuous round of nothing but roughness, then it mars the sport. Let's have more of the kind of wrestling we saw at the opening of New York's indoor season.

* * *

JACK DEMPSEY continues to play stellar roles in the field of wrestling and boxing. When he isn't getting the plaudits of the fight crowd on his appearance as third man in the roped square in a mitt contest, he receives it from the wrestling mob after he has clouted one of the contestants out of the picture. In fact, so accustomed have the fans become to seeing the erstwhile Manassa Mauler crack a belligerent grappler on the whiskers, that when he fails to deliver the punch soporific, they feel that they have not obtained their money's worth. The cops have been kept busy stopping riots, following Dempsey's fistic display, as witness this report from La Crosse:

"Jack Dempsey and Abe Kashey, the wrestler, traded blows here on Columbus Day and Kashey's friends, wild with rage, hurled chairs into the ring in the wind-up of a wrestling match in which Kashey threw Axel Anderson of Boston. Dempsey was the referee and when Kashey failed to get away from the ropes, when he was ordered to do so by Dempsey after Anderson became entangled in them, Anderson's friends hooted Kashey, and Dempsey, taking up their cause, started the riot by crashing his right to Abe's chin, knocking him down. Then the fun began."

* * *

BOXING is not the only sport in which promoters, to save their scalp, often introduce a phoney fighter when the star has failed to appear. A few weeks ago, when Jack Curley was forced to substitute Floyd Marshall for Jim Browning in the match with Dick Shikat, because of an eye injury to Browning, Marshall was billed on a programme at Wilmington, Delaware. Marshall appeared against Shikat, and as has been told elsewhere in this issue of THE RING, Marshall was returned the victor on the official verdict of Referee George Bothner after the judges had disagreed. Prior to the match Curley announced the substitution and offered to refund money to all who wanted their money back. Not a fan took advantage of the offer.

But in Wilmington, the fans were led to believe that Marshall, while wrestling in New York City, was at the same time facing the tough Nick Zelesniak in Delaware. And the following day, in the papers, the Associated Press representatives in Wilmington broadcast the following report:

"Wilmington, Del., October 15—Taking two out of three falls, Floyd Marshall, one of the world heavyweight championship contenders, won from Nick Zelesniak tonight. Marshall weighed 225 and Zelesniak, 218."

What a wonder Floyd Marshall must be!

* * *

BERNICE SANDBAD, THE RING's popular Texas reporter, records the following for our mat fans:

DIDJA KNO THAT—Chief Chewchki, the heap big Injun bad man, rated 99½% perfect in a recent physical exam?

That Doc Sarpolis, handsome young physician-wrestler, worked his way through the University of Chicago by playing the violin in an orchestra?

That the very versatile Doc is not only a topnotch wrestler but also a violinist, pianist, physician and has a superb baritone voice?

That Pat Reilly, one of the mat meanies, was a lumberjack in camps in Oregon and Washington before taking up the grunt-and-groan game?

That Dorv Roche, stocky little wrestler who is such a favorite with southern fans, used to work in a coal mine?

That handsome Jim Londos once worked as a model for art students?

That Ruth Marvin, pretty blonde wife of Redskin Tommy, has a night club in Columbia, Tennessee?

That Paul Jones, the hook scissors expert, is a Texas Ranger?

That George Hills, the Canuck Lumberjack, has a cherry farm in Canada?

of the MAT WORLD

That Doc Sarpolis holds the record for gaining the swiftest mat victory—he threw Christ Davros in five seconds?

That Davros is George Zaharias' nephew?

That big Lou Plummer, roly Sol Slagel and Al Sparks played professional football for the Dallas, Texas, Hornets recently?

That Orville Brown was formerly a rodeo performer?

That recently in a bout in Houston, Dorv Roche, fiery little wrestler, knocked three of the referee's front teeth out?

That Nat Pendleton, who is rapidly gaining fame as a movie star, used to be a wrestler at Columbia University where he was captain of the team; then competed against the world's best matmen in pro matches before going to the Hollywood colony?

* * *

JIMMY AMANN, Cincinnati scribe, writes the following news from his sector:

Frankie Boehm, the Cleveland Hungarian who is recognized by the American Federation of Wrestling and also the Federal Association, put another crimp in Jack Pfeffer's New York light-heavy tourney when he laid Cowboy Sills low in the feature match at the Elmwood Stadium. Boehm has been winning with consistency. One of the chief reasons why Ecklund, Fischer, Gardner, Pasis, McGuirk and all the other so-called light-heavy champs are dodging the issue against him is because Frankie knows his wrestling.

While Jack Reynolds is in Hawaii, Johnny Stote is making hay while the sun shines. Johnny is cleaning up everything in the Mid-West and Canada. Stote is seriously thinking of taking another trip through the South and West.

* * *

The Black Panther of Toledo is one of the latest middleweight threats. The Negro has been beating everything in sight in Toledo.

* * *

From Lancashire, Eng., comes a letter from Billy Churnock, known as Saxon the Caravan, who writes that wrestling is going big in England due to the invasion of several good Americans who have stirred up the game and, in some localities, have caused the fans to flock to the mat shows in larger numbers than to the fights. Billy is a wrestler and teacher of the sport. The Saxon appears regularly on British wrestling cards. At one time he was a popular matman in this country and in Canada.

* * *

A FEW of the wrestlers who compete in this country throughout the winter and are now traveling in Australia, South Africa and New Zealand, are Dean Detton, Fred Meyers, Dan Koloff, Rene Michot, Oki Skimina, Wong Buck, Rex Bolt, the Texas phenom, and Harry Mamos, the veteran, who is the most popular one in the group. The boys will sail for America in November, for a winter campaign in the States.

The wrestling season winds up in the countries where these matmen are now competing, about the middle of November. Koloff recently defeated George Walker, who for several years has been claiming the British Empire heavyweight title. The title, however, was not at stake. Koloff weighed 224 pounds, according to the newspaper reports.

* * *

If Jack Curley or Jack Pfeffer are looking for some foreign mat stars, they might take a gamble on importing a huge Turk, Ali Beg, whose praises are being sung by all the scribes of New Zealand and Australia where he has taken part in many bouts and has not, up to this writing, lost a match. According to one of our correspondents, C. C. Rueden of Castlecliff, Wanganui, Beg is one of the best grapplers that has shown in that part of the country in years. "He is a spectacular, fat, agile wrestler who is a great crowd pleaser," writes Rueden.

Tom Lurich, Walter Browning, a cousin of Jim Browning, King Elliott, Billy Meeske, among others, were in the limelight.

* * *

STONEY SMALLWOOD, a keen follower of the sport in the Carolinas, sends in the following on the pachyderms of his locality:

Wrestling in North Carolina, South Carolina, southeastern Georgia, southwest Virginia and upper East Tennessee has met with unusual favor among the sports element during the summer months and promoters in the various cities in these sections are laying plans for great matches and huge crowds during the winter season. The Southeastern Company of Bristol, Va., co-promoters in the largest cities in the above-named sections, already have offered fans some of the wailing planks' most spectacular performers.

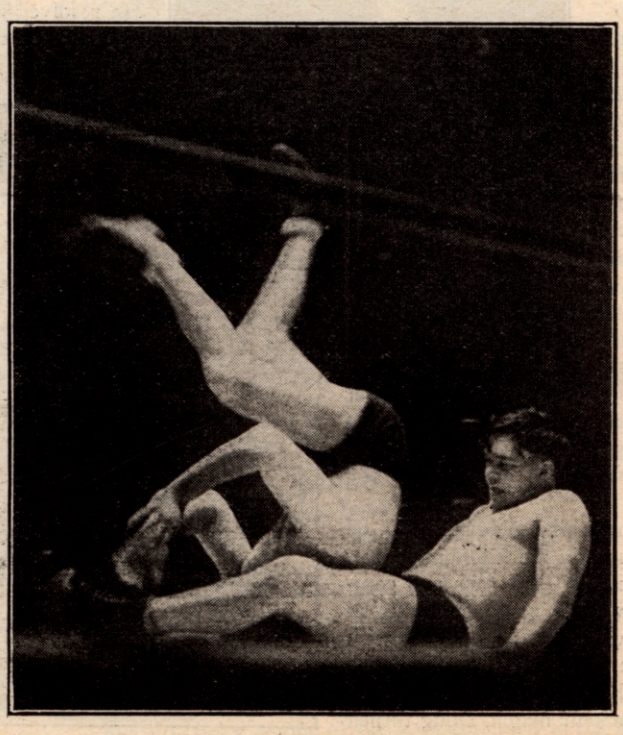
Most of the cities in operation are virgin territory and the grimacers are growing in favor weekly. Possibly the most dynamic of the pachyderm herd in the Carolinas is Bad Jim Henry, billed as the Oklahoma "Goon." Henry, who knocked around a bit in the Metropolis, did not meet with much favor in the East, but in the South he has been knocking them cold with as rough a brand of bone bending as Dixie has seen.

Especially in Charlotte, N. C., the hub of the Old North State, has Henry packed the wrestling clientele in the huge Charlotte armory. Your correspondent has seen Dynamite Blackstock, George Zaharias, Tommy Marvin, Gentleman Jack Washburn, and a host of other villains, but this "Goon-like" giant from out Oklahoma way has something new in the way of roughness and he has met with much more success in this immediate section than did Blackstock, Zaharias or Marvin.

The Southeastern Company began operating wrestling in Bristol, Virginia-Tennessee, about two years ago and has gradually branched out until it now covers North and South Carolina, Southeastern Georgia, Virginia, from Bristol to Lynchburg, and Tennessee as far west as Kingsport.

The towns vary in sizes, populations varying from Kingsport, the smallest, with a population of about 18,000, to Charlotte, N. C., with a population of over 80,000. The towns draw unusually well in proportion to their population and increasing attendance during the

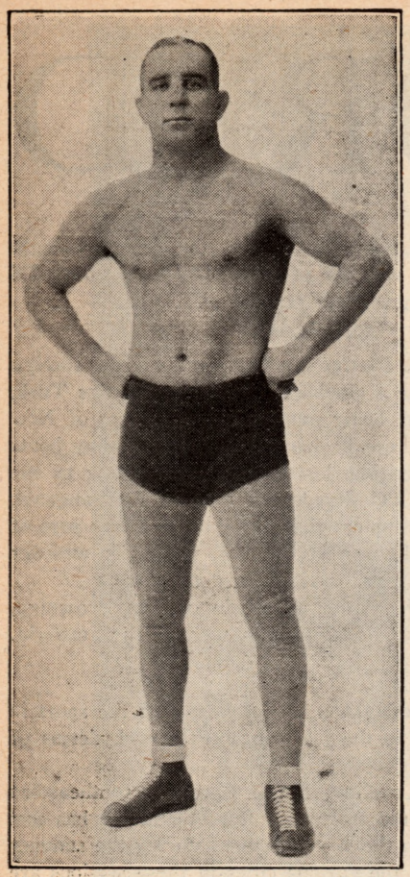
(*Continued on page* 44)



Sammy Stein of New York trying to extricate himself from between the legs of Ridy Skarda in Los Angeles.

GETTING

Short Biographical Sketches of the Wrestlers Who Are in the Spotlight in the Various Divisions



Patsy Falletti, known in wrestling circles as the Italian Wild Man.

Doug Henderson

(Ed S. Kerrigan, of the "Daily Current-Argus" of Carlsbad, New Mexico, sings the praises of a good boy in the lighter classes, Doug Henderson.)

DOUG HENDERSON, who retired undefeated as featherweight wrestling champion of the world in 1933, is now the leading contender in the Southwest and one of the five best welterweights in the world. He won the featherweight title in 1932 from Jack Swindell in the Chicago Stadium and retired undefeated when he outgrew the class.

Only twenty years of age, Doug drew a crowd of 11,125 paid admissions, the largest that ever attended a wrestling match in the state of Texas. He has won from many of the best grapplers in the country, among whom are Speedy Franks, Pete Cordell, Robert Val Dez and Lawrence Jennings.

The toughest and hardest fought match in which Doug ever participated, was that in which he and Sheik Mar Allah wrestled to a two-hour, no-fall-no-decision.

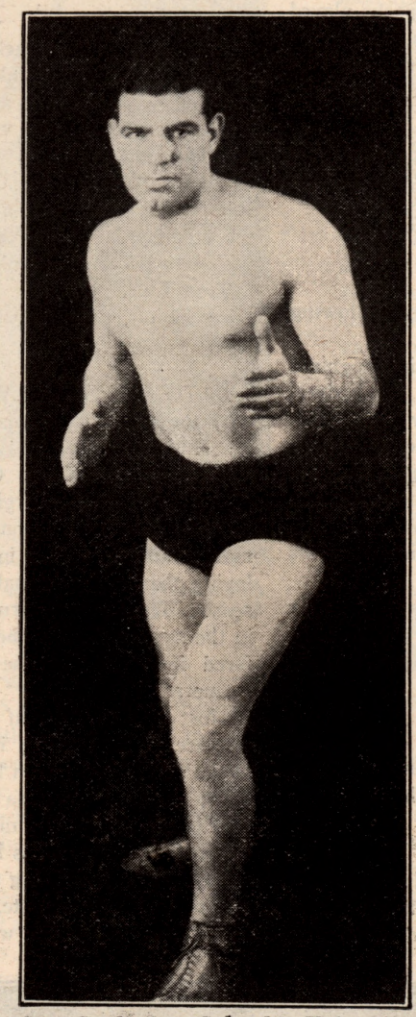
Doug was wrestling as an amateur in Dallas at the age of twelve, and since then he has never been beaten at his own weight. Although Doug now is a splendid specimen of young manhood, at the age of sixteen he weighed only eighty-six pounds and had given up hope of ever recovering his health. Four years later his health was perfect and he captured the A. A. U. crown.

Sent to New Orleans in 1932 by the Dallas Athletic Club, he won the Southern A. A. U. championship in the 126-pound class.

Henderson is very popular with the southern fans and common belief among them is that he will be crowned champion before the winter is over. Although wrestling is a business with him, he likes the game and his fondest hope is to get a chance at the defending welter champ, Jack Reynolds.

Beating James Hesser in his last amateur match, Doug turned professional and won the title in 1932. He tips the scales at 147 pounds and stands five feet four and one-half inches in height.

Henderson's speedy and scientifically clean wrestling has made him more and more popular with the fans at every encounter and he has certainly "earned" the reputation of being the highest rating competitor for the welter title in the Southwest.



Sam Cordavano, Columbia University football line coach and star wrestler.

Karl Davis

(Texas is a hotbed for wrestling. Bette Hardemann, who is a close student of the grappling sport, has written a story for THE RING *on Karl Davis.)*

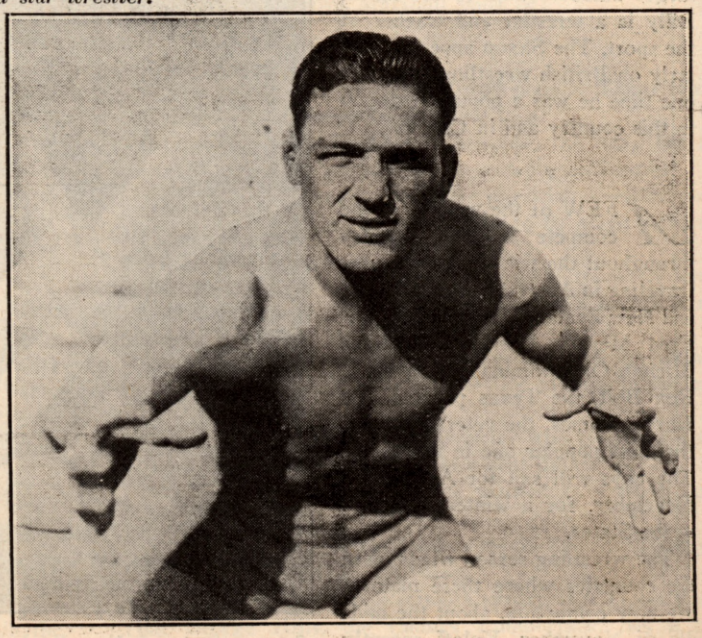
FEW matmen can boast of the versatility of Karl Davis, rough-and-tumble uncrowned king of the bone crushers. Besides being a wrestler, Davis has tried his hand at nearly all types of athletics.

It was at school that the big Swede began his career. At Ohio State University he attracted the attention of the sporting world as a grid star and baseball pitcher. He developed a fondness for wrestling and didn't stop until he had copped the amateur light-heavyweight wrestling championship.

After finishing college, Karl appeared to forget all about wrestling, and turned his attention to the gridiron. For two years he played professional football with Buffalo, and then he went with Portsmouth for a year. Tiring of this, he accepted an attractive offer with the St. Louis Cardinals, and was sent to Charleston in the Piedmont League.

Before long, the army lured him away from baseball life. He joined the United States Cavalry and served for two years on the Mexican border. During this time, he again took up wrestling, and his success in winning the light-heavyweight championship of the service revived his interest in the sport. He resolved to take it up in earnest.

Having attracted the attention of John Pesek,



Joe Banaski, a former cowboy.

ACQUAINTED

By EMERY CLARKE

he decided to quit the service and accept the Tiger Man's offer to teach him the ropes. Davis proved an apt pupil, and under the tutelage of Pesek underwent a thorough course in wrestling science. He progressed rapidly, and in a short time he was mixing it with the cream of the mat crop.

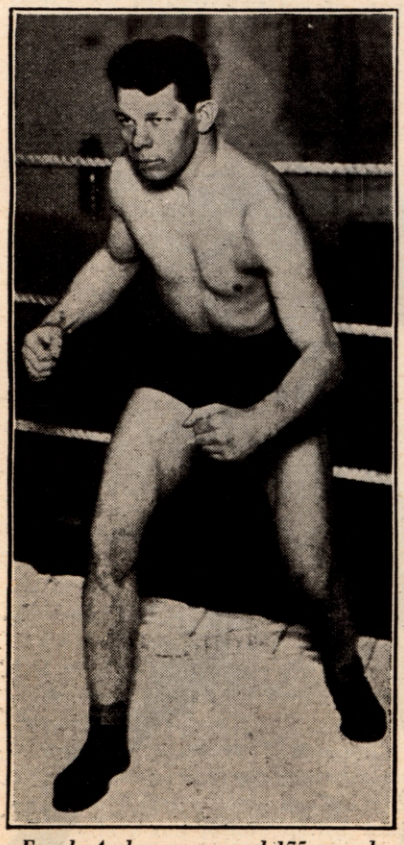
Davis boasts of being the roughest matman in the game today. He glorifies so plainly in brawling, that his array of science has been lost in a round of slugging, kneeing, kicking, and elbowing. He delights in battering down his opponents, to say nothing of the referees—and sometimes even the promoter, if he happens to be handy, comes in for his share. The boos and hisses of the crowd are music to his ears.

Recently Karl wrestled Chief Chewchki, rasslin's King Kong and Frankenstein, for the "bad man" supremacy. The big Gypsy, riding on the crest of unpopularity, was enjoying the undisputed "old meanie" title until the big Swede swooped down and began stealing his thunder. As a result of the Davis-Chewchki warfare the Chief, with all his thumb tacks, his tape and wire, stove lids, and chloroformed rags, plus 235 pounds of beef, was made pale and effeminate by comparison.

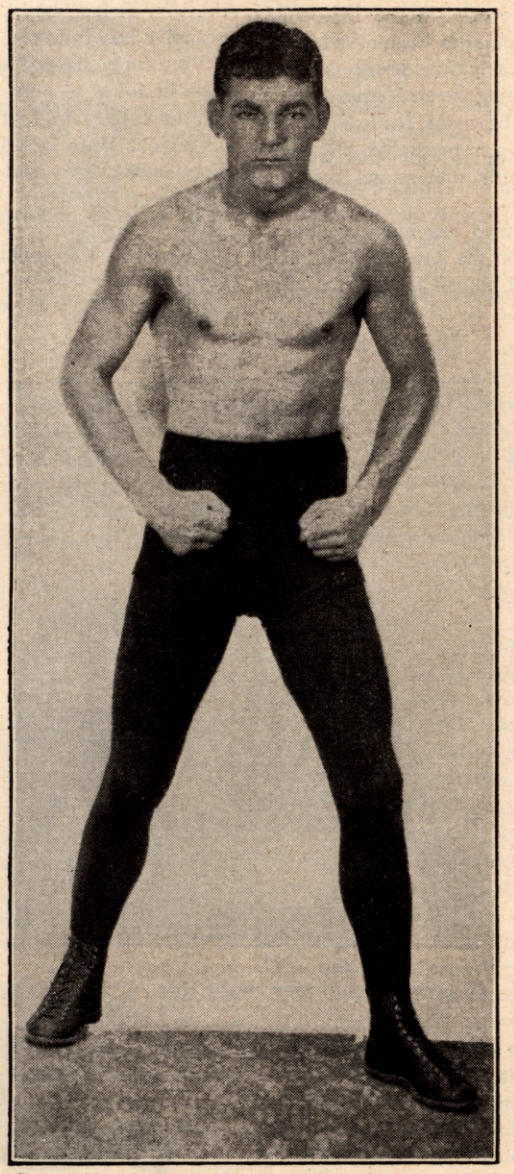
The referee rarely fails to come in for his share of slugging in the fracas. More than one official has declined to handle bouts in which the human windmill takes part, and with just cause too.

Among the victims of his assault and battery tactics, the big Swede numbers Dick Daviscourt, Jim McMillian, Gino Garibaldi, Glen Wade, Jim Clinstock, Man Mountain Dean, Marshall Blackstock, Dorv Roche, and he has held Rudy Dusek, Karl Sarpolis, Abe Coleman, and Everette Marshall to draws.

It is not Davis' intention to remain in the mat game for long. He plans to return to his Alma Mater as physical director and settle down to a quiet life with the Little Woman and the kiddies.



Frank Anderson, a good 175-pound grappler.



Doug Henderson, who is a big drawing card in Texas.

Ray Steele, who is showing the same rare form that he did two years ago when he was at the height of his career. Ray has been working steadily on the Coast and will shortly be seen in competition against the cream of the Easterners. Jack Curley contemplates pitting him against Londos some time in January in a championship bout.

Patsy Falletti

PATSY FALLETTI, known in mat circles as the Italian Wildman, is one of the most picturesque of all the good light-heavyweight wrestlers performing under the Jack Pfeffer banner. Patsy packs more dynamite and more color to a minute's action, than most wrestlers now before the public.

Much of his efforts may seem unorthodox as he insists on bouncing up and down, with his hands raised way over his head, and doing everything conceivable to worry an antagonist. Yet the Italian Wildman's efforts have been greatly appreciated if one is to judge by the horde of friends he has made since he started his eastern activities.

Patsy has color, glamour and showmanship. He is the type who loves to perform the unexpected and the fact that a foe never knows what to expect next from the Wildman, is in a large measure the reason for the Italian's remarkable success. He is fast and agile.

Falletti is rated as one of the strongest men in the game. For his size and weight, there's hardly a more powerfully built human than Patsy, for he knows how to utilize his great

strength to the maximum effort with a minimum of exertion.

He is a fine drawing card among his countrymen and is being primed for a titular match.

He won many honors in tournaments in Italy, where he defeated heavyweights, as well as men of his own class, before deciding to make the trip across the pond. Came here unheralded, yet found little difficulty obtaining work and making a name for himself once he was seen in action.

Frank Anderson

ONE of the outstanding wrestlers featured in the 175-pound class that has suddenly become so popular is Frank Anderson, the Swede, who has made such remarkably fine progress since his arrival here. Getting his early training aboard ships in his native Sweden, when hard work was the main feature of the daily curriculum, Anderson developed a remarkable physique. With that in his favor, one could readily understand how he turned to the wrestling business.

The Swede is a pleasing performer who has many tricks at his command. He is out to put Sweden on the wrestling map and his success to date speaks well for his ability to do just that thing.

Joe Banaski

A FORMER cowboy, whose hobby a few years back was to rope and throw steers, today is in the limelight as one of the wrestling idols of the East. His name is Joe Banaski, the famous Oklahoma cowboy. The beautifully built blond, who greatly resembles Conrad Nagel in street attire, is one of the outstanding performers in the Pfeffer stable of bone-crushers.

From cattle hustling to throwing human beef is quite a jump, yet Banaski has done it quite nicely and has proven as adept at the wrestling business as he was in handling steers on the ranch.

Banaski is known as the wrestler with the change of pace. He's always switching from one thing to another and he's said to be as dangerous in action as Jack Dempsey was when he was taking all of his opponents for a sleigh ride.

Many of his opponents made the mistake of underestimating Joe, because of his society looking appearance, but they have all regretted it, for they never found a rougher, tougher man to compete against than the lad from the Middle West. Banaski's main hold is what is called the flying arm-stretch. He draws his opponent towards him by a quick deft movement, then operates the back flip, and completes the hold by the use of the body slam.

Sam Cordavano

ONE of the young college football stars who is making good with a vengeance in the mat sport, is Sam Cordavano, former Georgetown phenom who now is a line coach on the staff of Lou Little at Columbia, and who helped the Blue and White carry off the eastern championship last year. Sam is a wrestler of no mean ability. He is fast as a streak, and is one of the few collegians who is rated high as a sportsman. In other words, Sam is one of the cleanest wrestlers in the country.

It was two years ago that Cordavano, who was as good a college grappler as he was a gridiron figure, was induced by Jack Curley to enter the professional wrestling field. Overnight, he became a star because of his agility and his knowledge of the various wrestling holds. Sam is kept too busy during the football season to indulge in the grappling game, except occasionally, but when he is through with his coaching at Columbia he will resume where he left off at the end of the last indoor season. Watch Sam this year.

Von Zuppe

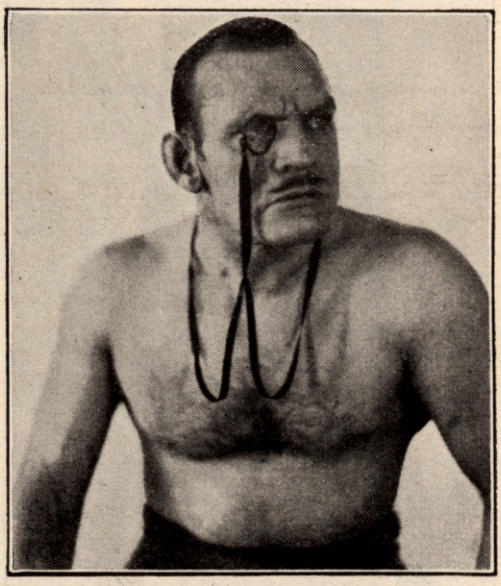
THE latest foreign wrestler to invade the American wrestling rings, is Von Zuppe, the colorful German. Besides being a fairly good grappler, the young man has several other drawing attributes. In the first place, he sports a monocle, like a baron, and also a moustache, and the fans get a kick out of his appearance. Von Zuppe's powerful work as a wrestler is inherited from his father, who was the light-heavyweight weight-lifting champion of Germany. Although there are other boys in the Von Zuppe family, only the young man who is now here as a grappler has followed the pursuit of athletics.

Von Zuppe has always been an athlete at heart. In his younger days he loved to play football. He made quite a record for himself at college in that sport and also became the amateur mat champion. Many a lad from other colleges essayed to take the German boy for a fall but he was generally the one who did the throwing.

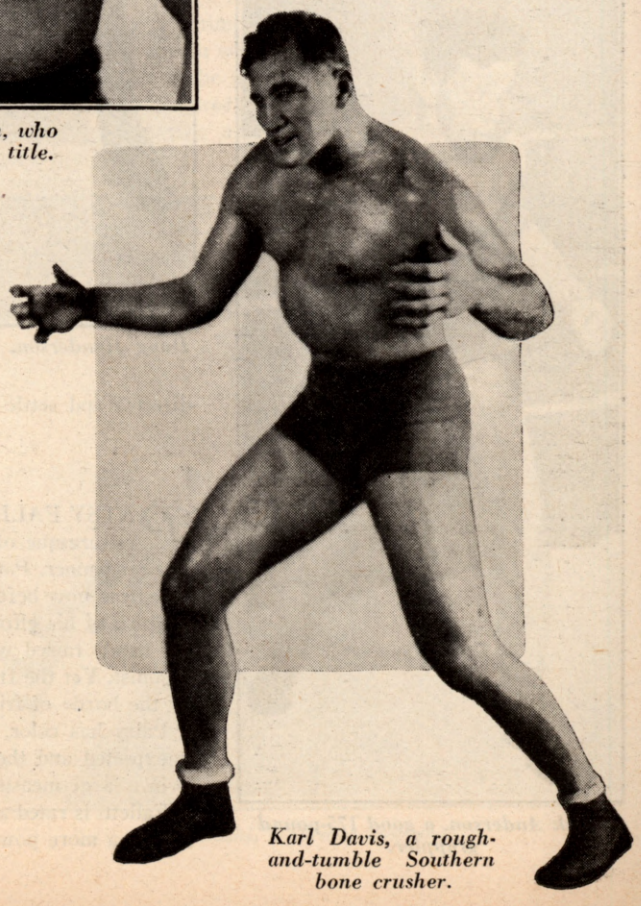
All of the great things said about the newcomer were lived up to when Von Zuppe made his local début. Von Zuppe had been at it but a few minutes when the crowd took to him and started rooting for him.

The fans got their first thrill when they saw him coming down the aisle. They didn't expect to see a man with a moustache and they didn't look for any monocle either, but the unusual appearance of the man with the look of nobility made him an instantaneous idol, even before he crawled through the ropes for his initial performance.

Many of those who have watched the German believe that he's the dark horse in the chase for the 175-pound mat crown. Von Zuppe is not only up on his holds, but an accomplished young man and very colorful. Of course, he is no titled individual, the "Count" being given to him only on account of his appearance. Von Zuppe is on the cards regularly around New York.



"Count" Von Zuppe, German, who is seeking light-heavyweight title.



Karl Davis, a rough-and-tumble Southern bone crusher.

"I Am Your Father!"

Joe Hotler's Debut in Movies Runs Into Another Snag as Scenario Founders on "Sex"

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

What has gone before

Joe Hotler, middleweight champion and something of a playboy, finds dames and night clubs more to his liking than the defense of his title at depression prices. In a state of semi-inebriety, he makes a comic entrance into the ring in the Garden in New York, and Jake Zinzel, president of Mastodon Pictures, sees in him a rival to Jimmy Durante. Mastodon Pictures' Brain Trust holds a conference about Hotler's first picture and he is slated to be: (1) a salesman in a five and ten cent store; (2) a boy in a mine; (3) a waif on a farm. Now we come to the second conference about Hotler's début in the movies.

MONDAY

WELL, some days go by and I hear Jake Zinzel and his Brain Trust from the Mastodon Pictures is in Hollywood talking it over with the home scenario writers for a good plot to make my debust on the screen. Jake still insists that I am to lead the clean movies movement—Clean Pictures for Clean Minds, is the brand new slogan of the Mastodon Company.

So I am fast asleep in my hotel room this morning when there comes a knocking on the door. I think it is that tailor which is bothering me the last six weeks for the three C's I owe him for his lousy clothes, so I holler, "Stick it under the door and beat it."

Well, the noise continues, so I am very sore and scram out of bed in the middle of the night practically, as it is only eleven o'clock. I open the door and there, as big as life with a sour puss, is my pal Jake Zinzel.

"Ain't I told you to be at my office at nine this morning on account of we gotta get the scenario for your picture?" he moans. "I rush over here full of an idea, and what do I get while I am pounding the door an hour already. 'Stick it under the door and beat it.' Is it like this you greet the president of the Mastodon Pictures, and your backer in the movies?

"Well, Joe Lowlife, which he is the best writer we got, says he has the idea. You are working on a farm. You are milking the cows, and sudden like one of the cows kicks you in the face. Naturally, you get very sore on account of, you tell the folks in the audience, you do not like to be kicked in the face by a cow. A night club gal is different. But a cow on the farm—well you don't like it."

"Nix on that dame stuff, Jake, and go on with the spiel," I say, harsh-like.

"Well, this is a female cow, too," goes on Jake. "You get up and haul off and knock the cow down for a count of seven. She is a smart cow as she does not get up right away, but takes the short count.

"Unbeknownst to you, a man is watching this. He is Chumley Shicker, the great box fight promoter from the Big City. He is out in the country for the day dodging the tax collectors, and when he sees you sock the cow, he gets very much interested.

"Chumley says to you, 'Ever done any fighting, my good lad?' And you say, 'I am only a poor boy on the farm.'

"Well, from then on things move very fast, on account of Shicker takes you to the Big City, and you develop into the middleweight champeen in practically three fights.

"So, anyways, meet me tomorrow morning in the office of the Mastodon Pictures where the Brain Trust will talk it over, and get this here new picture started. I am losing my shirt wasting valuable time."

TUESDAY

BRIGHT and early the next day, about two o'clock in the after-breakfast, I walk into the plush-lined offices of the Mastodon Pictures and find the Brain Trust, headed by Joe Lowlife, waiting for me. It seems they are sore, as I am supposed to be on hand at nine in the morning.

"Up bright and oily, eh?" says Joe. "You look exactly like a movie star, with that faraway look in your eyes. Romance beckons to you. You have been spending the night looking in the glass, darkly."

"Listen, Lowlife, I don't look in any glass, darkly or lightly, on account of I bet you a 'C' that I even can shave without a mirror," I says. He says, "Leave it off, leave it off."

Well, Lowlife starts talking. "You are Jed Teaball, son of Skinflint Teaball, who holds most of the mortgages on the farms around Skunk Hollow, Connecticut. You are in love with Mary Mackenfuss, which is the sweet daughter of Lem Mackenfuss, by his first wife. Skinflint and Lem do not get along very well, on account of Skinflint holds the mortgage on the Mackenfuss ear muff factory, which is practically the only industry in Skunk Hollow.

"You want to go to New York to become a paperhanger. For years you watch paperhangers working, and you think it is a grand profession. You like the smell of paperhangers' paste. You admire the paperhangers' technique. Your destiny hangs on the wall. But Skinflint won't let you go to New York.

"It seems that when you are a mere tot, your mother runs away with a paperhanger by the name Snopple—Roy J. Snopple, who comes in from Hartford with his slick city ways and his walrus mustache, and captures your mother by storm. Naturally, your father is very sour against all paperhangers, and even painters.

"Well, you do the chores around the farm. You are milking the cow—Bossy, is her name. Chumley Shicker from the Big City, which is the biggest promoter of fights in the world, sees you knock out the cow, just like Jake tells you. He says, 'Jed, you have the makings of a grand fighter. I will take you with me, and guarantee that in one year you will have enough dough to marry the gal and stay away from Skunk Hollow until the last skunk is dead.'

"You are surprised that he knows about the gal. You are impressed. You tell your dad that you are off to the Large Town to make your fortune. You say nothing about fighting. Your dad walks into the yard to warn you that if you go to the Big City, you never darken his door again.

"Now, listen close. Here comes the first big punch of the picture, which has the ladies sitting on the edge of their seats. Skinflint sees Chumley Shicker, the promoter, and as he falls into a swoon, he hisses, 'Snopple, the paperhanger!'

"You do not hear what he hisses. Only the audience is wise. You see the old man lying there among the chickens, and you say to Shicker, 'Kismet. It is Fate!' And you get into Shicker's car and start off for the Immense Metropolis."

The big punch line is too much for Lowlife and the Brain Trust, so we all go down to Fred's place for a recess.

WEDNESDAY

WELL, it is a very long recess, as we do not have another meeting until today. Lowlife again is doing the talking, as usual.

(Continued on page 40)

ROUGH-*and*-

By ARTHUR T. LUMLEY

Mysterious Billy Smith, a fighter of the rough, desperate school.

"I CLAIM that the plucky, old rough-and-tumble fighters were the gamest and best men," said John (Red) Leary one festive evening at Coney Island to a few of his most trusted safe-cracking pals.

Old detectives always declared that John Red Leary was not only the cleverest bank burglar of his day, but also one of the most desperate rough-and-tumble fighters for any man or even a ring champion to tackle.

"There's many fine, fancy, big glove fellows in the game, but damn few of them could stand the gaff with the old rough-and-tumble mug smashers," continued Leary, recalling some of the go-as-you-please terrors such as John Morrissey, Billy Dwyer (brother of Johnny, former American heavyweight champion) and others of the brutal, bloody, gouge, bite, and strangle age.

"Morrissey was the gamest fighter in or out of the ring in America—or any place else for that matter. Bill Poole couldn't lick him, neither could 'Dutch Charley, when his cowardly gang dumped a red-hot stove on him, and burnt holes in him—that's why they nicknamed Morrissey 'Old Smoke' after that fearful fracas," declared Leary.

I frequently met Leary when he was the big mogul of the million-dollar bank burglars, and always found him a most peaceful, charitable, kidding, humorous, good-natured fellow—except when he was aroused by some slur or trickery—then he became a wicked devastating demon and would fight hammer-and-tongs, like a wild beast.

* * *

I RECALL being in his company, with a couple of others, along about midnight at Owney Geoghegan's famous sporting resort on the Bowery many years ago. Leary was in a very jolly mood, buying more than his share of champagne—a wine he always drank when he had a big bankroll!

As we stood before the long bar Paddy Ryan, then heavyweight champion, strolled in, rather majestically, with a friend. He was groomed in the height of fashion—high silk hat, spats, gold-headed cane, big glittering diamond pin and ring, etc.

"Hallo, Paddy," said Leary cheerfully, "you're just in time. Come and have a glass of wine."

Ryan glared disagreeably at Leary, but made no answer. The big bank burglar repeated the invitation and stepped up close to the chesty champion.

"What the hell is the matter with you?" demanded Leary as his eyes flashed fire.

"Get to blazes away from me. I don't drink with loafers like you!" barked Ryan, defiantly assuming a pugilistic pose.

Quick as a flash of lightning, Leary grabbed the big champion around the neck and after a fierce struggle, both landed on the sawdust floor with Leary on top of Ryan, butting him with his burly head until Paddy's face was a mass of blood and sawdust.

Ryan had a great reputation as a rough-and-tumble fighter but he was no match for the husky, hardened, game bank burglar who made him quit and apologize most humbly.

"Go wash your face off and come and have that drink," ordered Leary when Ryan acknowledged he had enough.

Another big money-mad bank burglar was Ed Keeler, a tall, rangy, raw-boned, muscular, game fellow, who, if he was not very busy cracking safes or a bank, spent many of his leisure hours licking cops and others whom he considered offensive or too obstreperous for his own welfare.

In fact, nearly all of the high-class bank busters were more or less rough-and-tumble scrappers, and very, very seldom ever resorted to gun fighting or killed anybody in their plundering exploits or in their personal violent brawls and disputes over the division of the spoils, after a big successful robbery. The greater a rough-and-tumble fighter he was, the higher he stood with the old fearless mob.

* * *

SOME forty years ago Bill Bradburn had the reputation of being the greatest rough-and-tumble fighter in America. He became so famous in Chicago by his gallant victories over all desperate characters around there that his friends and backers induced him to enter the professional ring.

They assured him he would easily whip all comers and shortly become a world's champion. After considerable adulation and flattery, Bradburn agreed to meet Frank Glover, a fairly clever light-heavyweight within the ropes. His ardent followers made him a five to one favorite and packed the club to witness the expected massacre. It was a terrific, thrilling battle with Bradburn ripping and tearing after his opponent in every round, but most of his wild punches were either blocked or skillfully avoided by the experienced Glover, who was justly given the decision on points greatly to the surprise and disgust of Bradburn's host of friends.

Bradburn could hardly realize that Glover fairly defeated him. This blemish on his fighting reputation preyed upon his mind, and he swore he would sooner or later annihilate Glover.

So one dark night they happened to meet accidentally in a prominent Chicago café. They were each in a rather ugly, pugnacious mood, especially Bradburn, who with a sneer belched loudly "You dirty cur I can lick you now," and the war was on.

What Bradburn did to poor Glover was an outrage. Oh, they punched, kicked, gouged and choked each other. It was a terrible bloody, whirlwind struggle. But Bradburn with his superior rough-and-tumble tactics soon had Glover beaten to a pulp and utterly helpless to continue.

The Armour Beef Packing Company were having a lot of trouble in their Chicago stock yards, about this period, with the rowdy, reckless cowpunchers and other obstreperous cattlemen. Nobody seemed to be able to control or keep them in any kind of decent order. So they hired Bill Bradburn to boss the yards and subdue the wild men, at a salary of $5,000 a year, which was some big inducement at that time.

It was a mighty hard task for the valiant Bradburn, who had many a hard, desperate battle before he finally conquered the ring leaders and other bullies, and was finally acknowledged as the

TUMBLE FIGHTERS

Some of the Old Battlers Who Fought Ferociously in Many Bloody Finish Scuffles, Recalled by Veteran Scribe

fearless, rough-and-tumble champion of Armour's stock yards.

Personally, like most dead-game fighters, he was a very loyal, honorable friend, always anxious and willing to help anyone who happened to be broke or in distress. He passed away a few years ago in the late Johnny Newell's hotel, on Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, leaving quite considerable money to his old pals. A couple of years before he died he said to me, "Please stop writing about my rough-and-rowdy days. Don't you know I'm a highly respectable citizen nowadays?"

* * *

BULL HEAD'S MARKET, on the Lower East Side, was a busy, bombastic bastile some fifty years ago, when big, brawny, pugnacious John Flood was the recognized rough-and-tumble champion of the Market, and the entire neighborhood, in fact.

He fought and demolished all the would-be bullies and brawling, beefy butchers who bucked against him. In fact, he was supposed to be invincible in his crude, brutal style of battling. For this reason a number of his pals and admirers gathered up a stake of $1,000 and challenged John L. Sullivan for a Queensberry skin-glove mill to a finish.

Sullivan was hardly known among the New York fans at the time and Flood was expected to slaughter "the Boston Strong Boy," as he was called, in a few slashing rounds. The story of the fight has often been fully told in THE RING, so why repeat it again? It took place on a barge, on the Hudson river, nearly opposite Yonkers in 1881.

Sullivan, although much lighter in weight and about three inches shorter, surely gave the Bull's Head champion a slashing lambasting and finally knocked him stiff in the eighth round.

As soon as Flood was counted out, John L. walked over to his corner, cordially shook his hand and said, "John, we met as friends, and we'll always be friends," and he then started a subscription for his beaten antagonist with $50 of his own money.

I don't believe there ever was born a more desperate, game, terrific fighter than Mysterious Billy Smith, both in and out of the ring. He never seemed to be particular in what way or style he battled—rough-and-tumble, old London bare-knuckle fashion, or Queensberry rules, with any size gloves—skin-tight or the big padded ones—if made no difference to battling Billy.

It certainly was quite dangerous indeed for any boxer to gain a decision over Smith in a Queensberry bout, for he invariably hounded his victorious opponent about until he finally beat him in a rough-and-tumble fracas. How Joe Walcott used to duck and hide away from Billy after one of their ring conflicts, so did George Green and various others of his opponents. They wanted none of his furious, fearful slam-bang fireworks. Decent Queensberry tactics were plenty good enough for them.

But what a sensation Mysterious Billy Smith would create today in the roped arena, if he were in his old battling prime! What a blood-and-thunder opponent he would be for some of the crude modern butters who seem to like to wrestle, maul and haul instead of trying to box scientifically, like many of the old past masters of Fistiana!

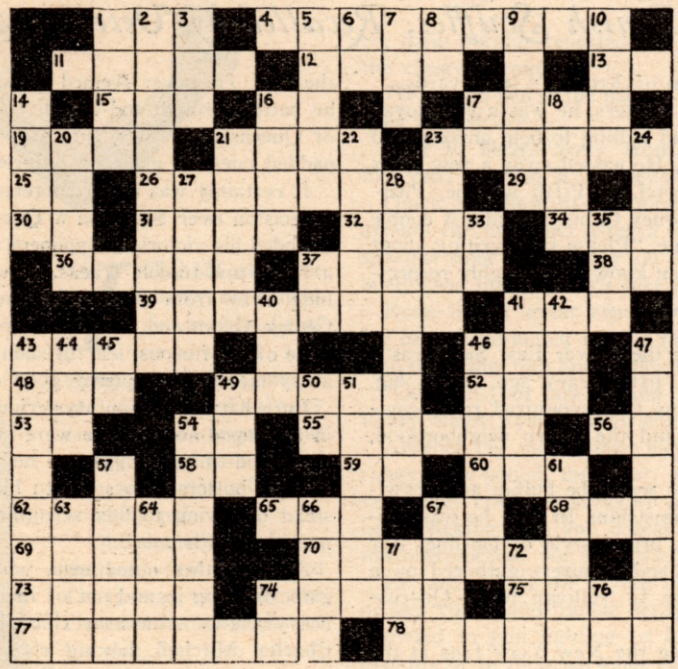
Among other noted men, who could do and did some hard, game fighting in and out of the ring, were: Joe Coburn, former heavyweight, American champion; Brooklyn Jimmy Carroll; Charley Mitchell, boxing champion of England; Jem Smith, heavyweight champion of England; Stanley Ketchel, before he became a professional ring master; Bull McCarthy of Philadelphia; Mike O'Dowd; Dick O'Brien; Jerry Slattery; Jack Dempsey, before his ring career; Paddy Ryan, before he met Sullivan; Jimmy Elliott, and a few others who have passed out.

I've witnessed many brutal rough-and-tumble fights to a desperate finish in the old rowdy days and I must confess they were simply barbarous, inhuman and disgraceful, so were the bloody battles under the old London bare-knuckle rules for that matter. Scientific boxing under Queensberry rules is not only a more humane and interesting sport but it has wiped out the brazen bullies, who terrorized and bluffed those who were not gifted with as much physical strength and fierce bull-dog ferociousness.

John L. Sullivan knocking out Jack Flood in fight on barge near Yonkers, N. Y. This wood cut appeared in the "Police Gazette" of June 4, 1881.

CROSS WORDS

CAN YOU SOLVE THEM?



HORIZONTAL

1. Girl's name.
4. One of the greatest heavyweights to represent the South.
11. World's heavyweight champ from 1908-1915.
12. Lightweight champ of the world from 1902-1908.
13. Preposition.
15. Cover.
16. Objective of I.
17. Welterweight champ of Germany.
19. Girl's name.
21. Wagers.
23. Cutting implements.
25. French article.
26. Blond grappler who is one of America's best heavyweights.
29. Of age (Abbr.).
30. Yes in Spanish.
31. Period of time (plural).
32. A country.
34. A girl's name.
36. Old-time Russian wrestler.
37. A curved opening.
38. Printer's measure.
39. He trained more champions than any other trainer.
41. Short for Lillian.
43. Fearful.
46. State of equality.
48. Girl's name.
49. The "Cleveland Baker Boy."
52. Consumed.
53. Revised papers (Abbr.).
54. Note of the scale.
55. Present middleweight champion.
56. Toward.
58. Adhering.
59. A state (Abbr.).
60. Little child.
62. Discharges.
65. Used in lighting.
67. Behold.
68. Tavern.
69. Covering for a wall (plural).
70. He won the flyweight crown for Genaro in 1925.
73. Tyrolean River.
74. English Derby.
75. Ending of a prayer.
77. Useless. 78. Uniting closely.

Answers on page 41

VERTICAL

1. Resembling a horse.
2. Newly crowned featherweight champion of New York.
3. Finish.
5. Boxers use a mouthpiece to protect the ———
6. Railroad (Abbr.).
7. Girl's name.
8. Part of the verb to be.
9. Name the great wrestler who came from this country.
10. To pierce. 14. Offers.
16. Muddle.
17. English prefix, to make.
18. Always.
20. Bantamweight champion in 1903.
21. Street fight.
22. Indian antelope.
23. Fighter who won the middleweight crown in 1913 from Papke.
24. To bang.
27. To sum up in acres.
28. Famous colored heavyweight.
33. Royal Society (Abbr.).
35. A fish. 37. To sum up in acres.
40. Hawaiian food.
41. Holder of the welterweight title in 1926.
42. Anger.
43. Present British featherweight champion.
44. A sprite. 45. Belonging to me.
46. Minister.
47. Present-day high ranking wrestler.
49. He once knocked out Billy Townsend in two fights in 1.37 sec.
50. Southern Yachtmen (Abbr.).
51. He dethroned Goodrich as lightweight king in 1925.
54. Preserved in rocks.
57. World's bantamweight king from 1923-24.
61. Girl's name.
63. Pit from which ores are taken.
64. Set up on a mound.
66. Mountains in Europe. 67. Crippled.
71. To bend. 72. Incompetent.
74. Eastern states (Abbr.). 76. Greek prefix.

"I Am Your Father!"

(Continued from page 37)

"When Shicker arrives in the Big City, he takes you to the finest hotel and puts you up in a suite. Then he calls Mike Leftlead, the best trainer of fighters in the world. In between we have a night club sequence, which gives our man Hotler a big chance to act the rube and show he is a boob and a sap.

"He drinks champagne and likes it, and gets stiff and does many funny things, like he falls down and gets a black eye. This is very easy for Hotler, on account of many is the time I see him get a mouse without even falling down more than four or five times.

"Well, the night club sequence fills in about ten minutes, and then we move into the hotel suite, where Leftlead is telling Jed Teaball how to become a great fighter.

"I bring you certain literature which you will read carefully. After you digest it all, I show you a lotta films of great fights, and you imitate them fighters. Then we get some doggy clothes and a cane, and you are ready for the first fight.

"It seems that you get your cauliflower ear when that cow kicks you. When you go into your first fight with Kid Beezark, he sees the ear and he says to his handler, 'We are framed. This is not a raw rookie, like Leftlead says, but a veteran. Take a gander at that lug. Is that raised on a farm?'

"Well, Beezark walks out, puts up a duke, takes a tap on the chin, and lies down like he is not interested in anything more for the next week.

"The next day the papers holler, 'Teaball Hits Hard as Dempsey, Says Shicker.'

"You win four fights in a row, as Shicker feeds you stumblebums. You think you are a champ. You fall for Daisy Nitwit, which is the star fan dancer of the Boys De Bolognie Club. This gives us a chance to put on another night club sequence with a fan dance, and while you are out on the floor, imitating Jimmy Durante, and keeping the crowd in stitches on account of they never see anything like it before, in walks Chumley Shicker, the big promoter!

"Daisy Nitwit looks at Chumley. He looks hard at her. She rushes over and lisps, 'Father.' He enfolds her in his arms. What a punch line! What a situation! Let's go down to Fred's!"

THURSDAY

WELL, it seems like we stay in Fred's a little too late as today I am in bed at six g.m. and nobody even calls me. Anyways, it is raining. While I am trying to roust myself, in walks Louie the Lug, which is my manager when I am a fighter.

"Listen, mug," he says. "Here is a wire from that guy in Youngstown and he offers three 'G's' for you to fight Gorilla Rastus, 165 pounds, ringside. Now, here is the chanct to get back in the limelight, only how you are going to make 165 pounds is beyond me as you weigh over 180 now. What happens to you lately?"

I am very discouraged about everything, as my mouth tastes like a door mat on a very slushy day. Louie the Lug looks funnier than usual to me, and I do not remember where I am the night before.

I sober up after a while. "Louie," I say to him. "Louie, you are a fine guy and I like you, and why you keep insisting I should fight in Youngstown is beyond me, as I am through with fighting in Youngstown.

"A great movie actor like me needs a trainer. I am getting a little outta shape. So I offer you the job of training me, which means you gotta change your way of living and talking, and get some new rags.

"So here is two C's and go out and get some clothes and meet me tomorrow morning at eleven in the offices of the Mastodon Pictures in the Mastodon Building."

Then I begin to rehearse the picture so far as it goes, and I decide to get the hang of this milking the cow business and getting kicked in the face. I ask all over town where I can find a cow to milk, and the boys think it is a very funny gag and they say, "Better stop shooting it in the arm. Bad enough to drink that new booze they sell you now."

(Continued on page 64)

Wrestling Outlook Bright, Say Promoters

(Continued from page 27)

and Marshall, Shikat, Steele, Steinke, Stein and Malcewicz, among others, will keep his arenas pretty well packed throughout the winter season.

* * *

ED WHITE of Chicago, while not actually promoting in the Windy City, is the guiding spirit of the game there, on account of his managerial connection with Jim Londos. It was mainly White's efforts that culminated in the tremendous success at Wrigley Field a few weeks ago when $104,000 in gate receipts greeted Jim Londos and Ed "Strangler" Lewis.

The match, from every viewpoint, proved a great success and most satisfactory to the fans.

Now that such a foundation has been laid for the coming season, White predicts that all records will be shattered during 1935.

Francis A. Stagg, Evansville, Ind., promoter who earned his place in the wrestling sun because it was in that city that Ed Lewis first checked the onward march of Joe Stecher, sees a big year ahead in his territory.

No wrestling story on the year's outlook would be complete without including the city of Baltimore, where the game grew from $100 houses into $16,000 tops, when Jim Londos met Jim McMillen recently. Baltimore was always a good wrestling center in the old days, because one of the greatest stars ever produced in the game was born and reared in Baltimore, Gus Schoenlein, better known as Americus. Gus is today one of the big operators of building contracts, but has never relinquished his interest in the game. Seldom does he fail to occupy his ringside seat.

Ed Contos stages the shows in Baltimore and his matches are well attended at Carlins Park Arena. He keeps up with the times and style demanded by the present-day fans.

So there you are, fans. I hope you have noticed that not one of the promoters predicted a poor season—but then—oh, well, what difference does it make? We wanted their prediction and we got it. Candidly, THE RING and its staff make the same prediction as do the leading promoters. Here it is—wrestling is in for its greatest financial season since the game suddenly shot its way to the front four years ago.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 10)

decided against the champion. Freddie dropped Cannon in the first frame and twice after that the Liverpool lad went to the canvas.

Instead of ruling against such a fighting champion, one of the few we have in boxing, it seems to me that New York's Commissioners should doff their caps to the boy. He's the type we want here!

FRIENDS of Tommy Loughran were not surprised to learn of his defeat at the hands of a young, rising heavyweight scrapper from Buenos Aires, Jose Caratoli by name. Jose is still a youth, has plenty of stamina and aggressiveness, and like Luis Firpo, who has taught him what he knows, he is of the slugger school. Caratoli, pitted against the Loughran of a few years back, would be just a raw novice in the hands of a master, but when youth, growing into manhood, pits its strength against old age, as age goes in boxing, then invariably youth triumphs. That's exactly what happened in the Loughran-Caratoli mill in Argentine. Tommy's legs just wouldn't stand up against the fiery attack of his opponent and naturally he lost.

It would be pitiful to see as fine a chap as Loughran end his ring days with battered features. Tommy, a master if ever there was one, has reached the end of the rope and should retire. It is only the money end that now has its appeal to Loughran, who, unfortunately, lost all his fortune through the failure of two Philadelphia banks and through no fault of his own. Were Tommy a British fighter, the fans would have given him a special send-off upon retirement, at which probably $30,000 would have been realized for him. That's how the British remember their stars. But we in America remember a boxer only so long as he continues in the fistic spotlight.

* * *

Mexican boxers are coming to the fore with a rush. Three of the outstanding lads from across the southern border are Baby Arizmendi, recent victor over Mike Belloise and New York State featherweight king; Rudolfo Casanova, recent conqueror of Lew Farber; and Kid Azteca, who took the measure of Eddie Kid Wolfe. When Casanova knocked out Farber in the eighth round of their ten-round engagement at Mexico City recently, he performed a notable feat. New York will welcome the Mexican lads in winter competition. The Garden of New York, through its matchmaker, Jimmy Johnston, plans to have all three appear this winter.

* * *

ACCORDING to the British and French papers, Marcel Thil was mighty lucky to get a draw with Carmelo Candel of France in their recently fought middleweight championship bout in Paris. Marcel saved his world's crown through a gift and was fortunate to last the limit. He was reeling and bleeding from several injuries when the final gong sounded.

Marcel Thil has been well treated by the French referees, who, in deference to Jeff Dickson, the promoter who rules the sport abroad, make certain that his biggest meal tickets are not set back. That's why Teddy Yarosz, the greatest of American middleweights, a fighter who I feel confident will whip Thil if they ever clash for the world crown, hesitates to fight Marcel in Paris. Teddy is eager to take on Thil in a titular bout in England, where he is assured a square deal, but to that suggestion, both Dickson (who has quite a hand in the management of Thil), and Marcel and his manager, turn a deaf ear. They say the fight must be staged in Paris or not at all.

That kind of an ultimatum won't bring Thil anywhere. THE RING, more than any other organization, has gained for Thil universal recognition as world champion. When others were opposed to taking Marcel seriously, THE RING fought his battle in this country to the end that he was recognized by the National Boxing Association. And unless Thil decides to defend his crown against the logical contender, the American challenger, Teddy Yarosz, he'll soon find his prestige lost and possibly his title with it.

While Thil is a veteran and is on his way, Yarosz is a vigorous, highly aggressive, two-fisted young man whose future lies ahead of him. Thil will find it mighty hard to retain his crown in a battle with Yarosz on either American or British soil, and that's why he and his mentors insist on Paris, only.

* * *

JOE KNIGHT, who held Maxie Rosenbloom to a draw down South and was more entitled to a titular shot at Maxie than was any other challenger, is fighting his way to the point where he'll compel the champion to give him the recognition he deserves. Joe is a good fighter who has developed into a star within the past eight months. Unless he hits the tobaggan unexpectedly, he'll soon take the place left vacant when Young Stribling, Idol of Dixie, passed away. Knight's knockout victory over Al Rodriguez of Quincy, Mass., recently, was a nifty piece of work.

"Divers, Chiselers, Keep Out!"

(Continued from page 3)

never should have fought as a full-fledged heavyweight. But he would not train. They tried to bring him into New York lately. I said, "Let Walker train hard for six weeks within the jurisdiction of our Commission, and I will let him fight here." This offer was not accepted.

I would like to see all the promoters print the rules of boxing in their programmes. What is a point? What brings deductions of points? What is a foul? What are the duties of the referee? Of the judges? This information would develop more fans.

I say to the promoters—"Cater more to the customer out in the chair!"

Answers to Puzzle on Page 40

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Referee's Troubles Inside the Ropes

(Continued from page 6)

Way back in the days when Jack had quit the ring as an active glove-performer, and just prior to his promotorial career, he was much in demand as a referee around Chicago and in neighboring sections of the state.

On one occasion he was officiating at a Chi club when Jim Adams, an Omaha middleweight of pretty high standing, was a ringside spectator. One of the principals in the windup was also an Omaha boxer, and friend of Adams'. Throughout the contest Adams kept up a running fire of conversation, consisting of advice to his pal, and objurgations hurled at the referee, whose manner of officiating did not apparently meet with the Omaha middleweight's approval. Curley was too seasoned a bird to be much disturbed over Adams' vocal abuse. But when the fight ended, and Adams' choice was declared loser, the middleweight adopted a more aggressive attitude.

Leaping into the ring, Adams rushed at the referee, letting fly a right swing for the jaw. Curley, not in the least degree flustered, stepped inside the punch, countered with a straight left that sent Adams reeling backward, and followed with a thudding right to the chin that dropped the Omaha pug as though he had been hit by a steam-hammer. Adams lay still, and Curley, reverting to his official position, solemnly intoned a "ten-count" over the prostrate boxer, and the spectators fairly shook the building with thunders of applause.

IT was a period when Chicago referees were pretty well used to that sort of thing. Tommy Ryan—smarting under the defeat administered to him by Kid McCoy in 1896, when the wily Kid tricked him into a match with the understanding that the Kid was to lose and Ryan entered the ring poorly trained—jumped at the chance offered for a second bout with his conqueror.

They met before the Tattersall's Athletic Club for six rounds, with Malachy Hogan as referee. Ryan was in good shape and burning for revenge, and the bout was a regular fireworks exhibition between two of the cleverest men known to the ring. It looked like a fairly even break to the spectators, but Hogan declared the Kid the victor at the finish.

Immediately Ryan sprang like a tiger at the referee and swung at him. Hogan partly blocked the punch, and at once went into a savage mix-up with Tommy, which was terminated only by a rush of a squad of cops into the arena. Malachy was celebrated as a dangerous rough-and-tumble fighter, and would probably have had none the worst of a go-as-you-please encounter, but the belligerent pair were separated before much damage had been done on either side.

It was Ryan's contention that the Tattersall Club had agreed to make the decision a draw, provided both men were on their feet at the conclusion of the six rounds. Hogan claimed that such were not his instructions. The club officials went into a huddle over the matter, and the following day announced through the Associated Press that the referee's verdict was set aside, and the bout declared a draw. Some record books followed one ruling, some the other. But the consensus of sporting opinion was that a referee's decision, once rendered, could not be recalled!

A FEW months after the Hogan-Ryan affair, Clarence Forbes and Morris Bloom, two of Chicago's best featherweights of that era, had a turn-up at the State Athletic Club which provided another comedy finish. For some reason, both lads objected to the official chosen as referee, and the club offered them the services of Mr. Martin Onslow, a sport-lover from Omaha. As neither of the principals knew Onslow, and figured he would not be likely to be biased in the favor of one or the other, they agreed to the choice.

Onslow was a big, red-faced man, clad in check-striped garments of extraordinary brilliancy, sporting a large "rock" in a crimson tie, and wearing a fixed cherubic smile. Possibly the club officials hadn't noticed it, but the sad fact was that the Omaha referee was extremely drunk, although able to maintain his footing.

The crowd was quick to sense something funny, however, as fight crowds usually are, and the fans insisted upon giving three cheers for the referee between rounds, Onslow gravely bowing in response to the derisive applause. Forbes was much Bloom's superior and not only outpointed him in every round, but had him reeling and groggy when the last bell clanged. There was no doubt in the minds of the spectators that Clarence had won by a mile.

But they had not counted upon the variable moods of Mr. Martin Onslow of Omaha. Advancing to the ropes the referee held up his hand for silence and proceeded to deliver an oration regarding the excellence of the battle which they had just witnessed.

"And therefore, gentlemen," he wound up, "as both boys have fought so well, and suffered so gallantly, far be it from me to rob either of victory. The decision, therefore, gentlemen, is a draw!"

A howl of fury from the house greeted this amazing declaration, and several impetuous spirits left their seats with a rush, intent upon wreaking vengeance on the person of Martin Onslow of Omaha. But before they reached the ring, Mr. Onslow had already been the recipient of eager, if not polite attention. For Harry Forbes, the bantam champion, who was seconding Clarence, jumped from his brother's corner and smashed the smiling referee with a right that sent him staggering against the ropes. He might have fallen had it not been for the fact that Clarence Forbes administered a buffet on the other side of the Onslow head that straightened him up again.

The Forbes brothers then proceeded to maul their quarry with wholehearted vigor, and performed their task so thoroughly that, by the time merciful hands rescued him from the wrath of the two exasperated fighters, Mr. Martin Onslow of Omaha was a complete wreck.

A SINGULAR decesion, which, so far as the writer knows, was without precedent in ring annals, was given by George Siler in 1901, at the American Athletic Club of Chicago, then conducted by John Hertz, the present turf magnate and millionaire. The contestants were Frank Bartley of Binghamton, N. Y., now deceased, but up to a few years ago well known to New Yorkers as a clever inventor of ring-platform improvements, and Shorty Ahearn, a local colored welter. Ahearn was a short, stockily built chap, shaped very much on Joe Walcott's lines, and a terrific puncher with either hand.

Bartley was tall, fast, clever, and for nearly the whole of the scheduled six rounds he peppered Ahearn with left jabs, keeping him off balance and cutting him up considerably. It was Bartley's fight right up to the last few seconds of the final round. Suddenly Ahearn shot a straight right to the jaw-point that dropped Bartley like a log.

Siler tolled off "eight," and then the bell rang. Bartley's handlers dragged their unconscious principal to his corner and worked over him desperately, but it was fully nine minutes before he opened his eyes.

Siler did not announce his verdict at once, but stood watching the efforts of Bartley's seconds to revive their man. The veteran afterwards said he wasn't altogether sure whether Bartley would come round or not, such had been the force of the wallop that felled him. Finally the referee reached forward, seized Bartley's rather limp wrist, held up his glove and declared him the winner.

A near-riot broke loose. Some of Ahearn's friends invaded the ring and threatened Siler with physical violence, the Bartley faction jumped to the referee's aid, and a general roughhouse was only prevented by the intervention of the police. When order was restored Siler addressed the crowd and explained that he had rendered the only verdict that could justly be given under the circumstances.

"I could only decide this bout on its merits so far as it had gone," said the veteran referee. "Ahearn was beaten all the way, up to the time of the knockdown, which didn't make up for the drilling he got from Bartley earlier in the game!"

This decision caused a good deal of talk in sports circles, some blaming, some defending Siler's action. The concensus of opinion was that the referee was technically correct in his ruling. Yet, one could hardly blame Ahearn and his supporters for feeling a trifle sore under the conditions.

THE precedent set by Siler was followed in at least one instance. In 1921, Billy Snailham, the old-time fighter, was refereeing a battle in San Francisco between Jimmy Ryan and Johnny O'Neill. Ryan outpointed his man all the way, but

in a heap. His seconds carried Ryan to his corner, still out at the bell, Snailham having counted "six" over him. As the bout was only scheduled for four rounds, Snailham then turned around and declared Ryan the victor.

In this action he was supported by two judges, the contention being that the referee could only award a verdict on the strength of what had actually been done while the men were actively engaged in hostilities—that O'Neill had been badly beaten up to the time of the knockdown and, therefore, there was no alternative but to give Ryan the decision.

Unquestionably a cool head is one asset a referee must possess if he hopes to stay in the business. Yet some fighters, distinguished for calmness under glove-fire, have been known to completely lose their presence of mind when serving as third man within the ropes. There was Bob Fitzsimmons, for instance, a veritable iceberg of self-control when scrapping, but a total loss as a referee.

Bob only tried the referee job once, when he was third man with Dave Sullivan and Terry McGovern at Louisville, in 1902. The bout was for the feather championship. Sullivan gave Terry a hot argument and clipped him neatly on the chin-point as Terry came in with one of his noted rush-attacks. Down went the champ, knocked temporarily groggy, took nine seconds on the floor and, as he arose, grabbed hold of Sullivan's legs. Fitz should have interfered, but, excited by the yells of the spectators, shoved Dave back, instead of admonishing McGovern.

McGovern won in the fifteenth round, but the decision was hooted and Fitz came in for a lot of adverse criticism. The lanky one declared he was off the refereeing racket for life, and kept his word. But Sullivan never forgot the incident, or forgave Fitz. Dave always claimed that McGovern was down for a full count, and furthermore that he could have stopped Terry, when the latter shakily regained his feet, had Fitz not aided the feather king. However that may have been, there was a funny aftermath to the affair.

Twelve years later, when Fitz and Dave had both retired, they met in George Considine's café. Dave had put on considerable heft, looked like a heavyweight, and having a few drinks under his belt, the memory of his ancient wrongs proved too much for his Celtic temper. Anyway, he slammed Fitzsimmons! The latter came back at him and they clinched. Bystanders broke them apart and persuaded Dave to beat it.

Takes Issue With Experts

(*Continued from page* 12)

Ryan, John C. Clow, and others. Then he defeated Charlie Mitchell, champion of England, at Madison Square Garden, New York, October 30, 1884. "Macon" McCormick, then a famous sports writer, refereed this contest.

An interesting advertisement appeared on the program as follows: "You can't fight as well as Sullivan does. Go to Powell & Clement's Gun Store, 180 Main Street, and buy a gun to help you out."

McCaffrey was for a time sporting writer on the New York papers, and it was he who wrote the first technical account of a prize fight for the *New York World* at the time when Jake Kilrain and Sullivan fought at Vicksburg, Miss. It was McCaffrey who built the ring at Chantilly, France, when Sullivan and Mitchell fought in private for the world's championship. It was a bare-knuckle fight in the open, each fighter wearing turf-spikes to insure a secure footing and the authorities got wind of it. Of the forty-one persons present thirty-seven, including both fighters, were arrested by the gendarmes and heavily fined. McCaffrey was among the four who escaped.

He died in Pittsburgh on December 30, 1923 at the age of 63. For a time after his retirement he was a policeman and at the time of his death he was employed in the Alleghany County Courts.

Jimmy Wilde, His Own Second

(*Continued from page* 13)

for seven rounds, and then Mason began to fade and the steady onslaughts of the little foreigner began to tell. At the end of the twelfth round, when Frankie was wabbly and almost out on his feet, the decision was easy.

* * *

WHILE on this subject, it may interest you to know that of all the card playing fiends I've known among the fistic fraternity this Frankie Mason kid was tops of all. His idea of a good time was to collect a few cronies and start a poker game. Frankie couldn't get on a railroad train for an hour's ride that he didn't flash a deck of cards and get started.

Speaking of the Toledo battle with Wilde, reminds me of one I heard the day after the fight, when Wilde had retained his title. Frankie was of the lean, hungry-looking type of humans, a sort of dried-up little old man, though at the time of this battle he couldn't have been over thirty, if that. He never considered that he need train much, an occasional swift gym bout with the gloves serving to keep his eye trued and his muscles loosened.

Two days before the battle, Mason disappeared. His manager, the affable George Biemer of Fort Wayne, didn't think much about this, as Frankie was more or less of a recluse at all times. He would return at any minute, George thought. But the lad didn't return and at the end of twenty-four hours Biemer was fit to be tied, fairly jumping out of his skin. He had a hefty forfeit up for the weight and there was a sell-out house of some $18,000 in sight. When daylight broke the day of the fight, Frankie had been gone over forty hours without a word.

Biemer then decided upon a round-up. Getting a half dozen good scouts who knew the town and its spots, Biemer started out. Mind you, it was then but seven or eight hours before weighing-in time. For a long, despairing time they searched and explored every possible spot, until just before noon when they were told of a certain hotel room into which a lot of bootleg drinks and much food had been slipped, and which, a bellhop confided, might contain a poker game.

Sure enough, there was Frankie, down to his undies and with a big stack of chips in front of him, hard at it, the place a wreck such as only a long-continued game can make of a small enclosure. Biemer was so relieved that he had to laugh.

"I'm about seven hundred winner and I just hate to quit," was Frankie's only remark.

He had been in that room for two days and nights, without a thought, apparently, of the gravity of the situation, or the importance of his contract of the evening! But, be it said right now, Frankie couldn't have beaten Wilde that night if he had had another Frankie Mason in the ring to help him. Jimmy was just that good.

Other fighters have gone in for cards, and especially poker, right merrily. Joe Gans was one of the real fiends of this great indoor sport. The night of his fight in Chicago with Terry McGovern, Joe was in a poker game until right up to daylight with pals down in the "black belt." This was a tipoff that all was not quite right with that match.

Abe Attell was still another who would rather dally with cards and the dice than pay too strict attention to training. It always was said that he thought Johnny Kilbane was a setup and, when matched with the Cleveland star for the featherweight title in Los Angeles, spent more time at the card table than he did on the training table.

Kid McCoy was one of the best of them all at cards. So was Tom Gibbons but it is not on record that the St. Paul battler ever let them interfere with conditioning.

Ill-Fated "Comebacks"

(*Continued from page* 15)

less to say, there will of a necessity be thousands more in the future, among them, perhaps, Primo Carnera.

Always back in the heads of those who have tasted the milk and honey of fistic fame, there lurks the idea that they still possess the necessary speed, punch and brain to cope successfully with those who have risen to the front after they have "passed over the hill."

It's a funny thing, too, why those who have passed their peak still maintain the idea that they can "come back." Where one has succeeded, a thousand have failed. The percentage is all against them, but almost invariably they try it, with what all too often ends in an ignoble defeat.

Of course, as I stated at the start of this article, the reasons for "comebacks" are many. Maybe it's one reason or maybe it's another, but ninety-nine times out of a hundred, it is the need of the coin of the realm that lures the boys back to the hempen arena and resined canvas.

The fighter that can hold onto his dough, is like a polar bear at the equator—he's a rare object.

Wrestling Ambassador

(Continued from page 30)

presume that can be overcome by Lewis.

Just to what extent either Hitler or Mussolini might be interested in any plan Lewis might lay before them, is an interesting problem, but of one thing this writer feels quite sure—if the big "Strangler" gets his audiences with the famous European dictators, you can bet a lot of dollars, and your wagers will be quite safe, that Ed will make a tremendous impression on both of them. He'll be such a novelty to both of them, even accustomed as they are to the company of the world's highest in both intellectual and physical, that both will be quite refreshed after they have granted him a bit of a chat.

He'll have their eyes popping, that's sure.

Tremendous press stunt, if nothing more, but Ed will make more of it than that.

Remember that Ed Lewis, christened Robert Friedrichs by good old honest German parents in the bright little town of Nakoosa, up in the wilds of Wisconsin, can address the mighty Adolph in his native tongue and at least get in on the ground floor in that respect. That's so much better than having an interpreter between them, as so very much is lost in the translations back and forth.

Possibly the keen-minded Lewis may make an effort to get the Windsor offspring's thoughts off horseback riding and dancing for a brief spell, and interest the Prince of Wales in the tug and tussle game. Now wouldn't that be something in the way of a press stunt!

Let Lewis instead of the horse throw the prince for a change.

* * *

IT'S hard to say just what Great Britain has to offer at the present moment in the way of wrestling talent. Though George Hackenschmidt always was "The Russian Lion," lots of folks regarded him as an Englishman because of his long residence in the famous resort at Brighton, not so far from London. They had a chap years ago named Tom Cannon, not so very big, but so much of a real wrestler that he fairly astonished the then limited number of American wrestling fans, when he paid a visit to this country and began to demonstrate his remarkable ability on some of the uncouths who were considered pretty fair over here at the time.

Years ago, also, there came to this fair land of ours—fair to the eye at least—a big chap named Jack Wannop, who said he was the English champion. The original "Strangler" Evan Lewis beat him in rather handy fashion, whereupon Wannop turned into a heavyweight fighter, and won and lost some matches in old Battery D in Chicago. Charles E. "Parson" Davies was promoting matches of all sorts then, and the late Otto Floto was his secretary and press agent, although this latter term meant little or nothing at the time. Sports editors rather insisted, as a matter of fact, upon writing their own stuff then.

Just a few European wrestling men straggled over to this country up to the time that George Cochrane came the first time with the biggest sensation of all times, George Hackenschmidt. This inspiring man was everything that sensationalism in athletics is supposed to be and while Florenz Ziegfeld was exploiting another sensation in the person of Eugene Sandow, the latter was never a competitive athlete—merely a thing of beauty to look upon, as if in a glass case and not to be despoiled of any of its pristine beauty by the touch of rude ham hands.

* * *

THE real influx of European wrestlers came shortly after Frank Gotch got into the picture as a glorified champion. Then every nation of the so-called old country shot its best men over here, or else emissaries from America went over and dragged them forth, the luring bait being tales of tremendous amounts of coin to be gathered in this land, for even ordinary performers.

Some that came over—a majority of them, probably—were just wrestlers and nothing more, but all of them had the virtue of being novelties and were successfully exploited as such. All of them made money and still, at that time, the game was nowhere near the stage of promotional perfection it has reached in this period, due to expert and concerted handling by men long skilled in such things. It's a business now, and a great one; it was just a haphazard game when Gotch, a well-protected but thoroughly capable man, was the loudly crowing cock-o'-the-walk.

Best remembered of these foreign stars are the two Zbyszko boys, Stanley and Vladek, Yussiff Mahmout, John Lemm, the Swiss (and once champion of England, I believe), Cazeau from Italy, Constant La Marin, Padoubney, Fristansky, Gardini, Benny Benjamin's East Indians, whose names I cannot recall at the moment, and dozens of others, to say nothing of that tremendous lot that Jack Curley dug up for some of his great international tournaments in New York.

But it's better and breezier today than was that far-away yesterday, for which the Allah ruling the Wrestling Game be heartily praised!

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 33)

sultry summer months, when most of the shows were indoor affairs, indicates a great winter.

On more than one occasion promoters have been forced to close their doors and turn would-be spectators away when the seating capacity and standing room both were taken.

While promoters are not angling for any of the championship timber, they propose to give the enthusiasts of their territory some real material during the winter season. While no plan or program for December, January, February and March, the most productive months, has been worked out, indications are that some nationally known characters will parade in Dixie.

With twelve towns already running full blast, the Southeastern Company, headed by P. R. Moore of Bristol, Va., and Jim Crockett, his first lieutenant, will open up additional territory during the next two months.

THESE notes come from Bill Hawkins, our Iowa reporter:

The wrestling season is in full sway in this section, and drawing some pretty good crowds. From the amount of correspondence regarding the mat sport, we must give the mat fans some attention, so here we are with some of the results for the past month.

* * *

John Eliades, popular Sioux City promoter, has started off his second season of successful wrestling promoting. One of the highlights of the month saw Steve Savage toss Jack Odell in straight falls via the toe hold route; Don McIntyre and Jackie Patterson went to a draw in 30 minutes. Lefty Grove won on a foul from Nore Jelstrom.

* * *

Over 5,000 fans watched Frank Spears, former Georgia football star, flatten Milo Steinborn, of Germany, in 21 minutes with a body slam at Waterloo, Iowa. Jack Dempsey did the refereeing. George Koverly and Jimmy Coffield drew in a 30-minute time limit match; Jack Hader won from Earl Wampler, when the latter was disqualified for doing things unbecoming a wrestler.

* * *

Jack Dempsey was also third man at Des Moines where Sun Jennings won two out of three falls from Earl Wampler; Cliff Olson, Minneapolis, threw Babe Carnera; Baron Von Bruessing and Joe Hubka, and Frank Spears and George Koverly ended their bouts with a draw.

* * *

Rudy LaDitzi, the big rowdy wrestler, won over Allen Eustice at Marshalltown; Mike Markoff, the Russian grappler, lost to Dutch Heffner; Griz Gray went to a draw with Adam Krieger; and Francis Stull took a fall over Gorilla Tucker.

At Cedar Rapids, George Koverly pinned Milo Steinborn in twelve minutes; Jack Hader and Jimmy Coffield went to a draw; Sun Jennings tossed Dr. Vic Muhl.

* * *

At Dubuque, Jimmy Coffield won from Frank Spears in a rough wrestling match. Jack Dempsey, the third man, originally awarded the match to Spears, but Coffield protested that when the fall was made, Spears and he were off the mat. Spears refused to go on with the show, and started for home, but Dempsey and Coffield pulled him back. Right here is where the action starts! Hold on to your hat! Spears rushed at Dempsey, Jack ducked, shot a right to the chin, and the bad Spears was counted out. Barney Cosneck threw Joe Hubka; Johnny Meyers won from Axel Anderson; Steve Dye and Chet Yant both drew.

* * *

The following towns are staging wrestling shows: Cedar Rapids (Ia), Des Moines, Sioux City, Marshalltown, Shenandoah, Dubuque, Nevada, Perry, and Fort Dodge. Some of these spots are holding both wrestling and boxing shows.

* * *

At Cedar Rapids, George Koverly won a two-out-of-three-fall match with Mike Brendel; Dempsey was the third man, and a packed house was on hand for the event. Jimmy Coffield went to a draw with Vincent Lopez; Axel Anderson lost to Frank Spears.

When Bantams Were Fighting Kings

(Continued from page 20)

chilly calibre in the days before he learned to keep it in harness.

It was, in fact, his pugnacious temperament that helped to turn him into a professional fighter. His elder brother, George, was heavier and bigger in every way than the future champ of the little fellows, and succeeded in thrashing most of the lads around the corner where the Coulon family resided in Chicago.

Johnny rather resented his brother's superiority in this respect, and the two were continually wrangling and threatening each other. The climax came one morning when Johnny's dad overheard a wordy argument between his sons, and ordered them into the barn to fight it out. They donned gloves, and went at it with twenty rounds as the schedule, and "Pop" Coulon as timekeeper, referee, and sole spectator.

Coulon was afterwards wont to state that he stood more real punishment in that brotherly combat than in any he participated in during his professional career. It lasted the full twenty rounds, and both boys were badly battered at the finish, Pop pronouncing the contest a draw. This affair satisfied Johnny that he couldn't be any worse off boxing for money, and he set about the task of moulding himself into a genuine gladiator.

His first battle for a purse took place under rather singular circumstances in 1904. There was a regular ring, a referee, and his opponent, a colored lad known as Kid Washington. Johnny adopted the nom de plume of "Young Jeffries" for the occasion. The bout was promoted by a man called "Dago Frank," who was something of a political power on Chicago's West Side. Frank had heard about Coulon whipping a few tough kids in his bailiwick and, as the colored boy had developed quite a reputation as a knocker-out in his part of the city, the politician figured that if Johnny could beat Washington in a private battle, there would be a chance of making money out of the entertainment.

* * *

COULON then weighed only 90 pounds and Washington scaled 115, but Johnny had been promised fifteen dollars if he won, and would probably have tackled a giant for what looked to him like a small fortune. Pop had just bought his younger hopeful a new suit of clothes, and went out of town on a business trip. Johnny thought it would be fine to lick the colored lad, and surprise his father by showing the money thus earned, when the elder Coulon returned.

It being his first regular battle, he resolved to go in style and accordingly donned the new suit. The fight took place on the top floor of a West Side hall, and Johnny won by a knockout in the third round. He went to the dressing-room to take his trunks off, when a yell of "police!" resounded through the hall. It was a period when boxing was under the ban of Chicago authorities, and the place was being raided.

Johnny grabbed his new suit, saw a ladder reaching to the roof, and climbed it like a frightened squirrel. He got the trapdoor open, but failed to notice a big iron hook on one side of it. His clothes caught in the hook, as the police rushed in. Johnny strove desperately to free his garments, but a burly bluecoat came lumbering up the ladder, and got a grip on the cherished clothes. Johnny let go, and hopped out on the roof. It was covered with December snow, and the little boxer shivered in his thin fighting trunks. The policeman did not pursue his quarry, probably figuring that Coulon would be obliged to come down and surrender in order to keep from freezing to death, and devoted his energies to rounding up the law-breakers still in the hall.

* * *

ALONG the roof crawled the wretched boxer to the next building, where he discovered another skylight. He opened it, found a ladder underneath, and climbed down to the first floor, where he rapped on a bedroom door. A woman answered the knock, and shrieked aloud at the sight of the half-naked figure confronting her gaze. Her husband appeared and, apparently concluding there was nothing to be feared from a small, half-frozen boy, asked in broken English what he wanted.

The man and wife were Italians, and it was some time before the shivering boxer could make them understand how he came to be in such a plight. But finally they grasped the situation, and, being good-natured folks, fixed Johnny up with a workman's greasy blouse and a pair of tattered overalls. The only head-covering they could provide was an old straw hat, and in this delectable attire the future bantam champion started off on his homeward jaunt, with the temperature well below zero.

Coulon's nerve was not sufficiently developed to admit of begging carfare from the Italians, so he trudged painfully through the snow to the elevated station, three miles away. The memory of that dreary tramp stayed ever fresh and green in the Coulon mind. Passers-by stopped to gaze after the slinking figure in its burlesque garb, and wonder what asylum it had escaped from. Whenever Johnny sighted a policeman on post, he dodged around the block, and with these devious windings the journey was extended into something like five miles.

At the "L" Station, luck was with him, for the ticket clerk turned out to be a fellow who had previously worked near Coulon's home, and knew him by sight. Thus he obtained admittance to the train, where he huddled into a corner of the car, picked up a newspaper, and tried to conceal himself as much as possible. But he could not escape attention in such guise. Men eyed him curiously, girls snickered, and finally one male passenger accosted Johnny and asked for an explanation. He gave it, and there was great sympathy expressed, one generous soul offering to take up a collection for the bad-luck victim.

But this Johnny sternly refused. The events of that fateful night had been bad enough, without becoming an object of charity. All the crestfallen conqueror of Kid Washington wanted just then was solitude, and a chance to get home without his folks seeing him. He accomplished that part of the program all right, but there was no way of concealing the loss of the new garments.

When Pop Coulon returned home the following day, and saw that his son was clad in a suit of ancient vintage, he demanded the why and wherefore. Johnny sorrowfully narrated the events of that awful night, and the elder Coulon rocked to and fro in a gale of hysterical laughter.

"Well," said Pop, when his merriment had in some degree subsided, "it might have been worse, son. If you didn't get any money, you got a bellyful of experience and, anyway, you made a safe getaway. For the future, you'd better cut out those fly-by-night scraps. I'm satisfied you can fight some, and I'm going to send you to your cousin George McFadden, in New York, and see what he can make of you."

The promise was kept, and under the tutelage of George (Elbows) McFadden, in his day one of New York's greatest lightweights, Johnny Coulon started off on the road which wound up at the world's bantamweight championship goal.

Wrestling's Strong Men

(Continued from page 25)

grapplers who are well known for their strength. Among them are Walter Stratton, Al Karasick, and Clevio Massimo.

Karasick is wrestling with success in Australia, the famous hunting grounds for wrestlers. Stratton is a light-heavyweight and a most feared man because of his strength. He is seen in action frequently in the Middle West.

The physique of Clevio Massimo is nothing short of stupendous. He possesses perhaps the most beautifully developed body of them all. As an athlete he is an accomplished strong man, weight lifter, acrobat, hand balancer and sculptor's model.

In the strength game he is known as a man who never seems to grow old. His hair is still jet black but he is no chicken. People are amazed and thrilled at the sight of his remarkably developed figure. He is a perfectly built athlete with muscles that stand out all over his body. There are few like him in build.

It is this type that is now going in for wrestling, more so than ever. Throughout the country, in every division from welterweight to heavyweight, you'll find them and they are an attraction wherever they appear. They lend color and class to the popular indoor sport and they are the attraction to the students of physical culture who are among the best wrestling fans. I know many artists and students of physical education who get a thrill from viewing these perfect specimens of manhood in active competition. Don't be surprised if you see America's and Europe's leading strong men facing each other in the mat in Madison Square Garden ere long.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

YOUR picture on the cover of this month's magazine took me back a good many years.

I remember well the fight between "John L." and Charley Mitchell. Of course I did not see it, although as a lad I had the gloves on with Charley Mitchell.

In Birmingham, Eng., at the back of the public house run by Alf Greenfield, who was then champion of England, was a big room where there was always a chance for any one to try out his mettle with the gloves. I always found Charley Mitchell a good-hearted little sport, for he never seemed to take advantage of a younger lad.

I left the old country for the States, landed in New York; then a little later went to Boston, Mass., where I saw a lot of the old-timers, including John L. Sullivan, George Godfrey, George Dixon, Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, Jake Kilrain, Joe Walcott, Bob Fitzsimmons, and others.

I lived neighbors with the Walcotts in Everett for some time.

Now, Nat (excuse the liberty taken with your name, it comes easy to me as it is my own name), in the years I have taken your magazine, I have seen Charley Mitchell's name mentioned several times, and always with a little disparagement. Now why? Surely no one can question his courage or skill. Look at the fight he put up against John L., who was then in his prime. And just remember that Mitchell was about 30 pounds less than Sullivan!

And think of his fight with Corbett, which I saw. I went from Tampa to Jacksonville for that purpose. Mitchell seemed a boy in comparison with Corbett, yet no fair-minded man could say he lay down on the job, Nat. Mitchell could "take it." Of course he had no chance with Corbett for it was a case of a good little man against a good big one. Charley Mitchell had his faults, but lack of courage and nerve was not one of them. Give the devil his due. I cannot seem to recall any time when he tried to put over any alibis—broken ankles, poor condition, etc.—for losing a fight. Furthermore, he always went out of his weight to get his bouts.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

Now I have thrown my brickbat, which I sincerely hope does not hurt you, I will hand you a little bouquet, to wit: I have had many, many hours of pleasure and enjoyment from your magazine, and any reference you make to any of the old-timers seems like meeting old friends. I am up here in the North Country, far away from any of the old sport—so you can imagine how I appreciate your magazine.

I expect to make a trip out in the course of another year or so, and I would sure like to shake you by the hand for, shall I say, the sake of old times. You may be too busy to read this, but I am wishing you the best of luck and prosperity.

Yours sincerely,
NAT BOWEN,
Kinuso, Alberta, Canada.

* * *

THE RING recently, in an article, "Foreign Wrestlers Who Possess Color," by Ed W. Smith, says:

". . . which brings to mind the fact that of recent years a lot of great men of the mat have passed on. Included in this list may be mentioned Freddie Beell, the little Wisconsin chap who defeated Gotch once and held the title for a matter of only some thirty days."

In this same issue of September, in the article, "News of the Mat World," by Tex Austin, we find he says:

"The Greek (referring to Londos) is the lightest heavyweight champion since the days of Fred Beell, the Wisconsin Giant Killer who recently died a hero's death while trying to prevent a robbery. Beell scaled in the neighborhood of 175 pounds."

It is not my purpose to detract from the ability of Fred Beell. To my way of thinking, there never was anyone of his build that was his superior, but for anyone to say that he held the title is for them not to know the conditions under which he held that title, for no greater fraud was ever perpetrated upon the lovers of the mat game than was pulled off at the time that Fred Beell threw Frank Gotch in the city of New Orleans at the old Greenwald Theater.

For the last fifty-five years I have been a lover of, consistent follower of, and perpetual fan of the mat game. In my youth I enjoyed a wrestle. I have refereed a few times as "one who loved the game, and didn't care a continental who won so long as the contest was good."

At the time that Gotch and Beell were barnstorming through the country, I was particularly interested in the game, and knew the rival promoters in the city of New Orleans. The day before the night of the Gotch-Beell contest, one of the mat promoters came to me and said:

"We know you never bet on a wrestling match, but you now have the chance of making some money if you can break through your rule. The public will expect Gotch to win, but it is the plan for Beell to win tomorrow night's contest, and to go North and Gotch to win his title back."

My answer was, "I don't believe it," to which he replied, "You will see."

The match came off as per schedule. The most glaring, audacious pretense at a contest was put on. Gotch permitted his head to be severely bumped, a large hickey was on his forehead, and he was thrown. When Gotch was thrown, there went up in that theater such a howl of "Fraud! Fake!" as I never heard at any other contest. I can assure you that I have seen some of the most rank frauds perpetrated of late years, but be assured that these fake wrestling matches of recent years had no parallel in the expression of the disgust of the public at this Gotch-Beell match.

This Gotch-Beell match should ever be a black mark against Frank Gotch, and just why any writer should not be aware of this black mark, is a mystery to me. Smith and Austin should be informed, and this fake and all other fakes should be exposed. In conclusion, I will say, at my age of seventy-four years, what a sucker I am to attend weekly the fakes put on in the city of New Orleans, but it seems, wrestling being bred in my bone and born in my marrow, that I will continue to be a weekly sucker.

EDWARD J. THILBORGER,
Attorney at Law,
New Orleans, La.

* * *

FOR many months now, I have been reading with increasing interest your excellent history of the mat sport, "From Milo to Londos" appearing currently in THE RING. Recently I saw where this work was to be put in book form. What will be its price, and where will I be able to obtain a first edition autographed copy? Or are you going to autograph it?

I realize that you are undoubtedly a very busy man, what with writing and being Editor of THE RING, but, sometime when you have the spare time, I wish you would list for me, in chronological order, the wrestling champions of the world, United States and Europe, from Milo and Muldoon to the present day, giving the dates they won and lost the crown. Where there are rival claimants, list the most prominent.

Several times THE RING has published such a register of pugilism, so why not of wrestling, its sister sport? Please don't think me rude for asking this task and favor of you, but where else could I find this information? Who else is so well equipped to answer my requests as you?

From all I hear, you, Mr. Fleischer, are the most reliable wrestling authority in America, so please answer the above entreaty.

But if it interferes too much with business, this letter needn't be answered, I will understand.

A reader of THE RING not so long ago catalogued what you thought were the ten best heavyweight boxers; I disagree with you. My ten follow:

Fitzsimmons, Langford, Corbett, Tunney, Sullivan, Jeffries, Dempsey, Johnson, Baer and Willard.

How's that for a lineup? I'd like to see *anyone* who could choose a better ten, not using any of the above.

ALVIN EARL PERRY,
Rockdale, Texas.

Thanks for your compliments. I appreciate same. Yes, the series will be published in book form as soon as the series is completed.

* * *

I HAVE just finished reading "Battlers of the Irish Brigade," by George T. Pardy, I also showed it to my dad, who comes from Ireland. He says Tom Sharkey was the best Irish-born heavyweight battler ever to set foot on American soil. He says he was better than Peter Maher.

I never saw Tom or Peter, so I want you to please tell me which was the better man. I know you are the world's best authority on boxing because I've read your magazine for years, and I've found your judgment to be sound. Of course, when I speak of Irish-born battlers, I don't mean Fitz, for he was born at Cornwall, England. My dad also says Fitz was best of all. Is that right? So I hope you give this some consideration.

JOHN L. LOWERY,
New York City.

I think, as your dad, Sharkey was the better all-round fighter. He was a good hitter, could take it, was aggressive and had an abundance of courage. I think Fitz led all considering his weight. [Editor's note]

* * *

EVERY now and then we hear the question asked, "What is wrong with English boxing?" "Why," we are asked, "hasn't England been able to win a world championship over a long stretch of years—since Jimmy Wilde lost his crown to Pancho Villa?" The answer, I believe, rests in the fact that our boxers lack the stamina and the style of fighting which world champions must possess. What is wrong with British boxing? Well, let's analyze the situation.

What is Wrong with British Boxing? Take British boxing, from its welfare and progress point of view, for just a period of ten years and you note that Britain has not held a world championship title at any weight during that time. True, there have been some self-styled world champions in that country. Even today they have the self-styled world's flyweight champion, in Jackey Brown. He met Midget Wolgast, an American who is reckoned by one or two boxing authorities in the U. S. A. as being the official world's champion flyweight, and what was the result of their meeting in England? Brown received a one hundred percent boxing lesson. Take the one or two instances of British boxers officially competing for world's championships. Tommy Milligan, as British welterweight king, toured the U. S. A. in 1925 and put up some good battles, and was beaten on newspaper decisions by Jack Zivic and others. It was stated in the British press at the time that Mickey Walker, the world's welterweight champion, had definitely sidestepped Milligan. Well, Milligan came back to England and won the British middleweight title. One of our sports promoters, C. B. Cochran, induced Mickey Walker to make the trip and defend his world's middleweight title against Milligan. Of course it must be understood Walker only made the trip because a sound business deal was guaranteed him. He gave Milligan the father and mother of a hiding, knocking him out several times. However, Milligan, a Scotch boy of twenty-one years of age, was not much good afterwards and wisely retired from the game after some very unsuccessful fights. He retired at the early age of twenty-four years.

Tommy Milligan was about the most lion-hearted boxer who ever rubbed feet in resin. Something was lacking in his management and education that prevented his reaching world championship status. He was "colorful," clean living, immensely popular, and in his prime as a middleweight. Mickey Walker is as good today, at thirty-four years of age, as are most second raters in the U. S. A.

Mickey Walker was reported by the British press as saying, after the bout with Milligan, "That Milligan is about as good as you can produce, but the quality in him that is deficient is his stamina. Our mixture of nationalities makes us super-colorful to your standards in Britain." Well, Milligan was a bit of a mixture, being Irish-Scotch—his real name being Mulligan—and this mixture is supposed to contain plenty of "guts."

Then Elky Clark, another Scotchman, made the trip to U. S. A. to fight for the world's flyweight championship. He took a game trouncing from Fidel La Barba. He was a punching bag for ten rounds. Elky was never any good after that and was forced into retirement through a badly damaged eye received in that fight. I believe Fidel La Barba also has retired because of a damaged optic.

Roland Todd, a British middleweight champion, received more reverses than wins in the U. S. A. Of the more recent genuine British performers to tour the States, is Donald McCorkindale of South Africa. South African boxers are a duplicate of British in their style. McCorkindale received a severe trouncing from King Levinsky at Chicago and when he returned to England he elected to retire, although he is only twenty-nine years of age.

Phil Scott certainly was a good boxer of the English style, but he found the going in the United States too rocky and was not much good when he returned. Then Kid Berg certainly put up some good performances and could have been rated in the first class of world's lightweights, but of course, never a champion, after the way Tony Canzoneri K.O.'ed him at the height of his career. It should be borne in mind that Berg was partly schooled in the U. S. by the many fights he had, and his adoption of the Yankee style of fighting. Kid Berg has long shot his bolt. He is only about twenty-six years of age now.

Al Foreman is another Britisher schooled in the States. He is pretty good and possesses arms fit for a heavyweight, although he scales as only a lightweight. He once returned to England and cleaned up all his division by knocking them out at the rate of one a week.

Maxey Rosenbloom never treated any of his fights over here seriously and does somewhat the same in the States nowadays. He was never rated much in Britain on account his being knocked out by Milligan in the ninth round, which Maxey claimed was by a low punch.

Len Harvey's tour was not a success in the States. Yet he was the British Empire champion until just recently. He is a product of the English school which teaches running away and hugging on for dear life. They consider he has one hundred percent ring craft and consequently, he gets points for evasive, run-away methods.

It is my contention that England has the material. England can again show the way in fisticuffs, but only after we adopt the methods employed in the U. S. A. First, our promoters must change their methods, and secondly, our boxers must change their style. What America can do, we in England can do, and I think the day will not be so far away when we again will be the proud possessors of several world ring champions.

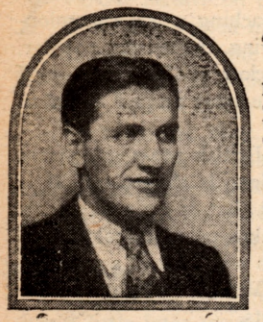
Only a few weeks ago we saw what American boxing looks like in the invasion of your American featherweight king, Freddie Miller. Miller whipped Nel Tarleton to win the world title, Nel being the Empire champion. Then in rapid succession, all within one month, he scored over the Welsh champion.

Freddie exemplifies the best in American boxing and aggressiveness and I hope his victories here will awaken our people to the American style.

A BRITISH SPORTSMAN.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN



TO Steve Hamas goes the ranking position of heavyweight contender for Max Baer's title on the strength of his victory over Art Lasky, a fight in Madison Square Garden that featured the month's fistic battle. Other important contests that had a distinct bearing on the ratings for the past month included Tony Canzoneri's victory over Harry Dublinksy in their return engagement, the draw battle between Marcel Thil and Carmelo Candel for the middleweight championship in Paris, and Freddy Miller's great showing in the featherweight class abroad.

Listing the heavyweight results of the month, we find Hamas' victory over Lasky as the headliner. King Levinsky disposed of Salvator Ruggirello in three rounds and whipped Artie Sykes. Patsy Perroni defeated Hans Birkie. Charley Massare whipped Tony Souza. Tommy Loughran drew with Arturo Godoy and was beaten by Jose Caratoli. Steve Dudas scored over Arthur Huttick. Charley Retzlaff kayoed Frankie Edgren in eight rounds.

Otto Von Porat drew with Alf Sauvage in Europe. Willie Reddish was beaten by Al Ettore and Eddie Houghton. Joe Louis scored over Adolph Wiater. Hank Hankinson kayoed Gene Garner and Es Mosebar in two rounds each. Eddie Hogan disposed of George Neron in five rounds. Les Kennedy finished Enzo Fiermonte in the fourth session. Tiger Jack Fox kayoed Al Marino in one round. Babe Hunt kayoed Curtis Scott in two and Bob Cook in three rounds. Dewey Kimrey finished Jim Townsend in the second period.

Maxey Rosenbloom, light-heavyweight leader, whipped Leo Kelley in an overweight bout. Tony Shucco scored over Bud Mignault. Joe Knight disposed of Al Rodriquez in seven rounds. Al Gainer kayoed Arthur Huttick in the seventh round. John Henry Lewis drew with Young Firpo, Red Barry and kayoed Pietro Georgi in one round. Ambrose Palmer scored over Maurice Strickland and Ray Nicol. Tait Littman won over Lou Brouillard. Emilio Martinez, now in the light-heavyweight division, kayoed Joe Guerrero in the first round. Bob Godwin whipped Abie Feldman. Don Petrin scored over Al Stillman. Leroy Brown whipped Joe Lipps but Lipps turned the tables on Brown and kayoed Charley Kid Basiden in four and Mike Mitchell in six rounds. Billy Donahue won from Roy Wallace in three rounds when the latter was disqualified for not trying. Sammy Slaughter whipped Red Bruce. Adolf Heuser whipped Marcel Lauriot. Clyde Chastain scored over Wilson Dunn.

Marcel Thil, middleweight champion, drew with Carmelo Candel in a title bout. Paul Pirrone defeated Tommy Rios, Lou Halper and kayoed Jackie Aldare in four rounds. Oscar Rankins defeated Swede Berglund. Jack McAvoy flattened Jack Etienne in one round. Fred Henneberry lost on a foul to Ron Richards in four rounds. Ken Overlin whipped Al Diamond, Dan Hassett and kayoed Henry Irving and Pat Flaherty. Erich Seelig whipped Kid Tunero who kayoed G. Bonnetti in six rounds. Marty Sampson drew with Mickey Bottone and lost to Al Rossi who drew with Dave Shade. Angel Cliville disposed of Delleau in Paris. Ignacio Ara defeated Pete Martin. Norman Conrad scored over Tony Costa. Alabama Kid disposed of Young Eiler in two sessions. Billy Ketchell and Joe Kaminsky split two decisions.

Among the welterweights, Bobby Pacho drew with Harry Dublinsky and whipped Tony Falco. Willard Brown defeated Pat Murphy and Honey Boy Snifes. Tiger Burns whipped Ritchie Mack. Tod Morgan drew with Reg Hickey and was beaten by Jack Carroll. Kid Frattini whipped Cocoa Kid and drew with Andy Callahan. Gustave Eder won from Francois Sybille. Werther Arcelli disposed of Harry Alexanian in eight rounds. Jackie Davis drew with Bad Boy Manuel and whipped Tony Scarpati. Frankie Britt whipped Tom Jones and kayoed Billy Bridges in seven rounds. Morrie Sherman scored over Eddie Kid Moore. Tommy Romano stopped Stanley Miller and Charley Miller in four rounds each. Gustave Roth whipped Meroni in Europe. Hrabak scored over Franta Nekolny. Jack Lowry was beaten by Joe Pennino and Joe Rossi. Bucky Jones whipped Paulie Walker. Gorila Ramos defeated Eddie Cerda in Mexico. Frankie Hughes won from Mickey Serrian. Sammy O'Dell defeated Johnny Martinez. Johnny Lucas won over Eddie Reilly and Andy Di Vodi whipped Christy Lewis.

Tony Canzoneri heads the lightweight brigade with his victory over Harry Dublinsky. Lou Ambers won over Billy Hogan. Tracey Cox kayoed Tommy Corbett in six rounds. Eddie Cool won from Buster Brown. Laurie Stevens defeated Wesley Ramey twice in succession in South Africa. Tony Herrera whipped Eddie Zivic. Johnny Jadick drew with Bucky Jones and whipped Mickey Serrian. Herb Bishop disposed of Jimmy Kelso in thirteen rounds. Battling Battalino received the verdict over Lew Feldman. Roger Bernard kayoed Mickey Barron in two, Dave Barry in six and Tiger Walker in eight rounds. Dom Volante drew with George Morgan.

Leo Rodak whipped Tommy Paul and Young Rightmeier. Joey Ferrando defeated Teddy Loder. Frank Sagilio kayoed Battling Gizzy in two rounds. Bucky Keyes won over Pete Nebo and George Levy. Ralph Lenny kayoed Jim Bloomfield in five rounds and whipped Peter Clarke. Jackie Sharkey was beaten by Joey Alcanter and Buzz Breese. Billy Lee won over Cecil Payne. Davey Abad kayoed Johnny Hines in two rounds. Jackie Berg disposed of Nicholas Wilkex in nine rounds. Young Zazzerino won over Ernie Ratner. Jim Stewart whipped Julian Verbist. Johnny Bonito drew with Al Dunbar. Toots Bashara won from Johnny Craven. Dom Volante whipped George Morgan on a foul in eight rounds. Al Casimini scored over Joe Vignali.

Freddy Miller, newly crowned featherweight titleholder, kayoed Billy Hazel in five rounds, Benny Sharkey in one and defeated Tommy Crowley, Jimmy Walsh and lost on a foul to Willie Gannon in six rounds. Jimmy Walsh whipped Maurice Holtzer while Holtzer scored over Tommy Rogers. Petey Sarron defeated Benny Bass and Frankie Wallace. Young Casanova disposed of Lew Farber in eight rounds, and was kayoed himself by Joe Conde. Gene Espinoza scored over George Hansford. Darky Blandon, having outgrown the bantamweight class, is now in the featherweight division. He disposed of Phineas John in ten rounds. Frankie Covelli whipped Tommy Paul while Paul scored over Joey Brown. Vittorio Tamagnini drew with Jose Santos. Pete De Grasse scored over Tony Lopez. Mose Butch whipped Chalky Wright. Bucky Burton kayoed Bert Eisner in seven rounds. Allie Todesco finished Johnny Canzoneri in three rounds. Jerry Mazza defeated Charley Turco and Julie Katz scored over Willie De Lorenzo.

Speedy Dado stepped back into the bantamweight picture with victories over Louis Salica and Joe Tei Ken. Salica disposed of Baby Face Mathewson. Pablo Dano won over Johnny Pena. Young Tommy defeated Huerta Evans. Star Frisco whipped Mickey Miller in Australia. Henry Moreno won over Dewey Cannon and Henry Hooks while Hooks defeated Paul Lee. Emile Pladner kayoed Werner Riethdorf in nine rounds. Jackie Kirk scored over George Marsden who split two decisions with Johnny King. Ginger Foran whipped John Ellis. Tony Marino whipped Raymond Mayo. Frankie Wolfram scored over Dario Moreno.

Midget Wolgast, heading the flyweight group, whipped Babe Triscaro. Benny Lynch, a Scotsman, defeated Valentin Anglemann. Tommy Pardoe won over Jim Campbell, but received an unfortunate break in a match with Young Siki when he turned his ankle and was forced to retire in the fifth round. This was Pardoe's first defeat since entering the professional ranks. Maurice Huguenin whipped Pedrito Ruiz and kayoed Ottavio Gori in nine rounds. Bobby McGhee whipped Freddy Webb, Tommy Tune, Jim Palmer, Bob Healey, Eric Robinson and kayoed Billy Bryon in seven rounds. Joe Mendiola scored over Leroux, Jim Brady and kayoed Mickey McGuire in nine rounds. Peter Miller whipped Herbie Hill and Bob Smart. Eric Jones kayoed Percy Dexter in one round. Ellis Ashurst scored over Jim Warwick. Billy Miller disposed of Bert Kirby in the first session.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Jeff Langdon, England.
Bantamweight—Lennie Cohen, Chicago, Ill.
Featherweight — Jimmy Engle, Youngstown, Ohio.
Lightweight—Phil Latona, Denison, Texas.
Welterweight—Carlos King Solomon, Yuma, Ariz.
Middleweight—Gorila Ramos, Mexico.
Light-Heavyweight—Joe Lipps, Charlotte, N. C.
Heavyweight—Matty Bloom, Revere, Mass.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER

These are my ratings for the month ending October 20:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Max Baer	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Jimmy McLarnin
1—Steve Hamas	Tony Shucco	Teddy Yarosz	Kid Azteca
2—Art Lasky	Joe Knight	Young Corbett	Harry Dublinsky
3—Primo Carnera	Bob Olin	Paul Pirrone	Bobby Pacho
4—Max Schmeling	Al Gainer	Oscar Rankins	Bep Van Klaveren
5—Jack Peterson	John Henry Lewis	Carmelo Candel	Eddie Kid Wolfe
6—Patsy Perroni	Ambrose Palmer	Vince Dundee	Willard Brown
7—Natie Brown	Billy Jones	Jock McAvoy	Tiger Burns
8—Johnny Risko	Len Harvey	Fred Henneberry	Cerefino Garcia
9—King Levinsky	Tait Littman	Freddy Steele	Jack Carroll
10—Lee Ramage	Emilio Martinez	Ken Overlin	Kid Frattini

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Barney Ross	World's Champion Freddy Miller	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1—Tony Canzoneri	Baby Arizmendi	Sixto Escobar	Midget Wolgast
2—Young Peter Jackson	Nel Tarleton	Speedy Dado	Jackie Brown
3—Cleto Locatelli	Mike Belloise	Pablo Dano	Benny Lynch
4—Frankie Klick	Petey Hayes	Young Tommy	Valentin Anglemann
5—Lou Ambers	Petey Sarron	Louis Salica	Maurice Huguenin
6—Tracey Cox	Joe Conde	Star Frisco	Young Siki
7—Eddie Cool	Gene Espinoza	Joe Tei Ken	Tommy Pardoe
8—Benny Bass	George Hansford	Little Pancho	Phil Milligan
9—Laurie Stevens	Young Casanova	Henry Moreno	Bobby McGhee
10—Tony Herrera	Merv Blandon	Mickey Miller	Joe Mendiola

BUFFALO, N. Y.

By HUGH SHANNON

WITH the ring future of Big Boy Brackey in a somewhat nebulous state, Matchmaker Charlie Murray of the Queensberry Club is using the ex-amateur as often as possible in order to get a true line on his fistic possibilities. Brackey, to date, has only dropped one decision and that was as an amateur to Earl Conway, Niagara Falls Simon-pure.

Brackey's last bout was with Frank Kowalsky of Syracuse, who came into the ring hog fat. Showing a good punch, Kowalsky dropped Brackey for a couple of counts but the big fellow nailed him in the third round and scored a knockout.

The time is fast approaching when Brackey will have to face the test and Matchmaker Murray will be forced to seek a formidable opponent for him.

Tommy Paul was a great little bantam and featherweight but Tommy is not showing good form since his return from California. Paul was knocked out in his last engagement with George Hanford on the Coast and Leo Rodak beat him decisively at Chicago.

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IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Martin Felsh, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—Is the Dave Barry who refereed the Tunney-Dempsey fight the same Barry who fought Jack Johnson and other stars?

A.—No. The Dave Barry to whom you refer was the Californian heavyweight. The Barry who refereed in the long count bout was a lightweight when he started, then put on flesh and fought as a welterweight. Then there was the Jim Barry who was so often knocked out by Sam Langford. Still another famous Barry was the Jim Barry, the bantamweight king. He held the 105-pound title then clinched the bantam title by knocking out Walter Croot with a right to the heart and a left to the jaw, and Croot never regained consciousness. He died in a hospital shortly after.

Incidentally, it was that fatality that caused the National Sporting Club of London, where the bout was staged, to pad the ring floors, an innovation which has been adopted throughout the world and is now in common use. Chicago was the first city in this country to adopt the padded floor.

Mae Thompson, Jacksonville, Fla.

Q.—Will the exercises in your book on "Simple Exercises for Height Increase" help one to reduce and get a slim figure?

A.—I don't blame you, Mae, for seeking that slim figure. It's the only kind the boys like nowadays. I'll guarantee that if you study my exercises and practice faithfully for three months—no fooling—no cheating—real, honest-to-goodness daily practice as outlined, you'll be a perfect thirty-six—and how your girl friends will envy you!

Yes, Mae, my book is not only a height increasing book, but its exercises are like the old Walter Camp's daily dozen—they will keep man or woman in perfect health and give you a perfectly trim figure. Every athlete, every boy or girl who seeks to keep in fine physical condition, even if you don't seek height increase, should get a copy of my splendid book.

Dick L., London, England

Q.—Please explain what country has produced the most fighters. My friend says the Jews, and I say the Irish.

A.—Well, Dick, that's a hard question to answer. It is my opinion that its even-Stephen. I think the record of topnotch fighters will show Jews and Irish about even, with the Italians just a few points behind each.

A Reader, Lakeland, Fla.

Q.—Can you tell me something about the history of a wrestler named Lanius, a former lightweight of the old school?

A.—Sorry, I cannot. There was a splendid heavyweight in years past called Lanius, but I know of no lightweight.

Q.—I am 16 years old, 5 feet 9, and weigh 136 pounds. Am I ready to take up boxing? Will I reach 175 at maturity?

A.—Yes. Just the right age. Get my "Universal Boxing Course," the greatest on the market and the cheapest in the long run.

Sam Liggert, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Q.—About three years ago I took a physical culture course. I exercised with a cable extension exerciser. I used to dip between the horizontal bars twenty-four times without stopping. Then I used to do what is known as the rush-up exercise, which consists in keeping the body rigid and pushing up with the arms and lowering until tired. It is all muscle building work, but after a few months, it ceases to be a muscle building exercise and turns into an endurance movement. When through with that, I used to run up a steep hill and then would wind up with one hundred deep inhales.

I never experienced any pains except one day, long after I had started this type of work, and then I found myself suffering with severe pains in the chest as I took my dips and the runs. I was chinning myself with weights attached to my feet, and in this manner, I was able to get my chin over the bar twenty to thirty times, but by degrees, I was forced to give up the weights to lessen the strain. Now, don't misunderstand me. I'm no weakling, but I do know that now I have one weak spot—the chest—and I ask your advice.

A.—Sam, I feel sorry for you because you were not taught how to take your exercises properly. Unfortunately, you are in the same boots as many others—they buy a course, train faithfully according to the instructions listed, but fail to realize that what may be good for one, is bad for another. Such a system of training is harmful. You should first have been told whether your body would stand the terrific strain which you have undergone. From your letter, I understand you are only a welterweight and that you had expected to become a wrestler. You, as a welter, were using the same methods of body development that a fellow twice your weight would have used.

My advice is for you to give up this hard work; quit the weight lifting, at least for a time. Don't attach weights to your feet in chinning. Perform the ordinary exercises that will keep you in trim but, if the chest pains continue, quit entirely and have your doctor advise you. You may have injured your lungs. You may have strained the muscles of the chest.

I'm glad you wrote to me, for I want others to read of your case.

Arthur Hill, Scranton, Pa.

Q.—Who was the inventor of the corkscrew punch?

A.—Kid McCoy.

Jack Winter, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—Did Johnny Peppe and George Courtney ever fight, and if so, who was the winner?

A.—Courtney won on a foul in five rounds on July 5, 1932.

Q.—I saw a boxing match between Joe Russo and Billy Farr several weeks ago. Russo was winning all the way and in the last round butted Farr accidentally with his head, cutting Farr's eye. The referee stopped the fight and declared Farr the winner on a foul. How can Farr be the winner?

A.—It is up to the discretion of the referee to decide those problems. Even though it was an accidental butt, it prohibited Farr from continuing, and if the referee saw the butt, he was justified in disqualifying Russo, which was an unfortunate break for the latter.

Thomas Darlington, Norfolk, Va.

Q.—Has the use of the cup protector proved its worth in the elimination of fouls in fights? What protector is the best? I am subject to easy head bruises. Can you suggest some means of protecting myself?

A.—It certainly has. The Taylor Cup, a patented invention which is now used throughout the country by the best of the boxers, and which has only recently been adopted by British boxers, has done marvels for the sport. The inventor, who calls himself "Foul Proof Taylor," is a telegrapher on a New York newspaper, who has revolutionized training with his inventions. I mention inventions, because he also has a soft rubber headpiece which is extremely light, yet protects head and ears from bruises, and only recently was used throughout their training period as a test by both Lasky and McLarnin and both praised it sky-high.

Both the Taylor Foul Proof Cup and the head gear were also tried by the Harvard football team and, it appears, from now on both will be used as regular protective measures by all football players.

Thomas Harlan, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Will ten-pound dumb-bells be too heavy for a beginner who is learning to box?

A.—Yes. It is far too heavy. Good for a wrestler only. Use one- or two-pound bells.

Margaret Walsh, Wichita, Kansas

Q.—Was Vladek Zbyszko the world heavyweight champion?

A.—No. He was a New York State champion at a time when the promoters billed him and Stetcher but Joe didn't hold any title.

Harold Burnham, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—I am fourteen years old and I love boxing. Am I too young to join an amateur club and enter competition?

A.—No. Fourteen is a fine time to begin your training, but if you are to enter competition, I would suggest that you be matched only with boys your age and size, in bouts of no more than two rounds' duration and two-minute rounds. When you are sixteen, you can go the regular A.A.U. bouts without taking any unnecessary chances at bodily injury. Boxing at fourteen, under proper supervision as outlined above, won't harm you.

Carroll Feinster, Dublin, Ireland

Q.—What weight dumb-bells would you suggest for a fellow nineteen years old who is training to become a wrestler? I can wrestle well, but need further body development. What books would you suggest?

A.—I would suggest the use of five-pound dumb-bells to start with. Then increase these to ten pounds, then to twenty, and when your body can stand the strain, and you have the muscular development to indulge in heavier work, I would suggest the use of the fifty-pound bar-bells. Every athlete who intends to become a wrestler should use the bar-bells and heavy dumb-bells in his exercises.

Get Inch's book on "Strength," Trevor's "Strength Tests," Klein's "Weight Lifting," and Hackenschmidt's "The Way to Live."

Carl Johnson, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—Was Ritchie Mitchell ever recognized as the junior welterweight champion?

A.—No. You have him confused with his brother Pinky, who, after an elimination tourney staged by Mike Collins, a promoter, was awarded a belt and dubbed the junior welter king. It was the first time in pugilism that such a title was awarded. The Michigan Boxing Commission, at Collins' suggestion, initiated the movement for such a class and the National Boxing Association followed suit. In 1932, the class was abandoned, so that at the present time, regardless of claims by Barney Ross to the contrary, there is no junior welterweight division and therefore Ross cannot hold the title.

This last statement is made in answer to many queries I have received asking me if Ross wasn't a triple title-holder when he beat McLarnin. He was not—only light and welter king.

Edwin W. Giese, Jr.

Q.—What is John Pesek's address. Will he answer a letter?

A.—Care of Jack Curley, 1476 Broadway, New York City. Write him and see.

Q.—Could a person who was ruptured and was cured by an operation become a wrestler or a boxer?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Are there any holds in wrestling that can cause rupture?

A.—Yes. Practically every hold below the waistline, especially the leg split and the crotch.

Q.—Describe Jack Johnson's defence.

A.—Was a wonderful feinter. Could smother the attack of an opponent and a good counter puncher. Specialized with a dangerous right-hand uppercut.

Q.—Can resin injure the eyes?

A.—Yes. Very much so. Can blind you.

Q.—How does a promoter of wrestling matches get in touch with the wrestlers?

A.—The wrestlers are controlled by several outfits and you have to get in touch with those people who are handling the particular wrestlers you want.

Q.—What is a Japanese arm lock?

A.—Read "Modern Wrestling."

Q.—What is a flying wing lock?

A.—Same answer to previous question.

Q.—How come wrestlers get trachoma?

A.—By resin getting into eye or eyes rubbing against filthy canvas.

G. Stokes, Newark, N. J.

Q.—Did Dixie Kid ever fight a British boy by the name of Stokes?

A.—Have no record of such a battle.

Frank Hartley, Norfolk, Va.

Q.—I recently asked you to send me the answer to the question—Did Benny Leonard floor Jimmy McLarnin when they recently fought, and you failed to do so.

A.—Please remember that we get at the rate of 120 letters on an average per day. I think I am most obliging when I spend about two to three hours a day answering the many questions popped at me, without being compelled to spend my own money for such answers. Did it ever occur to you and my army of followers that every time I send a letter through the mails, Uncle Sam collects three cents from me. That amounts to about $75 per month. If you want a query answered through the mails, you must forward a stamped envelope for the reply.

Leonard did not floor McLarnin. He almost succeeded when a right crashed to Jimmy's chin and caused him to stagger.

Lloyd Thompson, So. Dakota

Q.—What does a weak hear come from? How can it be cured? How does one get muscle bound? How can I strengthen my hands? How can I toughen the skin on the hands? Can I get an iron jaw?

A.—Overstrain or heredity. Through proper medical care and rest. You must lead a quiet life—no excitement or hustling. Toughen the skin with a salt solution—salt and water, or beef brine. Develop the jaw muscles.

Ted Nichols, Chicago, Illinois

Q.—When will the Milo-to-Londos series end? Will these articles be put into book form by The Ring later, and about how much will the book cost?

A.—There are about ten more chapters to complete the series. Yes, Mr. Phillips and "The Ring" Editor will put the series into book form and the book will probably retail for $1.00. The articles have all been copyrighted and have made a hit around the world.

Earl MacLeod, Kentville, N. S.

Q.—Where was the Tunney-Carpentier fight fought and how did it result?

A.—At Polo Grounds of New York City. Tunney stopped Georges in fifteenth round.

J. F. Butsky, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—Please give me the date of the death of Joe Gans, also his full name and if he was ever a world's champion, and how long he held the title. Also give me the full name of Battling Nelson and when he won the lightweight title and lost it.

A.—Gans died in 1910. Joe Gans was his correct name. He won the lightweight championship in 1902 and lost it in 1908. Battling Nelson was christened Oscar Mathew Nelson. He won the lightweight title in 1908 and lost it in 1910.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

A COUPLE of years ago fight fans around San Antonio were all agog over the performances of a sensational young amateur slugger who gave promise of becoming a really big time fighter. We are referring to Ralph Sikes and to say that he is rapidly fulfilling that promise is putting it mildly. Since turning pro he has engaged in forty-six fights, meeting some of the best welters in the game and the only blot on his record to date is one loss by a close decision to Willard Brown, fourth ranking contender for McLarnin's crown. Sikes had graduated from the crude slugger stage and is now a polished ringman, a sharpshooter par excellence. His latest victim was tough Bobby Murray who proved rather easy for the fast stepping San Antonio boy.

Clyde Chastain retained his state light-heavy title by outpointing Wild Wilson Dunn in a hotly contested battle.

Lou Beard, who for a time gave promise of making the long climb, seems to be definitely traveling down hill. He was held to a draw by David Shapiro and was handed a terrific beating by Chief Parris.

Al Tremaine's Mexican lightweight, Louis Arriola, is another lad who should go places. He has everything except experience and is rapidly getting that. His win over Danny Britt was really something.

Joe Rivers, who beat Louis Arriola, Babe Kennedy, Paul Dempsey, Phil Latona and Perry Knowles, was the victim of one of those breaks against Howard Scott when he dislocated a shoulder in the fifth round.

Ralph Chong, sensational Chinese, seems to be a spoiler of favorites. Following up his two great fights with George Salvadore, when he lost one and won the next, he took Tommy Freeman into camp. It was the first time Tommy had been beaten in Texas and the fans could hardly believe their eyes. However it was a close fight and they will in all probability be rematched.

FIGHTERS AND MANAGERS:—If you want your fight results in THE RING, send them to the writer, Houston Press, Houston, Texas, not later than the fifteenth of the month.

George Salvadore has returned from a two months' visit to his home near Boston. George ran up quite a remarkable string of victories here within the past year but most of them were over has-beens and palookas. We believe Salvadore is capable of stepping in faster company and many of the fans would like to see him matched with some really high-class competition.

Ignacio Munoz Flores, Mexico City: I answered your letter but it was returned. Would appreciate it if you would write again.

K.O. Kelly, Negro middleweight under the management of Bob Sangster, is one of the best fighting machines in this section. We wager Kelly will be among the first "ten" within the next year. This month he beat Kid Clarence and Joe Mitchell.

Wildcat Monte is not only a good fighter but one of the most consistent. He has fought about thirty times this year and dropped but one decision. His last one was against Red Rose, whom he stopped.

Red Wright, Houston's fighting Irishman, is fast developing into a real battler. Red added another scalp to his belt in beating Jimmy Jones.

OTHER RESULTS OVER THE STATE—Art Wakefield, classy Denison puncher, beat Tommy Collins; Midget Mexico beat Ray Kiser; Kiser won over Bobby Murray; Richie Mack fought two draws with Pelon Lopez but dropped an unpopular decision to Tiger Burns; Babe Hunt knocked out Curtis Scott; Midget Aztec defeated Kid Barrelito; Sid Scarlet won from Paul Ladd and Tuffy Dial; Johnny Lindsey stopped Gene Clark but was beaten by Clark in a return go; Lou Beard decisioned Johnny Lacialle.

Phil Latona, promising Denison lightweight, flattened Mike Battlino; Speck Friend KO'ed K.O. Grogan; Bob Kirkland stopped Kid George; Gyp Zarro beat Tuffy Barnett; Lawton Smith drew with Mickey McMullen and drew with Gyp Zarro; Ernie Forishee beat Freddie Patrick; Chato Gonzales beat Buddy Etheredge and Mel Dougherty; Dougherty also lost to Young Sena, as did Frankie Castillo; Jack Otey beat George Dilworth.

Tommy Monroe knocked out Chico Salinas; Bill Banda beat Chico Sanchez; Manuel Luna, Mexican heavyweight, beat Buck Easterling; Alex Jiminez beat Frankie Castillo; Carlos Garcia won over Young Sena; Jesse Villa drew with Mike Delgado; Joe White beat Dell Hawkins; Manuel Luna flattened Cowboy Henry; Frankie Limon beat Johnny Cruz; Frankie Escomillo won from Chico Sanchez. Adolph Meave K.O.'ed Guy Little and drew with Spud Kelly; Johnny Storn beat K.O. Baer; Benny Lindsey decisioned Fuzzy White; Blue Heaven, Negro heavyweight, stopped Young Jack Johnson.

FLORIDA AND GEORGIA
By HAL DAVIS

JOE LIPPS is a youngster who has been on a winning rampage of late in this section. Joe has beaten Hardrock Harden, and LeRoy Brown decisively as well as stopping Mike Mitchell and Charlie Kid Baisden in the past thirty days.

Joe Knight has been a steady winner also during the past month. Apparently fully recovered from the attack of dengue fever that had him in its hold for a few weeks, Knight has scored K.O. victories over Earl Johnson and Al Rodriguez and won a decision over Rosey Rosales in the past thirty days.

It seems to be the rule rather than the exception that when a Southern boy boxes a Negro, the white boy loses. The latest victim of a colored boy was a double-barreled one when Roughhouse Glover, the Savannah Negro, now fighting out of Cincinnati, twice beat the Rome, Ga., light-heavy, Carl Knowles.

The syndicate formed to build and operate the new bowl arena on the beach at Miami Beach, Fla., reports nice progress and expects to be showing topnotchers very soon to the rapidly increasing sporting population of that city.

Asheville, N.C., is a good spot to break the jump to Florida, for those fighters who are contemplating a trek to the land of sunshine this winter. The club, operated as the Asheville Arena Association at 26 Highland Street, has been drawing from 1,500 to 2,000 fans at prices to $2.20. The local commissioners, Chairman L. J. Quigley, and Commissioners P. M. Beeler and J. J. Talman, deserve most of the credit by guaranteeing a square deal to all concerned.

We just finished reading the revised edition of Nat Fleischer's "How to Second and Manage a Boxer," and learned many new wrinkles in the finer points of the game. This work should be a help to even the veterans of the business and all others excepting those smart-alecks who think that they are too smart to learn anything.

The many friends of Cowboy Frankie Edgren will be sorry to learn that Frankie has run afoul of Federal agents in Charlotte, N.C., where Edgren must answer charges of passing counterfeit bills. It is hoped that Frankie can convince the judge, as he has others, that he was the unwitting tool of a band of crooks.

IT LOOKS FROM THIS CORNER—Like Bobby Wilson is going places . . . . That Florida is in for its best season in years . . . . Chino Alvarez should beat all the Southern lighties . . . . Jim Downing is about the hustlingest promoter in these parts . . . . Jimmie Caldwell is the classiest black boy in Dixie . . . . Some good matchmaker should tie up with the swellest Promoter around, Willie Norris of Savannah . . . . Corn Griffin was better off in the Army . . . . Firpo Hipps is just about the hardest hitting middleweight roaming these parts . . . . Ike Hall is a comer . . . . Wrestling is stronger in this section . . . . St. Pete is due for a fistic boom . . . . Money is more plentiful hereabouts . . . . Rosey Rosales should hang 'em up . . . . O. E. Webb, Hahira, Ga., promoter is a live wire . . . . That the Thomasville section of Georgia is a fine starting place for fighters . . . . It produced W. L. Stribling, Joe Knight, Bob Godwin, Charlie Baisden and many more . . . . A Florida state commission is far away.

Dick Corbett, holder of the British and Empire bantamweight boxing titles, boxed to a draw with Johnny King, British boxer, in a fifteen-round engagement on October 22.

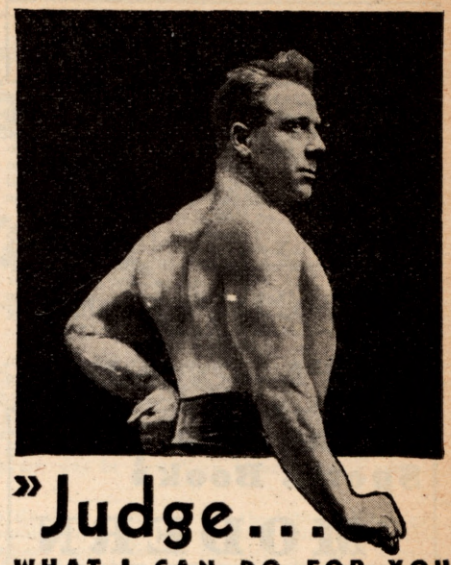
The bout was scheduled for the dual crown Corbett holds, but the champion failed to make a bantam limit, weighing in at 123 pounds, five pounds overweight. King weighed 117½.

King's manager claimed the title, but the question will have to come before the Boxing Board of Control.

HARVEY vs. NEUSEL

As announced recently, articles have been signed for a heavyweight fight over fifteen rounds between Len Harvey and Walter Neusel, who was beaten some time back by Max Schmeling. This will also be staged at Wembley on Nov. 26.

This contest should pack the Empire Pool to capacity, and a victory for Harvey may give him another chance of a crack at Petersen. Harvey, as I mentioned recently, has put on a great deal of weight, and now touches the scale at something like 13 st. 6 lb. Thus he will only be giving about eight pounds to Neusel.



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IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

BOXING has returned to Syracuse with a bang, and capacity crowds have witnessed the last five cards staged in the Syracuse Arena, which easily seats from 4,000 to 5,000 people, and with extra seating equipment can comfortably seat 8,000 . . . Sluggers of all weights and nationalities go big here for the fans want action for their money.

Your scribe is matchmaker for the Arena club and can be reached at 1009 Cadillac St. Syracuse, N. Y. . . . Am always in the market for new faces, and fighters who fight can make a good living in this section, for the present boxing boom is bound to last throughout the winter.

Gabe Genovese has two aces in his stable in Eddie (Babe) Risko and Joey Brown . . . Risko is going like a house afire, and Brown is one of those win, lose, or draw, club fighters who always gives the fans a thrill.

Eugene (Bad Boy) Emanuel, Negro welterweight, is doing his own business . . . Emanuel is one of the cleverest 147-pounders in the country . . . Freddie Sallus has fought his way from a lowly curtain-raiser to a main event fighter in the short time of six weeks . . . Jack McCann's big light-heavyweight, Johnny Nelson, is on another knockout rampage, and few are staying over two heats with the colored star.

Add bright prospects—Mickey Devine of Batavia, featherweight, handled by Johnny Di Carlo.

Results on the last six cards staged here follows:

Eddie (Babe) Risko, Syracuse, stopped Werner Wilsch, Wilkes-Barre (3); Johnny Nelson, Syracuse, outpointed Eddie Karolak, New York (6); Eddie Dempsey, Syracuse, knocked out Frank Romano, Brooklyn (1); Sammy Baker, Wilkes-Barre, beat Louie Skala, Binghamton (6); Lou Revelles, New York, shaded Earl Weaver, Syracuse (4); Freddie Sallus, Syracuse, outslugged Art Bokino, Baldwinsville (4); Attendance, 1800.

Eddie (Babe) Risko beat Pete Susky, Scranton, (8); Frankie Stevens, Ogdensburg, drew with Billy Munico, Auburn (6); Connie Morris, Syracuse, won from Harry Pinti, Rome (6); Freddie Salus stopped Carl Gilmore, Binghamton (2); Sam Matrone, Syracuse, outpunched Red Dundee, Oswego (4). Attendance 2,200.

Tommy Paul, Buffalo, outpointed Joey Brown, Syracuse (6); Eddie Dempsey knocked out Al Littman, New York (2); Connie Morris stopped Norm Cordaro, Batavia (6); Mickey Devine, Batavia, beat Johnny Perrine, Buffalo (6); Freddie Sallus scored TKO over Alfy Williams, Syracuse (4); Harry Pinti beat Eddie Mack, New York (4); Tom Joseph, Scranton, knocked out Scottie Wilson, Binghamton (1). Attendance, 2,908.

Tommy Ryan, native Syracusan, now residing at Culver City, California, made a surprise visit to this city and was a guest of the club at the Paul-Brown show . . . Ryan was introduced from the ring and was given an ovation . . . The one time welterweight and middleweight champion was the picture of health and his visit created quite a stir.

Eddie Karolak, New York, took unpopular decision over Johnny Nelson (6); Mickey Devine knocked out Jimmy Andros, New York (1); Freddie Sallus knocked out Tommy Ebbetts, Brooklyn (3); Gaspar LaRosa, New York, drew with Frankie Stevens (6); Earl Weaver stopped Mickey Leonard, Auburn (1); Kid Dyke, Syracuse, knocked out Tom Joseph (1). Attendance, 3,000.

Jackie Davis, Cleveland, and Eugene (Bad Boy) Emanuel, Syracuse, drew (6); Freddie Sallus knocked out Stanley Goral, Buffalo (2); Mickey Devine outpointed Matty White, Philadelphia (6); Billy Munico whipped Harry Pinti (6); Norm Cordaro drew with Billy Cahill, Binghamton (4); Kid Terrell, Binghamton, knocked out Kid Dyke (1). Attendance, 3,500.

Freddie Salus and Eddie (Babe) Risko drew (8); Joey Brown scored a TKO over Louie Duane, New York (1); Eddie Dempsey knocked out Italian Joe Canado, New York (1); Billy Cahill scored a TKO over Johnny Hoffman, Syracuse (2). Attendance, 4,000.

. . . Johnny Nelson knocked out George Haggerman of Newark at Ottawa in one . . . Big Boy Brackey put away Frank Kowalsky in three at Buffalo . . . Lee LaValle, Arena treasurer, is the proud owner of a giant chicken farm at Constantia, N. Y. . . . Binghamton reopens this month with twice-a-month boxing shows . . . Gabe Genovese is looking for new additions to his stable . . . Gabe will forward transportation to any good fighter anxious to work here . . . Address him at 301 Ashdale Avenue, Syracuse . . . Three Star Jack Hennessey of Philly is now located in Scranton and is handling Matty White and Larry (Kid) Wagner . . .

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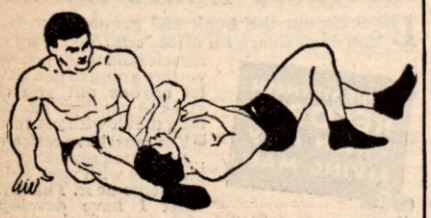

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ROCHESTER, N.Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

THERE is a rumor around town that Luke Smith is going back in the boxing game in Rochester. If Luke Smith returns the fans will see the best boxers that money can procure.

Billy Nichy, light-heavyweight of Pittsburgh, will make Rochester his home. Nichy has fought the best light-heavyweights in western New York. Nichy is a puncher and can be booked through the writer.

Johnny Burba, Rochester's hard hitting Junior lightweight, and Al Traino, Rochester's great little lightweight are going great guns around Cincinnati, Ohio.

The following Amateur boxers are training daily: Jack Hagerman, Al Fields, Irish Jim Flood, Joe Di Carlo, Nick August, Stanley Ketchel, Bob Smith and Allen Hughes.

Tony Storace, of Rome, New York, opened up his Amateur Club last month and drew a nice house. Jake Hagerman, Rochester, defeated Benny Baxter, Rome, five Rounds; Al Fields, Rochester, defeated Tinker Washington, Utica, five Rounds; Stanley Ketchel, Rochester, defeated Joe Brown, Utica, five Rounds.

Johnston City, New York is running weekly Amateur shows. Irish Jim Flood is a card there.

Jack McCann of Syracuse is keeping his stable busy. Jack has the following boys: Johnny Nelson, Alfy Williams, Kid Dyke, Bucky Lawless, Billy Munico, Bobby Dixon, Eddie Edwards, and Teddy Misko.

Billy Shaw is packing 'em in at his weekly shows in Syracuse. Shaw is a good match-maker and knows just what the fans want.

Mike Conroy is running The Ring Inn. He has a floor show and a colored band there.

King Mahoney, Rochester's popular referee, is planning on running semi-monthly shows for the Eagles at their hall.

Abe Raff, Rochester's best amateur Referee, is rounding himself into shape for the Elks' bouts. Raff will referee all the bouts at the Elks' Club. The above boys can be reached by writing the writer at 121 North Union Street.

The writer can be reached at 121 North Union Street, Rochester, New York. He will answer any letters upon receipt of a stamped envelope.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

AL CAROLY staged the first Indoor Boxing show of the season at the New Haven Arena with an all star card.

In the main event Mike "Kid" Frattini, Italian welterweight, decisively outpointed Louis "Kid" Cocoa in a ten rounder.

In another ten-rounder Lou Scozza, Buffalo light-heavywight, succeeded in punching out a decision over Bud Mignoult of Brockton, Mass.

Charley Eagle, "Brass City" middleweight leather larriper, who has chosen a pugilistic career, is stepping along nicely and also is a great crowd-pleaser.

Charley Eagle won over Johnny De Santis, of Providence in the scheduled six-rounder. Gene Thomas, colored welterweight of New York whipped Vic Darr of Danielson in the four spot.

Arthur Huttick, New York heavyweight, was finished by Al Gainer in the seventh round at the White City Stadium.

Al Rossi, light-heavyweight of Newark, won his semi-final bout of six rounds over Eddie Carr of Waterbury, Conn. Frankie Smith, Norwalk lightweight, gained a decision over Frankie Williams of New York City in six heats. Paul Marques, New York City, lost a six-round decision to Al Trulman of California. Jimmy Stewart, New Haven lightweight, won the duke over Stevie Vane of Derby in four sessions. Eddie Yuska, better known to the fight followers as Eddie Hogan, Waterbury's young heavyweight, disposed by George Neron in four rounds in Philadelphia.

Bat Batalino, former world's featherweight king, got his revenge for his previous defeat at the hands of his rival, Lew Feldman, clever lightweight of Brooklyn, by winning the decision in a sizzling ten-rounder of a feature attraction at the South Park Arena. This brought to a close the last outdoor boxing shows for the season. Billy Reeves, middleweight of Collinsville, rocked to sleep Billy Flanigan of New Haven, in the second chapter of a billed eight-rounder. Freddie Foran, featherweight of Burnside, outscored Rucco Muollo of New Haven in six heats. Pinky Morris, lightweight of Bridgeport, boxed to a draw with Angelo Manna, of Worcester, Mass. in six innings. Jimmy Paternostro, lightweight of Newington, outpointed Frankie Walsh of Worcester, Mass., in six cantos.

This writer is looking for a Jewish fighter in the state of Connecticut who has no manager. I'm especially interested in a 140-pounder or over. The scribe would be glad to hear from them. Address 50 Crown St., Waterbury, Conn.

On behalf of the Connecticut sport fans, I take the liberty of extending congratulations to the state athletic commissioner, Joseph H. Lawlor, on his new assignment as the chairman of the championship committee of the National Boxing Association.

Commissioner Lawlor was informed of his new position by Edward C. Foster, president of the National Boxing Association and Rhode Island boxing commissioner.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

A GREAT deal of comment followed the Steve Hamas and Art Lasky mill, a cyclonic ten-round slugfest at the opening indoor show of Madison Square Garden. Hamas received the official verdict after the judges had disagreed. Harold Barnes awarded the bout to Lasky, while Joe Agnello decided in favor of Hamas, which left it in the hands of Referee Billy Cavanaugh to award the bout in Hamas' favor.

The entire fight was decided in the fourth round when Cavanaugh penalized Lasky for an attempted back-hand punch. It was one of Lasky's biggest rounds and decided the official verdict against him. Had Cavanaugh not taken that round away from Art, and compelled the judges to do likewise, the decision would have gone to Lasky.

When a fighter lands a low punch, he automatically loses that round in New York, but a back-hand blow hardly calls for a reprimand of such proportions. The punch didn't even land as Art pulled it away. He should at most have been warned. The fact that Lasky did not succeed in landing the blow was not taken into consideration. Lasky apologized for the attempt and brought the arbiter's attention to his offense, otherwise it would have gone by unnoticed.

The most important fact was that it was a sensationally, bitterly fought fracas and provided more thrills than any heavyweight match in this section since the hectic Dempsey-Firpo bout. Lasky staged a rally in the last two rounds that had the crowd standing and cheering and yelling, while Hamas staggered around under the vicious assault of Lasky practically out on his feet. Hamas' gameness under fire, and his spirited rallies while under vicious bombardments, earned him many friends but he was not entitled to the verdict.

It was a pity to see a loser in such a fight. A draw would have satisfied all hands. Both proved that they belong in the front rank of heavyweight contenders. They drew a gate of nearly $40,000 and a return match would probably top those figures by $20,000. It was swell tonic for boxing and a great beginning for the Madison Square Garden winter season.

In the eight-round semifinal between Charley Massare and Tony Souza, the judges disagreed and left it to Referee Jed Gahan to award the decision to Massare. Massare won six of the rounds clearly and one was even but the officials were evidently in a state of coma, following the thrilling Hamas-Lasky scrap. Roy Wallace was disqualified for not trying in the third round of his six-rounder with Billy Donahue. Lew Poster scored over Al Boros; Yale Okun outpointed Corn Griffin, while Norman Barnett whipped Paul Pross in the opening four.

Tait Littman, Milwaukee light-heavyweight, has had a series of ups and downs in his fistic career but right now seems to be fighting as good as ever. His recent victory over Brouillard in Pittsburgh was a great piece of work, according to the Smoky City scribes. Another boy who seems destined to make fistic history is Paul Pirrone, Cleveland middleweight. Here is another case parallel to the late Tiger Flowers. Flowers was knocked out seven times in his career and attained great heights.

Pirrone has been under the same handicap yet in his present gait looms as one of the outstanding middleweight contenders. His work is sensational and studded with knockouts over some tough opposition. Eddie Mead is the miracle man behind Pirrone's success. A very peculiar condition exists in both the flyweight and bantamweight divisions. Out of both divisions only one American was able to make the grade in the first ten, that one being Louis Salica. The balance consist of various nationalities and it is a sad reflection on our small gladiators.

Tony Canzoneri redeemed himself against Harry Dublinsky in their second meet at the close of the outdoor season for Ebbets Field. Tony showed the fans that something was really wrong when he was beaten on the first occasion and during the first six rounds looked the Canzoneri of old. In the seventh round Tony was the victim of a butt which almost cost him the victory. His senses were numbed in the seventh, eighth and ninth and he fought like one in a daze.

He aroused himself in the closing session with a blaze of fighting instinct and did everything but flatten Harry in the last round. It was a swell comeback for Tony and paved the way for another meeting with Barney Ross, which the lightweight champion cannot very well avoid.

Lou Ambers turned in another fine performance by whipping Billy Hogan in the semifinal. Ambers is one of your future lightweight stars and this winter, barring accidents, will be fighting the top-liners. Al Casimini outslugged Joe Vignali in a sizzling six-rounder. Julie Katz outpunched Willie De Lorenzo and Tommy Romano stopped Charley Miller in the fourth. Irving Elridge drew with Joe Giglio in the opening four-round number.

Dewey Fragetta had many varied and interesting experiences in his mid-western tour with Eddie Ran. Dewey probably ran into the world's record for low attendances and could not get a decent break. Leo Bradley, a man of varied talents, who promoted months ago in Providence, expects to make connections to run shows at Stamford or Bridgeport. Mushky Jackson, the person responsible for Red Barry's rise in Fistiana, is now tooting the horn of Stanley Poreda and he still retains confidence in Poreda's ability to make a successful comeback. Frankie Jacobs, manager of Petey Hayes and Phil Rafferty, has taken over the reins of Jimmy Casablanca. Lou Ambers has decided on a vacation of several months because of fragile hands, which bothered him in his last three starts. Battling Norfolk, who acts as Lew Stillman's social secretary and jack-of-all-trades in the gymnasium, is waiting for Eddie Kid Wolfe's invitation to visit Memphis, Norfolk's home town.

Young Peter Jackson, in his preliminary workouts, gave indications of being one of the greatest Negro prospects that we have had in years. Jackson showed a world of ability. A short, snappy puncher, and dangerous with either hand. The Garden has some good matches in the potential stage, judging by what transpired during the past few weeks. Lasky established himself as a great card with either Hamas or Schmeling; Peter Jackson in the lightweight division and the possibility of landing a return match between Ross and Canzoneri for the lightweight championship. Andy Crowley has taken over the reins of Allie Todesco, promising Jersey City featherweight. Lew Feldman, Brooklyn junior-lightweight, was slated to answer the call of wedding bells this month. Martin Burke has retired from the promotional end of the boxing game until conditions improve. Ed Bang, sports editor of the Cleveland *News*, was in New York to arrange his annual Christmas program.

Tony Canzoneri went to Excelsior Springs to take the baths, preparatory to the lightweight championship match with Barney Ross which is expected to materialize shortly. Madison Square Garden has already offered Ross's managers a guarantee of $30,000 which in these times is plenty of inducement. Bobby Pacho finally got his opportunity in Philadelphia and made good when he held Harry Dublinsky to an official draw with some of the Philly papers favoring the Mexican. This should pave the way for more advantageous matches and Pacho has the style to make good no matter where he shows.

Petey Sarron scored over Frankie Wallace, Paul Pirrone whipped Tommy Rios, scoring two knockdowns in the final round and Ken Overlin winning from Dan Hassett in the balance of the program. Philadelphia always gave the fans steaming action with all-star cards but this failed to show any profit for Promoters Herman Taylor and Bob Gunnis.

Although the knockout that Enzo Fiermonte suffered at the hands of Les Kennedy was rather humiliating, our sympathies lie with Bill Miller who exploited Fiermonte to the skies and really believed in the handsome Italian's fighting ability. Jackie Davis, Cleveland 140-pounder, finally made his New York debut at the Ridgewood Grove and looked very good in whipping Tony Scarpati. Jackie scored a knockdown and had no trouble at all during the bout.

Eddie Walker has already sailed with Jackie Wilson for a series of bouts in Mexico City and our advice to Promoters Jimmy Fitten and Carlos Lavargne is keep Mr. Walker satisfied. Eddie has a very firm mind and is outspoken in his opinions, so it behooves the above gentlemen to give him exceptional consideration. Freddy Miller is fighting in great form in Europe and is cleaning up wherever he appears. Pete Reilly made a wise move in going abroad, as can be evidenced by the activity that Miller has shown. Eddie Stanton is handling Young Stuhley around Chicago and the youngster is fighting in good form in the middleweight division. George Mezansoff, a heavyweight novice, twenty-one years of age, has shown such good form that the managers and trainers around Stillman's Gym are predicting great things for him. He is a Russian art student, and has intelligence far above the average.

Tony Canzoneri and Sammy Goldman have opened a new haberdashery situated at 530 Seventh Avenue, where their future activities will be conducted. That partnership will probably survive when Canzoneri's fistic career is finished. Meyer Cohen, sportsman and one of New York's leading betting commissioners, has opened Pat's Chop House on West Forty-eighth Street adjacent to the well-known Tavern.

Yustin Sirutis, one of the few college graduates fighting professionally, has been appointed a member of the faculty at City College, in the Department of Physical Education. Bobby Costello, at one time a very promising lightweight from the Bronx, is now Supervisor of the Home Owners' Loan Association of Syracuse. Larry Morrison, Pacific Coast manager, who owns a very large proboscis had a birthday recently. He received a wire from some of the boys, "Congratulations on your birthday. When better noses are grown, Morrison will grow them."

After the controversy started by the Lasky-Hamas decision, Bill Brown tried to adopt a rule in which the round by round rule was discarded and the winner would be decided by the one showing the greater effectiveness and finishing power at the finish, but his two colleagues overruled him and Brown's attempted policy was thrown into the discard. Our solution of a better system would be to have competent officials who understand the rules of boxing and obey them to the letter. There have been too many disagreements lately to satisfy all hands, and if the Commission dispensed with nine-tenths of the officials and retained a few who were reliable it would prove more beneficial, but politics cannot be overridden and additional appointments must be recognized.

While Madison Square Garden is the sports center of the fight game, another meeting place for sports lovers will be opened in New York City during Christmas week. Oddly enough, Jack Dempsey's restaurant on Fiftieth Street and Eighth Avenue will be situated diagonally across from Madison Square Garden, the world-renowned Temple of Swat.

The fifty-year-old Morning Telegraph Building has been demolished and in its place is being erected the most pretentious restaurant in the "Roarin' Forties," and for that matter in the country.

Dempsey, the most glamorous figure in the world of sports, will play host. Associated with the former world's heavyweight champion, is Jack Amron, the oldest and best-known restaurant man in New York.

The advent of Dempsey in the restaurant and liquor business is not new in Father Knickerbocker's domain. Three other renowned fistic stars of another era who entertained and who made their customers feel at home, were John L. Sullivan, who ran a profitable bar room on Forty-second Street, near Sixth Avenue, James J. Corbett, who made a fortune in his place at Thirty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, on the site of Gimbel's Department Store, and Kid McCoy, who was a favorite at his place on Thirty-eighth Street and Broadway.

The Dempsey Restaurant will be built of truly American-Colonial design. It will be erected on a plot of ground valued at $1,500,000. It will seat comfortably 500 in the restaurant proper and 100 more at the new Eclipse Bar that will measure 70 feet.

An additional cocktail room will also be built, separate from the bar and large enough to accommodate 100 guests. The restaurant will have an open hickory fire for steaks and chops, as well as an open butcher shop. The meat will be housed in the finest mechanical refrigerator of its kind. A wine cooling room will also be visible from the street and dining room.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA
With E. C. VIANI

CEFERINO GARCIA, Manila's welterweight contender, and Bep Van Klaveren, the Dutch windmill, were slated to go to the post at the Olympic in Los Angeles as we went to press. Interest was high in the match and Promoter Tom Gallery had visions of a sellout at $1, $2 and $3.

Tom Kennedy, genial "Harp" who was born and reared in New York and fought during the "white hope era," is part owner of "The Brass Rail," in Hollywood, a first class cafe and night club. "Big Tom" made a host of friends when he was matchmaker of Hollywood Legion Stadium and later as manager of a string of good scrappers, while he has been active in the flickers for the past eighteen years.

Les Kennedy's knockout over Enzo Fiermonte was quite a surprise. Harry Green, the Jewish comedian, bet Harry Brand, movie magnate, $200 against $2 that the Italian Adonis would win the fight. Wirt Ross, the Kentucky gent who always carries a six-shooter, took Kennedy on the short end for a sawbuck and got $75 back.

The last we heard of "Darby" Kelly he was operating a beer tavern in Kay Cee, Mo. The team of Kelly and Jack Laken in Cincy was a unique one.

One-time manager of the stiff-socking Mexican lightweight, Joe Rivers, and later matchmaker of the Olympic in Los Angeles, Dreamland in San Francisco and the Portland, Ore., boxing club, hustling Joe Levy, is now promoting boxing in Phoenix, Tucson, Prescott and Winslow, Ariz., and doing O.K. Levy is one of the most capable matchmakers in the country.

Sam "Roxie" Eisen, formerly of Buffalo, N. Y., has a string of fighters in Southern California and is keeping them busy weekly at clubs up and down the Coast.

We got a "bang" out of watching good-natured Suey Welch play the part of a fight manager in Mae West's picture, "Belle of the Nineties." Moustache and all, it was hard to recognize the Akron, Ohio, gent, who is one of the most able of boxing managers and is making his headquarters in Los Angeles.

Although he has only been covering boxing for two years, twenty-three-year-old Bill Potts of the *Los Angeles Times* is one of the breeziest fight critics on the Coast and the young fellow calls a spade a spade!

Tammany Young, Broadway character, movie actor, fight handler, etc., sits at ringside weekly at Hollywood Legion Stadium and rubs elbows with Mae West, Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor, George Raft, Joe E. Brown and all of the shining lights of the cinema. The former Gothamite no longer seeks complimentary ducats.

"Pocatello Al" Lang is training Bob Godwin and "Red" Barry on the Coast. The slim Hebrew knows the training routine from A to Z, having worked with "Ace" Hudkins, Yale Okun, Joey Sangor, Freddie Miller, Kid Francis and other well-known fighters.

Leroy Haynes, colored heavyweight of Los Angeles, whom the writer believes is a better fighter than either Art Lasky or Steve Hamas (and this is not intended as a slam at either fighter) will invade Eastern rings this winter and will be booked by Eddie Mead, rotund Clevelander.

"Baby" Arizmendi was slated to make his first start in Mexico City after he returned to California following his smashing triumph over Mike Belloise in New York. The mob in the boxing game on the Coast was glad to see Cal Working finally get a break. A Hansford-Arizmendi match would draw a heap of dough at the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles.

SHORT SHOTS: George Blake refereed the Kennedy-Fiermonte fight on the Coast recently . . . . Little Pancho, brother of the late Pancho Villa, former flyweight ruler, won twenty-three straight fights up till the time we sent in this colyum . . . . Dolph Thomas, the gray fox of Frisco, for whom the S.O.S. was sent out from New York to join Max Baer's camp when the latter was finishing training for the Carnera bout, is getting plenty of action for his protege, who although he boxes bantam-weights, can easily make 112 pounds, the flyweight limit . . . . We got a big laff out of the NBA ratings for 1934, with Frankie Klick rated among the lightweights and Tony Canzoneri being ignored in the list . . . . Canzy gave Klick a sound licking, the referee being forced to stop the one-sided affair . . . . Tony Herrera, a fair lightweight, was named No. 4 among the welterweights after having lost his last three fights as a lightweight . . . . Hansford was not even mentioned among the featherweights and I dare say he could beat Rodak, Hayes, Belloise and such scrappers . . . . That Foster gent, who heads the NBA, is either totally ignorant of things pugilistic or is playing a cheap game of politics . . . .

The sunshine has gone out of the skies for Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom . . . . his hope of landing a movie contract fell through . . . . Freddie Sommers, who was around New York for several years and for a time was connected with Adolph Heuser, has started an expose of the wrestling racket in the *Statz Zeitung*, German weekly newspaper of Los Angeles, of which he is sports editor . . . . the fiery Teuton scribe pointed out in his stories that Man Mountain Dean, who is being billed in California as the Georgia hillbilly, is really Soldier Frank Leavitt from New York, and that he had been tossed more times the past fifteen years than Carter has pills . . . . Tony Palazolo of the Boston Palazolos, who had a very good Italian welterweight named Paul Doyle some years back in the East, is doing O.K., co-promoting weekly boxing shows at Dreamland Rink in Frisco with Giovanni Sylvestri . . . . Palazolo is also booking Speedy Dado, the Filipino bantie . . . .

Midget Mickey Walker, a dead ringer for the former Rumson Bulldog, has won three fights in sensational manner since coming to Los Angeles from Omaha, Neb., and may get a crack at Georgie Hansford soon at Hollywood. George Parnassas is handling the kid out here.

Larry White, manager of Young Corbett, has been working on *La Voce del Popolo*, Italian daily of Frisco, for the past twenty-two years. White, whose real moniker is Lorenzo Bianci, smokes as many cigars as Joe Jacobs and Sol Gold . . . . and that's a bunch of stogies! After representing John Henry Lewis in San Francisco for all of his important battles and getting the negro light-heavyweight in the limelight, White was given the "gate" by Lewis' father. The immortal "Tad" was right—you'll only find "gratitude" in the dictionary, especially in the fight game!

"Hank" Hankinson, 235-pound ring giant from Lancaster, Ohio, who has registered twenty-three knockouts out of twenty-six fights since coming to the Coast with his manager, Suey Welch, is the biggest card among the heavyweights out here since Art Lasky returned East. Promoter Tom Gallery of the Olympic in Los Angeles may pit Hankinson against Lee Rammage for one of his early December shows. This is a Coast "natural."

Jim Londos and "Man Mountain" Dean drew $37,561 net at Wrigley Field at $1, $2 and $3 prices. The Greek pinned the burly gent in twenty-one minutes and then put the winning fall over in one minute. Lou Daro, the promoter, made a nice chunk of dough on the show.

Maxie Rosenbloom, light heavyweight king, easily defeated the negro, Leo Kelly, in Frisco. Gate was $1,400 and a large quantity of fumigation was used after the drab affair, according to Eddie Muller, boxing critic of the S. F. *Examiner*.

"Spider" Roche, San Francisco fight manager, who was a good lightweight some years back, boxing Benny Leonard and other outstanding boxers, has a very good fighter in tow named Freddy Apostoli, former national amateur champion. The boy made his "pro" debut recently in Frisco with a knockout over Gilbert Attel, nephew of Abe Attel.

There's a young college heavyweight in Seattle named Frank Wallulis who may be heard from soon. The 200-pounder has a powerful right flipper and has a string of one-round knockouts. Promoter Nate Druxman of Seattle is taking him along carefully and tells me he is the best looking heavyweight to come out of the great Northwest since Floyd Johnson.

CHIT AND CHAT: Bill Potts, twenty three-year-old boxing editor of the *Los Angeles Times*, conducts a breezy fight column called "Left Jabs," and has a large following . . . "Broadway Johnny" Cox has left Houston, Tex., and is back in New Orleans, handling several fighters and doing O.K. . . . Suey Welch was once a halfback on the Heidelberg College grid team at Tiffin, Ohio, and a derned good one, too . . . there are few boxing managers with college educations . . . the writer is not intimating that a successful fight manager must have a college education, however, as Billy Gibson, Phil Glassman, Eddie Mead, Jack Kearns, Leo "Pea" Flynn, Pete Reilly, Frank Churchill, "Dumb Dan" Morgan, and countless others, never attended college . . . . Frankie Van, former Cleveland boxer, is refereeing regularly at the Olympic and Hollywood clubs and getting over very well . . . . Frank Picassi is "fronting" for Ancil Hoffman on the road with Heavyweight Buddy Baer, brother of Maxie . . . . young Baer is being "fed" a number of soft touches . . . . John Henry Lewis and "Red" Barry staged a great ten-round draw in Frisco, but the gate was a disappointment, Promoter Frank Schuler paying off on only $720 . . . . Barry's purse was held up, Mushky Jackson having wired the California state boxing board to hold out his one-third as manager of the titian-haired fighter . . . . "Pop" Goodwin booked Barry in Frisco, and returned to his headquarters in Los Angeles owing himself money on the trip . . . . Johnny Keyes' spaghetti parlor on Sunset Boulevard gets a big play from the cinema stars as it is opposite the Warner Bros. studios . . . .

Little Pancho, Filipino bantamweight with a bundle of class, continues to score victories in Northern California rings. The brother of the late Pancho Villa, former flyweight champion, is the class of the 118-pounders on the Coast. The grey-haired Dolph Thomas, whom Tom Laird, able sports editor of the S.F. *News* calls the best fight handler in Frisco, is managing the boy from the Philippines.

Boxers coming to Los Angeles who are not under contract to anyone (and are self-supporting) can get plenty of action in this section with Al Lang, boxing manager, c/o The Ringside Gymnasium, Twelfth and Hill Streets, Los Angeles.

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ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT Denver—Leonard Viditich, young Denver lightweight, scored a surprising victory over Hershey Wilson of Eagle, Colo. The battle, which was over the ten-round route, was for the state lightweight title. After the judges disagreed, Referee Jack Bloom voted for Viditich.

The battle was the first to be held in the newly opened Olympic arena.

At Denver—Tiny Roebuck, 310-pound Oklahoma Indian, tossed Roland Kirchmyer, also an Oklahoma product, in 41 minutes. Roebuck won the fall with a nifty right hand swing just behind the ear. Still, they call this kind of stuff wrestling.

At San Luis—Eddie Trujillo, Denver, won an eight-round decision over Johnny Gardino, also of Denver. Trujillo was too clever for the veteran Gardino. They are featherweights.

Al Reynolds, Denver, scored a victory over Celestino Roybal of Del Norte, Roybal's seconds tossing in the towel in the seventh round.

At Grand Junction—Billy Vaughn, Torrington lightweight, scored a decisive win over Hershey Wilson of Eagle. Vaughn carried too many guns for the former state titleholder. Vaughn weighed 135. Wilson, 133.

At Pocatello, Idaho—Leonard Viditich, Colorado state lightweight champion, won an easy ten-round decision over Augie Soliz of Los Angeles. The Denver boy had Soliz on the edge of a knockout in the eighth and ninth rounds.

At Las Vegas, N. Mex.—Emilio Martinez, sensational Denver light-heavy, scored a one-round knockout over Joe Guerrero of Mexico, D.F. They'll have to dig up better material than Guerrero to even extend the Denver Mexican.

Fight fans throughout the Rocky mountain region are clamoring to see Martinez pitted against some top-notch opposition of the Lou Brouillard, John Henry Lewis, Wes Ketchell or Al Gainer variety. The Mexican isn't a bit backward in declaring he can and will make 158 pounds for Messrs. Yarosz, Corbett, Rankin and Jones, if they'd care to cross mitts with him. Emilio will do well to stick to the light-heavy class, however, as he is growing rapidly.

At Denver—Chuck Hefner, prominent Denver middleweight of several years ago, started a "comeback" campaign by engaging Chuck Worth, army battler, in a ten-round battle. It was called a draw after some interesting milling.

In the semi-final, Nicky Martinez, kid brother of the more famous Emilio, pounded out a decision over Al Reynolds in a torrid six-rounder. They are lightweights.

At Ft. Morgan—Hank Bath, Fort Morgan light-heavy, stopped Alex Rowe of Greeley in the third heat of a scheduled ten-round fray. Bath weighed 170; Rowe, 180.

Al Reynolds, Denver, out-pointed Tommy Trott, Fort Morgan, in four hotly contested rounds. The pair are lightweights.

Joe M. Roybal, promoter of the Martinez-Guerrero battle at Las Vegas, N. Mex., tells me that the crowd in attendance was the largest to attend a battle in that city since Jack Johnson and Jim Flynn fought there for the heavyweight title, a little over twenty-two years ago.

At Denver—A glaring example of the situation regarding heavyweights, out here, was amply demonstrated when the veteran George Manley pounded out a victory over Carl Walker of Hillrose. Manley won with plenty to spare too. Since Walker's state heavyweight title was at stake, Goodtime George is champ of Colorado. The battle was over the ten-round route.

Eddie Mack, well known in sporting circles throughout the rocky mountain region, was secretly married to Miss Lyle Collins of Denver recently.

Mack, whose real name is Pedro Quintana, was a prominent contender for the world's lightweight championship a few years ago. At present he is engaged as a referee and is managing a string of fighters.

The writer will be glad to answer any questions relative to the ring game in this section of the country. But if you expect an answer, don't fail to enclose a stamp.

Also if you want a complete list of fight promoters out here, you can get it for a thin dime.

If anyone knowing the whereabouts of Bob Martin, A.E.F. heavyweight, sees this, will they get in touch with me. Address T.W. McNiel, P.O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

Also get your fight results to me not later than the fifteenth of each month.

KANSAS AND VICINITY

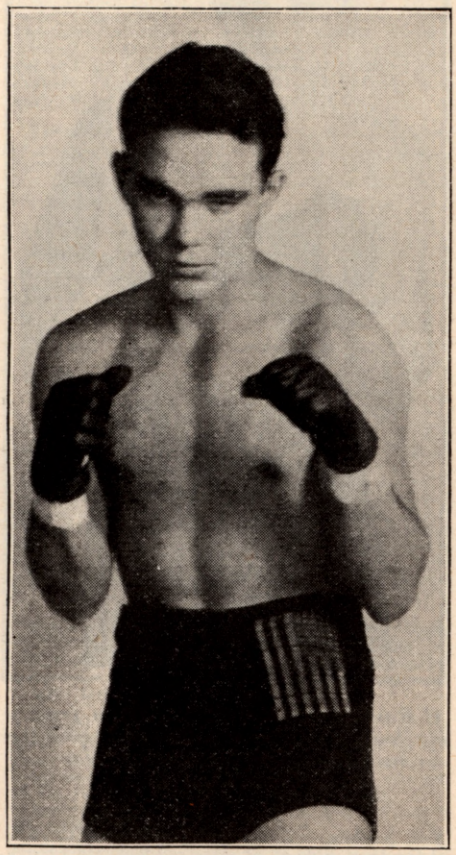
By L. R. FORD

NEODESHA, Kans.—Ira Krueger will stage his first boxing show of the season this month, and will continue showing bi-monthly thereafter. He will stage amateur shows for a few months and possibly a professional show occasionally.

Ft. Scott, Kans.—John E. Lockwood opens in this city this month with a pro show with forty scheduled rounds of boxing, and anticipates staging bi-monthly shows all winter and spring.

Blackwell, Okla.—Amateur boxing results: Clare Patterson beat Ralph Esdel; Don Fritz beat Jess Brown; Amos Livers knocked out Oral Harkney in two; Tom Marshall beat Red Adams; Jack Bohn knocked out Leo Nutter in two; Kid Hutchinson knocked out Wayne Hooper in one; Dan Trux beat Red Young.

Miami, Okla.—Tri-State amateur boxing championship winners: Heavyweight Auburn Doty; lightweight-heavyweight and middleweight, Buddy Scott; welterweight, Johnny Smart; Junior welterweight, Clyde Gleason; lightweight, Charles



Neil "Pug" Grubbs, Kansas scrapper.

Patrick; junior lightweight, Fred Holt; featherweight, Woody Hampton; bantamweight, Sam Burney; junior-bantamweight, Paul Wagner; flyweight, Kiroshi Machino; junior flyweight, C. Burnett.

Pawhuska, Okla.—Tot Wilson beat Arkansas Haines in a ten-round feature bout. Jack Tidball beat Chief Firestone in the eight-round semifinal. Claude Shadrick knocked out Jack Britt in the second of a scheduled sixes.

Blackwell, Okla.—Amateur boxing results: Clare Patterson beat Jack Bohn; Amos Livers beat Urban Anderson; Tommy Marshall beat Eliza Fisher; Lawrence Cox beat Kid Mitchell; Marion Bohn knocked out Leo Nutter in one; Jess Brown beat Mike Twolong.

Chanute, Kans.—Orval Cox of Fredonis Kansas has started the wrestling here, staging weekly shows for the V.F.W. It is reported another promoter will start boxing shows within a few weeks and will stage both pro and amateur boxing shows.

Kansas City, Mo.—One of the most promising lightweights of the South West, Neil "Pug" Grubbs, is managed by Jefferson D. Jameson, 3427 Cypress Street, Kansas City, Mo. Do not confuse this Grubbs with another by the same name of Joplin, Mo.

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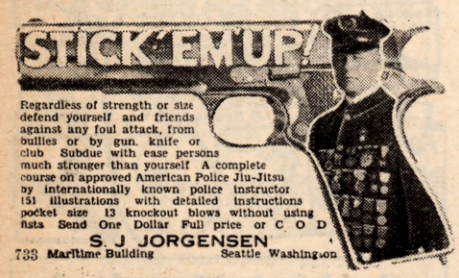

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IN AND NEAR CHICAGO

By FRANK MAESTRO

NATE LEWIS, matchmaker at Chicago Stadium since its erection in 1929, and James C. Mullen, veteran promoter, who have formed a partnership for the presentation of a series of major boxing shows this winter, plan to offer a program at the Stadium late in December. It will be their second, a return bout between King Levinsky, Chicago heavyweight, and Art Lasky, Minneapolis, Minn.

Promoter Joe Foley and Soldier Mickey Farr expected to draw in excess of $20,000 for the rematch between Frank Sagilio, Cicero junior welterweight contender, and Davey Day, stablemate of Champion Barney Ross, at the Stadium. The first battle between these bitter rivals at Mills Stadium last July attracted 6,952. Receipts were $11,185. The draw result was not to the liking of partisans of Day and Sagilio.

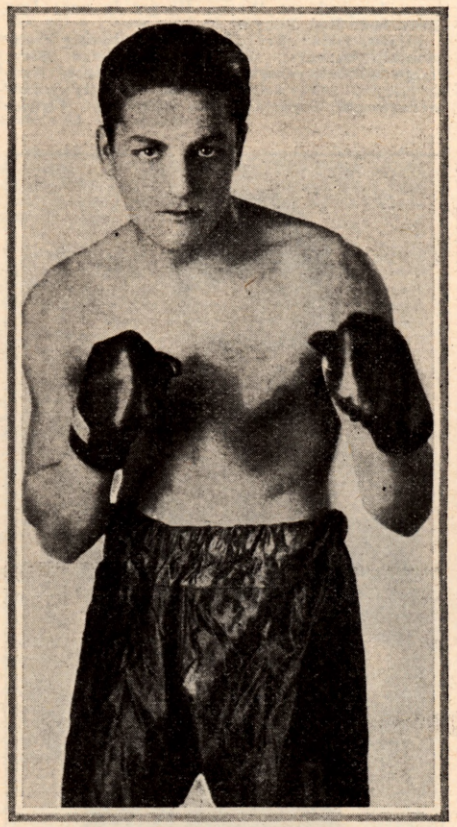
Billy Cepak, Cicero promoter, went to New Orleans, La., to spend his first vacation in quite a spell . . . . Battling Mike Gizzy, Pittsburgh, Pa., junior welterweight, followed his defeat by Sagilio with a victory over Tommy Corbett at Cicero Stadium . . . . Corbett's wife is attempting to instill in Tommy the vigor, pep and ambition that characterized his boxing when he won a decision over Davey Day at Kansas City, Mo., and held Sagilio to a draw in Chicago . . . . Sam Abruscato conducted a show for St. Henry Church at Marigold Gardens.

Frank Misko, Saginaw, Mich., middleweight, attempted to avenge a knockout of his brother Mickey by Tony Zale of Gary, Ind., at Midway arena . . . . Jack Mooney, South Bend, Ind., middleweight, has joined the Catholic Youth organization's professional department . . . . Jack Gibbons, St. Paul, middleweight son of Mike Gibbons, looked impressive in spots in his four-round technical knockout triumph over Lou Bartel at White City . . . . Critics held that Jack made too many false motions . . . . Leo Rodak, South Chicago featherweight contender, sparred with Jimmy Christy for the first time in six months at C. Y. O. center in preparation for Christy's eight-round main event against Everett (Young) Rightmire of Sioux City, Ia., at the Midway . . . . Both are managed by the C. Y. O.

Phil Kenneally, C. Y. O. lightweight champion, member of the Golden Gloves intercity team, was unable to enter this year's C. Y. O. tournament because of studies . . . . Kenneally caught up with back studies at St. Philip High School by attending Englewood High nightly in an attempt to pass graduation examinations next June . . . . He will enroll in the Chicago Tribune Golden Gloves tourney which gets under way in February.

Mickey Beal, North Side bantamweight, a fair amateur boxer, has improved one hundred per cent since turning pro . . . . Toots Bernstein, Milwaukee, Wis., welterweight, was paid $100 for whipping Eddie Vlk, ex-Seattle, Wash., boxer . . . . Sam Pian, co-manager with Art Winch of Champion Ross, was a brilliant boxer fifteen years back.

Nick Scalba, bantamweight who won an international Golden Gloves title under his right name,



Al Rossi, Newark middleweight, a promising youngster, who no doubt will reach the heights, as did his brother-in-law, Vince Dundee.

Nick Scialaba, will marry Miss Theresa Mariano of the West Side at St. Maria Addolorata Church November 18 . . . . Hayden (Young) Stuhley of Kewanee, Ill., who hopes to get a title shot with Teddy Yarosz, middleweight champion, was twenty-three recently.

Jimmy Christy is nineteen years old . . . . Jack Gibbons is six feet tall . . . . Harry Nordholm is Trustee Fred Hummel's agent at the Stadium . . . . Harry Dublinsky, Chicago 140-pound challenger, started boxing professionally in 1926 when eighteen.

Ralph Leo, 25-year-old South Side author, understudy to Don Hutchinson, veteran sportswriter, and then Paul Host, former Notre Dame football captain, in the C. Y. O. publicity department, was boss man during the fourth annual C. Y. O. boxing tournament. He was assisted by Frank Ivers and Bill Enney. Leo was graduated from Mount Carmel High school in 1929. He acquired his first journalism schooling while editor of *The Oriflamme*, school quarterly.

Man Mountain Dean was known as Soldier Leavitt, a beardless, porky individual during a sojourn in the Loop some years ago, unable to get much chance to practice his wrestling trade.

Bat Battalino, who won the featherweight title from Andre Routis and then lost it through inability to make weight, remains one of the most unusual boxers of modern time . . . . He announced his retirement after losing a decision to Phil Rafferty . . . . Not so long ago he defeated Jackie Davis, ex-Chicago boxer at Hartford, Conn. . . . . Whitey Eckwert, who served as trainer for the late Pancho Villa and Clever Sencio and Tod Morgan, a former junior-lightweight crownholder, did a fine job in fitting Tony Herrera for his conquest of Eddie Zivic at Pittsburgh.

The best fight contested in Chicago during October was between Young Joe Firpo, Philadelphia welterweight, and Eddie Vlk at the Coliseum . . . . Firpo was floroed in the first round and at the bell was on the verge of a knockout . . . . He recovered in the minute rest period and a few rounds later dropped Vlk, who scored a technical knockout in the seventh round . . . . The most disappointing event to some people was Policeman Edward Gall's failure to pull the trigger of his revolver when he apprehended this correspondent on the false assumption he had some of the Stoll kidnap ransom money.

The most exciting party thrown in seasons—Jim Mullen's formal opening of the dining room and ballroom at Mayfair Casino, 10 North Hamlin Avenue . . . . Leo Rodak has rated the greatest publicity on accomplishments. The victory over Tommy Paul of Buffalo, N. Y., at White City, was his twentieth in a row . . . . The No. 1 contenders in the various weight divisions according to a consensus here—Heavyweight, Art Lasky if he beats Max Schmeling; light-heavyweight, John Henry Lewis; middleweight, Young Stuhley; welterweight, Barney Ross; junior-welterweight, Frank Sagilio; lightweight, Tony Canzoneri; junior-lightweight, Leo Rodak; featherweight, Rodak; bantamweight, Mickey Beal; flyweight, Lenny Cohen.

Amateur clubs could do without the ten per cent tax imposed by the state . . . . That's one of the main reasons only one or two present shows regularly . . . . One of the best announcers in the state—Leonard Sterling of Chicago . . . . Smartest boxer—Max Baer, heavyweight champion . . . . One of the many Dizzy Dean photos which trickled into *The Chicago Tribune* sports department was Dizzy's surprising resemblance to Charley Retzlaff, Leonard, N. D., heavyweight . . . . Charley attended A Century of Progress with his wife just before it was closed.

Joe Foley, who conducted a daily column when sports editor of the old *Journal* and the new *Chicago Times*, writes some of the best fight publicity stories in this town . . . . Jack Dempsey's name remains the most colorful in boxing . . . . John Duffy, chief inspector for the State Boxing Commission, is immensely popular . . . . Soldier Farr is being called "Tex." . . . . Lou Diamond, for fifteen years one of Chicago's leading fight writers, now is writing football . . . . Al Sweeney, who handled Billy Petrolle for Jack Hurley, has been appointed matchmaker at Mayfair casino . . . . Felix Kolk is boxing instructor . . . . Harold Ryan has an expert's knowledge of bouts . . . . So has Sam Gornstein, who has access to the record of every topnotcher and palooka.

Panama, R. de. P.—As none of the local newspapers can give me the following information I am writing to you:

When did the Johnson-Jim Jeffries fight take place?

T. L. FLINN.

Ans.—Johnson stopped Jeffries in fifteen, July 4, 1912.

Trafalgar Square, London, S. W. 1.—Saw Freddy Miller fight Dave Crowley at Albert hall. Crowley, who is only twenty-three, appears to be on his way to a championship. Saw Jimmy McLarnin upon his arrival here the other day. Am boxing as a welterweight. McLarnin's crown looks good to me.

PAUL SCHAEFER.

Mount Morris, Ill.—When did Johnson and Jeffries fight?

FRED R. ANDERSON.

Ans.—Johnson beat Jeffries at Reno, Nev., July 4, 1910.

Villa Park, Ill.—How can I reach Art Donovan, who refereed the Ross-McLarnin scrap?

Ans.—Donovan can be reached at the New York State Athletic Commission.

TEN YEARS AGO IN THE RING—Robert (Believe It or Not) Ripley edited the *Boxing Record* . . . . Benny Leonard, retired undefeated lightweight titleholder, appeared in the motion picture serial, "Flying Fists" . . . . Charley Weinert, veteran heavyweight, marked a comeback by giving Luis Angelo Firpo an unofficial whipping . . . . Paul Berlenbach was a new fistic star . . . . Jack Dempsey still was on top of the heavyweight division . . . . Tommy Gibbons knocked out Jack Bloomfield at London.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

BY MICKEY McINTIRE

EDDIE RAN is not the terror he once was credited with being. Over in Muskegon, Eddie was lucky to get the decision over Pete Petrosky. For some time the ace of Michigan referees, Slim McClelland, has shown signs of slipping and has given some poor decisions but nothing like the Ran-Petrosky verdict. Most of the fans gave Petrosky eight rounds.

Pee Wee Jarrell, of Mishawauka, Indiana, and Tony Lombardo, Toledo, clashed in the eight-round semifinal, Jarrell jabbing and clowning his way to an easy triumph.

Eddie Ran put up stubborn resistance to the onslaughts of George Kid Stevens, Alpena, but lost an eight-round decision to Stevens at the Naval Armory, Detroit. Ran was floored by a hard left hook, in the sixth round. Stevens was down twice, once in the second and again in the sixth but for no count. Stevens took five of the rounds.

Roger Bernard showed plenty of class with Dave Barry, promising Chicagoan, over the ten-round route. Bernard carried too many guns for Barry, and Davey was forced to surrender in the sixth round, after being dropped by a hard right-hand punch. Barry took a bad beating all the way.

Edwin Waling, Detroit's leading amateur boxer, made his professional bow in a preliminary, and had easy pickings in Georgie Bond, a game but crude lightweight from Detroit. Georgie was stopped in the third round. Manuel Cantera, another former amateur, made a desperate rally in the last round to beat the St. Louis Kid, and Art Bowman who had scored eight victories in as many professional starts, was shaded by Gordan Fitzgerald, Windsor, in the opener of four rounds.

Bud Creed, the Pawhuska Puncher, was beaten for the first time in a Detroit ring, when he encountered John D. Vorce, Negro light-heavy. The bout was fairly close through the first five rounds, but after the fifth Johnny had things all his own way. Creed's seconds threw in the towel in the seventh when Bud was in bad shape.

Sammy Chivas and Nick Torres, Detroit lightweights, resumed their feud which was started in the amateurs two years ago. Chivas was still the better boy, and the bout was halted in the fifth round to save Nick from unnecessary punishment.

Boxing shows are still being held at Alpena, Promoter Campbell staging two during the past month. In the headliner of the first, Orville Drouillard defeated the St. Louis Kid, and Kid Stevens took a hard one from Ward Snider.

Mickey Barron from Scranton, Pa., had a little the better of a bloody battle with Orville Drouillard in the ten-round main go at Naval Armory, sponsored by Scotty Monteith.

Frankie Wolfram returned to Detroit to take a close ten-round bout from Darie Morene, speedy Mexican from Kalamazoo.

Chuck Woods gained ample revenge for a defeat handed him two years ago, when he took the decision over Eddie Koppy, in a one-sided bout at Hazel Park. With the decision went the Michigan lightweight championship which Koppy won in a bout with Charley Crocker a year ago. Joey Miehielove, Detroit featherweight, won over Shake Lepoirs, Port Huron, in the semifinal.

Jack Koleman, heavyweight, and Wesley Martin, bantam, a pair of youthful scrappers were beaten on the Drouillard-Barron card. Koleman, inexperienced but willing, was dropped three times by Big Jack O'Dowd before he went out the hard way in the third round. Martin took a shellacking from boxin's buffoon, K.O. Morgan, in a six-round go.

A lad named Howard, in Cleveland, wrote me asking the names of some good trainers, but I mislaid his address. Howard, Ansell Bell at the West Side A.C., Detroit, is a good trainer, and Wilbur Chevalier in Bay City is another.

Adolph Waiter, Green Bay, Wisconsin heavyweight, gave Joe Louis, Detroit's coming champion, his hardest fight, going the full ten rounds, but lost the decision. Louis has won all of his professional starts.

Mickey Barron was stopped for the first time in his career by Dave Barry. Barry had a slight edge until he opened a bad gash over Mickey's left eye in the third round, which necessitated stopping the bout.

Conny Chapin outscored Al Honas in a wild slugfest. Chapin's sharper punching gained him a shade.

K.O. Morgan, Toledo's clown, amused the fans for six rounds, as he threw punches at the durable Frankie Pallo. Pallo tried to fight, but it seemed he was always running into punches. Gordon Fitzgerald turned the heat on Tiger Bland, and stopped him in the fourth round, after having him down three times in a scheduled six-rounder, and Mike Kolnick, lanky Detroiter, scored over Tommy Meeking of Windsor, dropping him in the fourth round.

U.S. Chocolate, hard hitting colored 128-pounder, was inactive during the month. Chocolate is out with a defi to champion Joe Palazolla. There are plenty of boys seeking a crack at Joe's title, the foremost being Chocolate, Speedy Johnson, Wilbur Chevalier, Ivan Harburn, Georgie Quackenbush, Foster Young, and Billy Cooper.

Preparations are being made for the amateur classic of the year, the 1935 Golden Gloves. The Golden Gloves tourneys are certainly great aids in keeping boxing going in Michigan. Joe Louis, Joe Jancovic, Ivan Harburn, Manuel Cantera, Edwin Waling, Ward Snider, Ade Lemmer, Joe O'Signac, Amsey Rinnson, Joey Miehielove, Pete Loverix. Jimmy Cholak, and Joe Nadeau are only a few former Golden Glovers who are leading professionals now. At this writing it is certain tournaments will be held in Detroit, Grand Rapids, Flint, Bay City, Pontiac, Ann Arbor, Kalamazoo, Jackson, and Muskegon.

Al Honas turned in a win over Billy Gerbe in an eight-round feature match at Hazel Park. Thurston McKinney, another former Golden Glover, stole the show when he technically knocked out Ward Snider in the fourth round. Frankie Veith, Mickey Jurecki, and Pat Spurling were other winners on the same card.

Thurston McKinney pulled a surprise when he took six out of eight rounds to beat George Stevens, the Alpena Kid, at Hazel Park. McKinney made plenty of friends in beating the highly touted Stevens.

Joe Jancovic is a good light-heavyweight prospect from Lansing. Joe has had several professional fights, coming through victorious in each case. He went to the semifinals of the Detroit Free Press Golden Gloves last year, when fighting out of Eaton Rapids.

Eddie "Swede" Anderson, Detroit featherweight, who owns the West Side A.C., is fighting in good form at present, and Ansell Bell is running the gym. Some of the boys that train there are: Billy Cooper, Phil Lightheart, Bud Creed, Sammy Chivas, Eddie Koppy, Tony Lamerato, Lorenzo Pack, Jackie Young, and K.O. Morgan.

There have been several clubs starting up around the state, and others have shut down. Wrestling still keeps going along. I have wrestling promoters lists, and similar lists with the names of all the fight promoters in the state, and either list may be had for a quarter. Write Mickey McIntire, Deckerville, Mich.

Ernie Maurer, a year ago Detroit's best fighter, and rated as high as seventh by Eddie Borden and fourth by the N.B.A., has evidently retired. Ernie has not boxed since his losing bout with Orville Drouillard last spring.

Johnny Thomas, Pontiac Negro, who is flyweight champion of Michigan, went out of his class to box Orville Drouillard, aggressive Canadian, in eight fast rounds at Alpena. It was one of the fastest bouts ever staged in Alpena.

Speedy Johnson easily whipped Eddie Plant in six round.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY

By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

BETTER opposition will have to be obtained for Henry Moreno if the fans in New Orleans and vicinity wish to see him extended. Since his victories over Midget Wolgast, the little Mexican from San Antonio, Tex., easily bested Henry Hooks, slugging bantamweight from Indianapolis, Ind., at New Orleans in ten rounds. Journeying over to Mobile, Ala., Moreno trounced that city's local featherweight pride, Dewey Cannon. Joe Russo is handling affairs of the latest in bantamweight sensations.

Willard Brown, highly rated Indiana welterweight, also added two more scalps to his belt. Over in Mobile he taught Honey Boy Snipes of Macon, Ga., how to make use of two good fighting hands, while in a tenner in New Orleans he cleverly outfought Pat Murphy, Fort Wayne, Ind., left hook artist.

Any unattached fighters contemplating fighting in the South will do well in communicating with the writer. My address is 627 Ursuline, New Orleans, La.

A stable of fighters under the supervision of Kelse McClure roamed into New Orleans and dominated two weekly all-star cards, faring middlin' well. Unheralded, the fighters—Frankie Jarr, Fort Wayne, Ind., and Paul Lee, Nashville, Tenn., featherweights, Lou Thomas, a middleweight, and Pat Murphy—were given chances to show when Marty Burke, local promoter, became desperate after several financial flops.

In their first appearance, Lee technically knocked out Russell Gonzales, Filipino, in the fourth of ten scheduled rounds, while Jarr whipped Clever Moro, another Filipino. Thomas was soundly whipped by Elmer Freas, promising young Crescent City middleweight. Murphy lost to Brown. A poor house was their reception.

The following week Lee looked sad and took a pounding from Henry Hooks in ten rounds. However, Jarr looked impressive in punching slow Patsy Flannagan, New Orleans, about for ten rounds.

Several other performers did well during the month. George Clausen, Mobile, decisioned Augie Camaratta, New Orleans; Matt Brown won over Roy Roxey, Mobilians, all lightweights. Dixie Granada of Florida drew with Jimmy Lacoumbe; Ralph Atkins and Jack Kelly of Mobile, also drew, all featherweights. Angelo Musso drew with Buck Vaughn, but lost to Santos Hugo, Filipino, all bantamweights. Sailor Blalak decisioned Battling Burroughs, Pasgoula, Miss., and Elmer Freas trounced Bobby Fay, Bay St. Louis, Miss., all middleweights. Gus Kimler won over Phil Terry, heavyweights.

K.O. White, popular colored junior welterweight of New Orleans, had his revenge for a previous defeat when he soundly pummeled Mexican Pete, Arizona colored welterweight, for twelve rounds and a decision.

The other ebony lad who also contributes much toward magnificent patronage at the weekly colored fights, Eddie Kid Brown, lightweight, easily punched out a win over Baby Jack Thomas, Houston, Tex., in twelve rounds.

Other able colored fighters who added their bit in making Negro boxers popular in New Orleans performed as follows: P. G. Carson, Jacksonville, Fla., beat Roy Finn, New Orleans; Gilbert Edwards kayoed Bull Adams and drew with Ed Fontaine, while K. O. Kelly, Arkansas, shaded Chester Jones, New Orleans, all middleweights. Kid Stringbean won from Wildcat Carter; Kid Chink defeated Kid Carl and Jimmy Bennett, all welterweights. Baby Jack stopped Jimmy Johnson;

OUTCROPPINGS—Eddie Flynn is back after serving as Jimmy McLarnin's chief sparring mate . . . . Archie Lewis, local lightweight, has returned from the Pacific Coast . . . . Efforts are being made to develop a heavyweight attraction from the preliminary ranks . . . . Negro bouts are still getting good financial support, but the popular boys are in the lightweight and junior welterweight class . . . . J. Fisse, a manager, got in bad with the authorities in Texas and was indefinitely suspended along with his fighters . . . . When communicating with the writer enclose postage if an answer is desired.

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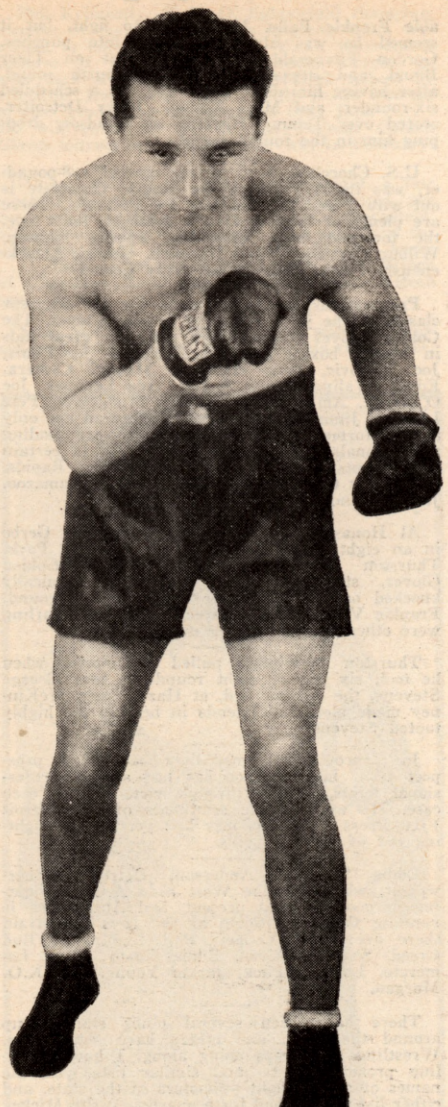
PITTSBURGH CHATTER
By PHIL GOLDSTEIN

TAIT LITTMAN, a three to ten shot, gave Lou Brouillard a bad beating in the first indoor show staged at Duquesne Garden. Brouillard, a favorite here since his sensational K.O. of Anson Green, was hopelessly outclassed and left the ring with both of his eyes cut. The show grossed $4,469.80. Mose Butch defeated Chalky Wright, highly touted Negro of Los Angeles, in the ten-round semifinal. Jimmy Belmont of Braddock won the referee's decision over Al Salbano of Syracuse, in a vicious six-rounder and in the opener, Nat Litfin punched out an easy victory over Frankie Mirabel, of Chicago, who was handled by Red Mason, former local manager.

Babe Amos, formerly of New Kensington, who is now fighting out of Syracuse, N Y., returned to his old stamping grounds and lost a ten-round bout to Tiger Joe Randall at the Palisades, in McKeesport. In the semifinal of eight rounds, Marty Simmons of Saginaw, Mich., defeated Billy Flannigan. Steve Nickleach of Ford City, won a split decision over Sharkey Lesko, of McKeesport, in six rounds, and Teddy Movan, also of McKeesport, won by a T.K.O. over Johnny Yelowvich, of Johnstown, in the third round.

Tony Herrera came back to Pittsburgh, after an absence of two years, and defeated Eddie Zivic, in ten rounds at Duquesne Garden. It was Eddie's first defeat since his return from the Coast. In the semifinal, of eight rounds, Sammy Slaughter, Terre Haute, punched out a win over Red Bruce, who substituted for Joey Speigal. In another eight-rounder Al Salbano, Syracuse middleweight, received the decision over Harry Jacobs and in the opener Dick Ambrose scored an upset, winning over General Burrows by a T.K.O. in the fourth round.

Teddy Yarosz, the new middleweight champion, was honored recently with a parade and testimonial banquet, at the Penn-Beaver Hotel in Rochester, Pa. Speakers included Dr. Jock Sutherland, Pitt coach; Judge Frank E. Reader of Beaver County; Judge Thomas Marshall of Pittsburgh; Manager Ray Foutts, Congressman J. Howard Swick, announcer Ray Eberle, Dr. W. D. McClellan, state athletic commissioner; and newspapermen Harry Keck, Charles J. Doyle and Chester L. Smith. Yarosz was presented with a diamond charm by his host of admirers.



Joe Ghnouly, St. Louis lightweight, recently returned from Australia, now on the Pacific Coast.

Nat Litfin, Pittsburgh bantamweight, is in the N.B.A. bantamweight championship tournament being held in Montreal, Canada. He is considered among the ten best bantamweights selected by the N.B.A. to fight for the crown Al Brown now holds, but who the N.B.A. refuses to recognize. The others in the tournament are, Joe Tei Ken, Japan; Frankie Martin, Montreal; Babe Triscaro, Cleveland; Eugene Huat, France; Sixto Escobar, Porto Rico; Lou Salica, N. Y.; Midget Wolgast, Phila.; Speedy Dado, California, and Bobby Leitham of Canada.

Bill Dummer, matchmaker at the Arena, is staging a series of lightweight elimination bouts to decide the best lightweight in the Tri-State section. In the bouts held recently, Fritzie Zivic bested Harry Carlton; Harry Weekly defeated Mike Barto; All Sunseri beat Nick Rossi; Mickey Duris won over Johnny Durso and Dominick Mancini defeated Jimmy Dean.

BOXING STEW—Louis Frishman, popular local haberdasher, is a partner of Jules Beck in the promotion of boxing bouts at Duquesne Garden . . . . Harry Jacobs of Newark, N. J., is now making his home in Pittsburgh and is under the management of Ray Foutts. Foutts, incidentally, proved himself to be one of the shrewdest managers in the business. He manipulated Bus Vobal into giving him a contract calling for 15% and $500 training expenses for Teddy Yarosz' services in the latter's championship fight with Vince Dundee, in which Teddy won the middleweight crown . . . . Yarosz made more money this year than any other middleweight in the country.

Jules Beck is working on Mickey Walker to clash with either Teddy Yarosz over the weight or Anson Green for one of his shows at the Duquesne Garden. Walker is now being handled by Bill Duffy and in his first start drew with Natie Brown.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

JESS CALHOUN, of Cincinnati, always a big favorite in Louisville, slipped down to the Twenty Grand city a few weeks ago and after ten sure-fire sessions, he was handed the duke over Jimmy Buckler of Louisville.

The rumor had it that many managers who previously had kept shy of Kentucky rings for fear their boys would get a raw deal made a sudden clamor for matches down there.

Along came Bob Bonner of Cincinnati with his undefeated protege, young Joey Palmo. Joe went on to hammer out a well-earned win over Sonny Brentz of Louisville and the latter got the decision.

Teddy Smith, who hails from Cleveland looks like a real comer.

Bill Powers has two likely looking prospects under his wing at present in Mel Coyle, a lightweight, and Pete Huber, a bantamweight. Both fought Simon pures for the Markian Club in Cincinnati. Powers also has an interest in Rough House Clover, the Jacksonville negro.

The writer is compiling a record of all fighters in the state of Ohio. At the conclusion, the best in the eight divisions will be rated a champion in each class selected. Efforts are now under way to have these champions officially recognized by Ohio promoters and matchmakers. Managers of fighters who wish to have their men rated should send the record of each of their boys for the past six months. Address 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, O.

Johnny Stevens, fast and up-coming Cincinnatian, scored a pair of kayos in one week. First the Dayton flash, Georgie Mitchell, in one heat and then PeeWee Torig at Cinci. Stevens is managed by Bob Bonner who also has Stiffie Williams, who beat the veteran Jim Kelley in ten at Dayton, O., in his last start.

Jess Calhoun went down to Louisville and lost to Bad Boy Harper and then Jimmy Buckler of Louisville came to Cinci and dropped a torrid contest to Tiger Kid Walker, Negro ace at Music Hall.

Walker who had been going like a house afire and whom Naylor Stone, sports editor of the *Post*, accused of picking his opponents (in wins over Frankie Covelli and Maxie Koshover), lived up to Stone's accusation when Roger Bernard of Flint, Mich., stopped the colored lightie in eight heats.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Carl Knowles, the Georgia Cracker who made a big hit here this summer, was slated for a return engagement with Glover . . . Joe Miller is the sole representative among the boxers from Camp Washington . . . also the writer's domain . . . Mickey Kilcher was scheduled for his opener at the Newport (Ky.) American Legion hall the middle of October . . . Mickey has Ray Kietz and Calhoun down for his main go . . . Milford is also back in the running with Chick Evans the matchmaker . . . Jimmie Cutler who formerly had the reins in the Milford club is now a beer salesman . . . Billy Burke handed Jimmie Kreider a thorough going-over in the final outdoor show at Billy Saffin's Beechmont Arena in Mount Washington . . . Saffin finished on the right side of the ledger too . . . Danny Davis, former manager of Freddie Miller, is back—going better than ever after a year's illness which kept the Quebec-road fist pilot on the sidelines . . . Joe Anderson is now running a saloon out in Erlanger, Ky.

What some of yesterday's local scrappers are doing—Johnny Bass, floor manager at Rappold's Arena . . . Copper Pence, truck driver with an oil company . . . Billy Ryan, operating a gymnasium in Norwood . . . Frankie Palmo, wrestler . . . Earl Righter, playground director . . . Johnny Brown, Enquirer pressman . . . Jimmy Harris, machinist.

Received a copy of Richie Mitchell's opening gym magazine . . . the old lightweight is right in the best of health at his Milwaukee home and his new gym, one of the best in the country, is doing a rapid-fire biz . . . and so-so till next month.

Cincinnati fans can now feel proud of its native son, Freddy Miller, who is making fistic history on English soil. Miller has achieved a record on foreign territory of which he may feel proud. Even the British newspapers acclaim Freddy as an unusual type of titleholder. This is what one of the scribes wrote about Miller after he had completed his seventh contest, a victory on a disqualification over Gilbert Johnstone:

"Although Freddy Miller is not considered by us as classing with the featherweight champions of the past, yet we must acknowledge that never to our knowledge has a champion, after winning a title, fought seven times over a stretch of only one month even though the championship was not at stake in any of these contests. We must doff our cap to a boy who fought twice within a stretch of four days."

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

TOMMY BLAND, Toronto's experienced campaigner, is still the lightweight champion of Canada, as well as a leading contender for the vacant Canadian welter crown. Bland successfully defended his title for the second time against the onslaughts of Ottawa's brilliant nineteen-year-old prospect, Eddie Carroll, in a ten-rounder that headlined Promoter Harry Goldberg's spicy card at the Ottawa Auditorium. Carroll's display stamped the youngster as a rare prospect who should go a long ways along the fistic front. Outboxed and outgeneraled by the cagy, ringwise champion throughout the first half of the battle, the Ottawa lad surged in determinedly during the latter half of the battle to make it a mighty close finish.

Orville Drouillard, Windsor walloper, and Joe Marciente, Montreal featherweight, staged a semi-final six-round thriller that had the fans screeching at times. Drouillard's driving punching style gave him the edge on the long range work while Marciente had a wide margin on the infighting. It was a grand battle with both getting ovations from the crowd after Drouillard had been awarded a split decision.

Joe Gollob, Montreal's promising Jewish lightweight, stole the spotlight in the supporting bouts that were dominated by Montrealers. Making his pro debut, Gollob performed like a veteran and took all six rounds from Eddie Edwards, rugged Ottawa lightweight. Art Primrose and Johnny Keller, Montreal lightweights, won and lost in the other six-rounders. Primrose's battering barrages had Tommy Meeking, Windsor veteran, on the verge of a knockout in every round but the veteran gamester rallied occasionally to survive till the finish. Keller had Gordon Fitzgerald, Windsor lad, primed for a knockout after a round and a half of grueling slugging but a questionable left hook to the body that put Fitzgerald down and out was ruled a foul by the referee.

Armand Vincent, enterprising Montreal promoter, attempted to stage two attractive cards in the Forum during the month but got bad breaks that upset his plans. He matched Bobby Leitham, Canadian bantam king, and Eugene Huat, the rugged Frenchman, for a twelve-round headliner with Ray Cook billed in the semifinal. Cook was injured in an automobile accident and a couple of other fighters on the card also dropped off a few days before the date of the show, so Armand got his stamp pad busy and cancelled the entire show.

Bobby Leitham announced his retirement from the ring shortly after his scheduled battle with Eugene Huat was called off. Leitham leaves the ring with a creditable career behind him and the reputation of a battler who never lacked for trying, and never failed to please the fans. Followers of the game are wishing the popular Verdun protege of Sam Gibbs the "best of 'em" in his decision to forsake the roped square.

Tiger Warrington, dusky Liverpool, N. S., light-heavy sensation, scored two notable wins in Halifax, where he is now an idol. The "Tiger" punched Jean Pusie, Montreal's hockey playing heavyweight, into oblivion with a left hook to the chin in exactly 42½ seconds, then pounded Mickey Bishop, Boston, all over the ring for five heats when the towel sailed gracefully into the ring from Bishop's corner. He was billed to display his wares in Ottawa but his scheduled opponent took a run-out powder and no other suitable opponent could be secured in time. Halifax promoters are figuring on a match between Warrington and Steve Trojack, Winnipeg walloper, for the Canadian heavyweight title.

STRAY SHOTS—Montreal's Commission is trying to induce Bobby Leitham to return to ring for bantam title eliminations . . . . but Bobby refuses to reconsider his decision to retire . . . . he is married and daddy of two kiddies . . . . season warming up in Winnipeg and Western Canada . . . . Laurie Peppin and Frankie Battaglia mooted for match in Winnipeg . . . . it would be a "natural" there . . . . Jack Peppin keeping his fighters busy . . . . also George "Scotty" Thomson, who handles amateurs and pros in 'Pegtown' . . . . his promising middleweight, Bill Baggley, had his career abbreviated permanently while working in a foundry . . . . a piece of cast steel struck his eye . . . . a tough break . . . . boxing active in small towns around Winnipeg . . . . Battling Tracey is still going strong in Western Canada . . . . he lost only two of twenty-four fights thereabouts . . . . to Battaglia and Sammy Slaughter . . . . "Kap" Kaplansky, former Montrealer, is promoting good shows to packed houses in Winnipeg . . . . taking Tracey and his Viking light-heavy, Eddie Wenstob, to Europe next month . . . . cheerio till then.

"Kid" Hart, maritime feather titlist, may meet "Butcher Boy" MacDonald in Cape Breton for the title, in the near future. Hart has beaten MacDonald in their last two engagements in Moncton and desires this one on his own soil.

CANADIAN MARITIME NEWS
By G. A. M. TUTTY

"IRISH" JIMMIE BOYNE disposed of Ray "Bud" Taylor in one round. The finish came after 1 minute 30 seconds, first round.

Bobby Allen, of Westville, N. S., fought his first fight in New Brunswick, when he beat Johnnie Lifford of St. John, N. B.

Eddie Mitchell of Bridgetown, N. S., was K.O.'ed in the third round in his ten-round go with Bobby Orr, of Joggins Mines, N. S., in a Fredericton ring.

Halifax open-air shows are a thing of the past and the indoor season is now in full swing. "Tiger" Warrington K.O.'ed Gene Pusie, a former member of the N. Y. Rangers' hockey club, in 46 seconds of the first round. Pusie landed in the press bench from a right-hook K.O. delivered at short range.

"Irish" Jimmie Boyne left for Toronto with the best wishes of his multitude of maritime well-wishers. Yours Truly has been his mentor during his campaign through the best of his class in the east and will be his pilot for the next four years.

Ed Don George, claimant to the heavy-weight wrestling title of the world, showed for the first time to maritime wrestling fans in Halifax, N. S. As was expected, he won the match from Harry Lundin of New York in straight falls.

Joe Smith of Cape Breton, the maritime middleweight champion, K.O.'ed Billy Holmes in his last start.

Johnnie Nemis, former welter and middle champion of the maritimes, writing to this column, wishes it to be known he would like to act as instructor at any local gym.

Any news for this column should be mailed to reach the writer on the twelth of the month, to 58 Charles St., W. Toronto, Canada.

TOPICS FROM JAPAN
By JOHNNY MASUDA

SINCE the Mikado Kingdom has made great strides in the cauliflower industry, a series of elimination bouts are likely to be held soon to select fighters in their various classes.

Tetsu Yamaoka, Horiguchi's rival, is still winning his fights via the short route. Recently he stopped K. O. Caballero of Manila in seven rounds. Not satisfied, Yamaoka then put a stop to Al Cunan's advance notices when he planted one to the Filipino's bread basket in the third stanza. The Japanese then decisioned Fighting Yaba in eight rounds.

Tiny Murota, after a long absence from the ring, having fractured a broken shoulder, impressed the fans by trouncing Young Hanada in eight rounds. It looks like Murota will cop the flyweight title.

Don Stewart, of Seattle, after making a successful campaign of Korea and other parts of Japan, returned here recently for a series of bouts with the local talent.

Fighting Yaba, brother of Star Frisco, won over Eimei Hattori by a technical knockout in the second round.

Young Thajudeen, of Singapore, lost to Young Hayashi by a technical knockout in the third, while Nicky Sullivan lost via the same route to Kamiyama. George Sulzdorf of Burma gave up the fight to Fukuo Matsuoka by tossing in the towel to admit defeat. Peter George of South Africa drew with Shoichi Ohtsu, but made an impression with the fans in Osaka by losing the decision to Fukuo Matsuoka. Young Aposto was decisioned by Young Hasegawa.

Mr. Yujiro Watanabe made plans to visit the States with his protege, Piston Horiguchi, this summer but since Horiguchi was laid up with jaundice, the trip was canceled. Fight fans here are of the opinion that he is a far better fighter then Joe Tei Ken. Horiguchi, it seems, is aching for a crack at Freddie Miller. Horiguchi is a tireless mixer, always in action from start to finish.

In making their initial bow before Tokyo's wrestling fans, the invading Hawaiian Amateur wrestlers lost all their bouts to the pick of the local talent. A group of Filipino amateur leather pushers are expected to invade Japan soon for a series of fights.

Fighters desirous of invading Japan should communicate with the writer whose address is: No. 23-2 chome, Shinjuku, Yotsuya, Tokyo. Good fighters are wanted here.

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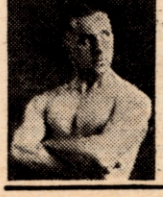

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MINNESOTA FLASHES

By CLYDE SMITH

THE indoor boxing season is off with a bang, and for a start things look pretty sweet. All the promoters need is a few good fighters, and the fans will turn out. There is a good crop of youngsters in the making, and before the season is over, we should have a carload of stars for the eastern markets.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Larry Udell, Aberdeen, So. Dak., light-heavyweight, scored a three-round kayo over Pat Arnold of Minneapolis in three rounds. The best fight of the card saw Russ Schultz score a victory over Kid Miller of St. Paul, by the knockout route, in three rounds. In a very close battle Fred Atkinson, Negro welter, was handed a decision over Jock Moore of Duluth. Harvey Wood gained the edge over Danny O'Shea; Frank Androff won from Verne Trickle; Buster Page shaded Pat Chillefone; Bud Glover hung up a victory over Bert Duchene; Reddy Martin beat Billy Forkey; Ben King won the nod over Battling Bolo.

St. Paul, Minn.—Charley Retzlaff the Duluth dynamiter won a TKO over Frankie Edgren, Cheyenne, Wyo., heavyweight, in seven rounds; Larry Udell scored a TKO over Johnny Kern in four; Henry Schaft beat out a six-round decision over Ralph Leslie. Jack Gibbons looked impressive when he outpointed Johnny Simpson; Lee Savoldi halted Art McGovern in the first frame; Clyde Watson beat Eddie Pole in the opener.

RING READERS—Don't forget that your news must be in my hands by the 14th of each month. Mail same to 746 South Smith Avenue, St. Paul, Minn. For complete boxing and wrestling news always read the RING.

Minneapolis, Minn.—The old age question of whether a good wrestler can defeat a good boxer has been settled in this section of the woods. Abe Kashey pinned Charley Retzlaff's shoulders to the mat in the fourth round of a billed ten-rounder; Kashey's victory wasn't any too popular with the crowd of nearly 12,000 persons, but it happened just the same. Retzlaff almost won by a kayo in the third frame, when he scored three knockdowns, the bell saving the wrestler. Larry Udell knocked out Dave Maier in the sixth round of a wild slugfest. It was a grand fight. Jack Gibbons won the decision over Chief Miller, Indian fighter of Neenah, Wis. Rene Barrett won by a TKO over Charley Bittner; Russ Schultz knocked out Kid Miller of St. Paul; Buster Page defeated Bud Glover; Fred Atkinson and Max Kalbrenner fought to a draw; Jack Dempsey, former heavy king, Ed L. Shave, Jack MacDowell and Labe Safro refereed. It was the best card of the month.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Amateur results for the month; Jimmy Collins halted Jerry Silvers in three; Harry Pitt decisioned Johnny Bersky; Tom McKeenon beat Dick Johnson; Lloyd Mapes knocked out Bill Birkhart; Steve Cook won over Johnny Dobbins; Don Price kayoed Harold Bjerkstand; Stantley Hutaba beat Dick Connal; Don Espensen knocked out Scotty McLennon; Jimmy Collins knocked out Larry Meuller; Emil Staude won over Bill Radke; Don Price beat Red Grant; Johnny Hanson beat Dick Luger; Frank Doty won from Stanley Haubato; Johnny McCabe beat Doty Munich and Don Espensen beat Vic Assid in a slugging bee; Joey Thomas is the matchmaker, with the shows being staged at the Pillbsury house.

Grand Forks, No. Dak.—Babe Daniels stopped Eddie King in one; Ted Reither knocked out Young Massett; Stanley Dorgan kayoed Bat Larson; Bruno Lahti knocked out Ed Klyne; King Witoski won by a T.K.O. over George Tuttle.

DID YOU KNOW THAT—Jack Dempsey decided to quit smoking when he found himself doing away with from twenty to thirty cigars daily . . . He has supplanted cigars with chewing tobacco which he uses very sparingly . . . Larry Udell of Aberdeen, So. Dak., is a drawing card in this section . . . This light-heavyweight is a fighter who will fight from start to finish . . . Mike Mandell former heavyweight boxer is now a referee . . . Tom Gibbons is doing the same . . . "Silent" Mike McNulty who used to be the big noise in local fight circles has found a great prospect in Johnny Miler of Albia, Ia. . . Mickey Tice of Freeport, Ill., has moved into town with three boys . . . Can be reached care Ringside Gym . . . Dago Joe Gans and Buddy McDonald fought fifteen times in their prime . . . They are still staging exhibitions . . . Murray McLean has taken over the management of Lee Savoldi, light-heavy . . . Jack Hurley has half a dozen youngsters breaking into the game down at Duluth . . . These boys were weeded out from 200 applicants who wished to enter the fistic sport . . . When in Duluth drop down to Hurley's gym on West First Street . . . Herb Catherwood, a tough welter twenty years ago, is handling Billy Hays, winner of the light-heavyweight championship in the Northwest Golden Gloves a few years ago . . . Hays has turned pro . . . Merry Xmas! Happy New Year!

LAST MINUTE FLASHES—Earl Kane, who managed Jackie Conway and many other fighters of note, is back in the game again . . . He is getting together a large stable of boys in conjunction with Johnny De Otis who will have charge of the training . . . Max Winters, overseer of the Ernie Fliegel stable at Minneapolis, is hot after a shot between Frankie Knauer and Jock Moore . . . Chick Hanscom is holding some pretty good wrestling and boxing shows at Rochester, Minn. . . . John Reddy says that the late Billy Miske would have belted Kashey the wrestler out in jig-time . . . Our mail bag is filled with letters this month, and we would certainly like to answer each and every one, but some of you boys don't enclose stamps for your reply . . . Mickey Slater, coming Sioux City featherweight, and his manager "Pop" Slater are on hand again this month . . . have stated before, this Slater is a comer if press clippings mean anything . . . and local promoters should give this boy a try-out . . . Another boy who would make a hit here is Billy Vaughn, the Torrington, Wyo., lightweight . . . This boy is a main-eventer, and from his clippings he is certainly a crowd-pleaser from the word go.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

THE 1934 outdoor boxing season in Sioux City is over, and to make a long story short it was successful from start to finish. The closing fight card saw Dick Demeray, Tappen, No. Dak., welter, and Jimmy Wooten, of Omaha, dishing out eight rounds of action, with Demeray getting the decision. Mel Rice, Early, Ia., welter, defeated Henry Acquiree of Lincoln, Nebr., in a fast six-round semi-windup. In a fast four-rounder, Buddy Short, local colored middleweight, won over Cecil Long of Centerville, So. Dak. Lloyd Weaver lost by a shade to Bert Long in four. Mickey "Babyface" Slater lost a hair-line go to Cappy Wooten. Jackie James scored a kayo over George Dixon. The latter two bouts, both fours.

Here are a few of the boys who showed promise during the past season: Kid Miller, light-heavyweight; Buddy Short, middleweight; Mickey "Babyface" Slater, featherweight; Lloyd Weaver, lightweight; Tommy Sacco, bantam weight; Terry Griffith, lightweight; Eddie Reynolds, featherweight; Bert Long, lightweight. Cappy Wooten of Omaha is another youngster that bears watching in the lightweight class.

Mason City, Ia.—Over 2,000 fight fans filled the armory to watch Jack Dempsey, former heavy king, do his stuff in the role of referee. Results of the bouts were as follows: Jimmy Legrone, Des Moine, Ia., battler won over Lou Taylor, of Moline, Ill., in eight; Ronald Malcom, scored a TKO, over Carroll Heath, in four; Harvey Caruthers won a decision over Goldie O'Hare, in six.

Waterloo, Ia.—Mike Dundee, of Rock Island, Ill., and Joe Rivers of Cedar Rapids, Ia., battled six rounds to a draw; Jack Spratt and Howdie Dawson drew; Judd Steinbrook beat Nick Soteros; Harry Christian shaded Kid Smith; Sonny Bass scored kayo over Ruddy Maxwell.

Mason City, Ia.—Jimmy Legrone won over Kid Lehr in six rounds; Ronald Malcom beat Carroll Heath; Swede Hare won over Al Wilson; Kid Ripley beat Jack Cornell; Pep O'Brien beat Jackie Spratt; Jimmy Britt beat Tony Weitzel; Kid Lanford shaded Florin Delante; Leonard Scholl beat Jimmy Boyd.

Jack Dempsey former heavyweight champion of world, completed his latest refereeing tour of the Middle West. Dempsey is still a drawing power, and just as popular with the fans as if he were champion. He did his stuff in nine towns and close to 30,000 turned out. Minneapolis, Minn., was the top, with nearly 12,000 on hand.

Don't forget to mail your notes in by the 16th of each month. If they are not on hand by this date, they will be left out. Mail same to 2206 North Lafayette Place., Sioux City, Ia. My new promoters list No. 4 is now ready. An up-to-date and active list that every manager and fighter should have. The price is ten cents.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—Andy Dans, popular old-time fighter and a manager, is taking care of the Wooten brothers, Jimmy and Cappy . . . Tommy Corbett, Omaha lightweight, was knocked out in six rounds by Tracy Cox at Chicago . . . Lakota, Ia., has entered the wrestling and boxing promoters' field. . . Benny Floyd, former state amateur lightweight champion, will resume action this fall and winter . . . Floyd has fought ninety eight fights and lost only eight . . . He hails from Clarinda, Ia. . . Ulmer, Ia., is also staging boxing shows . . . John Adams is promoting at Guttenberg, Ia. . . Bill Tate, a former sparring partner of Jack Dempsey, was in Sioux City . . . Tate is now an organizer for the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butchers Union . . . Earl Wampler and Babe Carnera, wrestlers, have left for the East . . . Finn B. Eriksen, wrestling coach at New Hampton (Ia.) High is president of the Iowa High School Wrestling Association . . . Ad Zachow who claims the middleweight title of the New England States is a former Iowa boy . . . Ad used to live at Clinton, Ia. . . He is under the management of A. P. Sherry, of Dover, N. H. . . Chick Chambers, boxing promoter of Sanborn, Ia., was in town looking for talent for his winter cards . . . Harry Jones, local promoter, is busy on the wires looking for high class talent for the Journal Good Fellow Boxing Card, which is the big event of the indoor season . . . Dave Fidler is planning some big fistic shows down at Des Moines . . . Young Rightmire, Sioux City's featherweight ace, is making the wise ones take notice . . . The three leading fighters in Iowa right now are Young Rightmire, of Sioux City; Davey Day, lightweight of Des Moines; and Johnny Miler of Albia, Ia., a light-heavyweight . . . Le Mars, Ia., has a comer in Eddie Reynolds, a featherweight . . . Le Mars is the town that King Tut, of fistic fame, hailed from . . . Billy Vaughn still has the lightweights on the run in this section . . . Mickey "Babyface" Slater, local featherweight comer, is back in training after a two weeks' vacation trip in the Northwoods . . . Xmas greetings and best wishes for 1935.

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

BOXING in a big way may come back to Boston. This is the real news of the month in this city and vicinity. The magnates of the Boston Garden, encouraged by the signs of the revival of the glove game elsewhere, have decided to try it again. So once more the rattle and thud of the padded mitts may be heard in its fine arena, one of the best and largest in the entire country. But it is realized, both by the magnates and the sporting branch of the Fourth Estate, that to bring back boxing to Boston—where it has been practically dead for months—the blue chips have got to be played with a lavish hand for a period. The time has gone by for penny-ante.

As its initial step the Garden directorate has appointed Ray Cass of Cambridge, Mass., as its matchmaker and installed him in an office in its North Station sports palace. Cass is a veteran—has been directly and indirectly interested in fisticuffs for years. As the one-time manager of Frankie Britt, the sterling little New Bedford lightweight of former days, he became known rather generally throughout the country east of the Mississippi. As former matchmaker of the Arena A.A., a club now extinct, Cass staged many big and successful glove combats in the Boston Arena.

With not a club functioning in Boston at this writing—the sport entirely a futurity proposition—the writer finds himself set to it to produce something for the present issue of THE RING. First, in the October issue, it was noted that Eddie Borden must have been thinking of some other ringster when he credited Lou Brouillard with a win over Al McCoy in eight heats. They have yet to meet inside of ropes. When Billy Ames presided as matchmaker at the Garden he made several attempts to bring these warriors together. The McCoy forces were willing enough, but not so with the Brouillard troupe.

(P.S. Through some error, Al McCoy was mentioned instead of Anson Green as Brouillard's victim. Please excuse, E.B.)

Werther Arcelli, the Italian boy, now residing in Dorchester, made a successful start on the comeback trail to regain his former New England welter title, lost months ago to Harry Devine of Worcester, by defeating Harry Alexanian, also a Worcester product, in a Salem ring. The affair, a feature bout, lasted but eight rounds. It was Arcelli's first showing within ropes for many weeks. In the semifinal, Pancho Villa of Waterville, Me., won from Renato Stranghelline of Salem, six heats.

The veteran Jack Murphy of Lynn, who will tackle about anything in the promotional line, blossomed forth at the Quincy Arena, with Buck Tracy, a tough middleweight from Malden, meeting Tony Celli of Leominster, in the feature. Celli was disqualified in the eighth frame for hitting low, the award going to Tracy. The show drew a fair house.

There is talk about the town that in the near future Al Gainer, the star Negro performer of New Haven, and Lou Brouillard may mingle in a Boston ring. Gainer has a win over the Worcesterite which Lou would like to attempt to erase. Should they again meet, Brouillard will be in for a tough muss.

The Irish American A.A. of South Boston, which last season met the landlord problem by securing a clubhouse of its own, is again staging the amateurs—a show every Thursday night. As was the case last season, the club tourneys are good and are drawing cash customers.

Jack Sharkey, the former world's heavyweight champion, is back in the ring, but not as a fighting man. Refereeing wrestling bouts is his new line. He has worked several times for Promoter Charley Gordon here in Boston and filled the job very satisfactorily.

Norman Conrad of Wilton, N.H., one-time New England light-heavy champion, got back to the near-Boston wars on September 24, when he defeated Tony Costa of New Bedford, in a hurricane scrap staged in Salem. In the other half of the co-feature, Steve Salek of Lowell pounded out a win over Pancho Villa of Maine. It was a hectic fray.

There is coming to the front in this section a big middleweight of foreign extraction who appeals to us as worthy of watching. He is Fanis Tzanatopolous, known as the "Greek Tiger," of Salem, who has been given mentions from time to time in THE RING. This chap is not a great boxer, but he is game and tough and most certainly can slam with either fist. He has seldom missed putting his man either into the resin or forcing him to retire. Up at Portland, Me., he encountered another tough boy in Eddie Dreher of Columbia, S.C., and the towel was thrown for the latter in the third heat to save him from extinction. There is a move on to match the "Tiger" with Lou Brouillard for a Boston fight, and something may come of it.

Enthusiastic promoters are keeping the fighting business alive at Portsmouth, N.H., a recent tourney wherein Mike Pazienza of Providence, R.I., stopped Jimmy Hanlon of Revere in four heats, the feature number, drawing very well.

Since the last issue of THE RING, the Rickard Recreation Centre, a small club boxing possibility, has been opened in Friend Street, a combat between wrestlers being the initial effort. The place will seat about 700, every seat having a clear view of the ring. The latter is small and bound to be fast. The Glover A.C., where the surroundings are similar, is about ready to click in South Boston. The idea back of these clubs is to build up boxing talent. State overhead expense is the lone thing now holding these clubs back.

While wrestling is hitting up the usual merry pace, also in spots becoming more and more like London Rules stuff than otherwise, we had a George-Browning championship at the Garden the last of September which went over very good as regards both the show and the attendance. Though George was the victor, curiously he failed to register an actual fall. It happened thus: Browning won the first fall in 30:35 with his turn-over scissors. In the second round, after 14:43 of actual work on the mat, George and Browning tangled up and got into the ropes. Charley Donnell, the referee, attempted to untangle them. In the mix the three toppled over the top strand and fell together, a distance of about seven feet, to the granolithic floor of the Garden. They landed hard, and we'll swear that such a plunge was not on the program. Both Browning and Donnell were injured, the referee being carted to the hospital. There the doctors packed his head in ice bags and finally brought him out of it. Browning, being unable to continue the round, the fall was awarded to George. Thus one fall for each. After a long recess Browning came out for the third round. He was in no condition to continue and, after being butted around and finally through the ropes, passed out. This fall and the match were awarded to George. The time of the round was but 3:28. Up to the time of the accident, the Missourian looked the better man. In view of the circumstances, it is likely that they will again collide.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1933.

Of The Ring, published monthly at Springfield, Mass., for October 1, 1934

County of New York } ss.
State of New York }

Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Nathaniel Fleischer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of The Ring Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and, if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Ring, Inc., 825 8th Avenue, New York City, N. Y.; Editor, Nathaniel Fleischer, 825 8th Avenue, New York City, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Ring, Inc., 825 8th Avenue, New York City, N. Y.; Nathaniel Fleischer, 825 8th Avenue, New York City, N. Y.; A. D. Phillips, 825 8th Avenue, New York City, N. Y.; Harold S. Fleischer, 825 8th Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: (If there are none, so state) None.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

NATHANIEL FLEISCHER, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of October, 1934.

EDWIN LEE,
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[Seal]

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TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

ARCHIE SEXTON (Bethnal Green) defeated Del Fontaine (Canada) in the seventh when the latter was disqualified for repeatedly hitting low. Tom Curran won comfortably over Dennis Buckley after eight exciting rounds. Arthur Killeen won a close decision over Tony Butcher after eight fine rounds. George Odwell won on points from Edourd Jamsin after ten rounds.

Dom Volante (Liverpool) defeated George Morgan (Welsh featherweight champ) in the eighth when the Welshman was ruled out for using the back-hand punch after several warnings.

Nat Franks (Stoke Newington) forced Dai Beynon (Wales) to retire in the seventh of a twelve-rounds bout at Bethnal Green Drill Hall. In the supporting bout of ten rounds Ralph Felt defeated Fred Bullions on points after a good bout.

Chris "Ginger" Foran (Liverpool) scored a clean-cut K.O. over the promising Johnny Ellis (Manchester) who took the count in the fifth round. Ralph Lenny, the American sparring partner to Freddie Miller, outpointed Peter Clarke (Liverpool) after a good bout.

A packed house at the Ring, London, saw Dave McCleave, 1934 A.B.A. And Empire Games Welterweight Champion, kayoed Tommy Marren (Burnley), in the fifth round of his first bout as a pro.

Chris Dawson boxed a draw with Chuck Parker after twelve rounds at the Mile End Arena. In the supporting twelve-rounders Young Connolly (Stepney) defeated Tiger Bert Ison (Leicester) on points. George Brown (Stepney) defeated Billy Ross (Stepney) on points and Young Siki (Stepney) drew with Sandy McKewan (Scotland).

At The Vale Hall, Kilburn, Jim Smart lost the decision to Jack Delaney (Greenwich) after twelve interesting rounds. Frank Meacham (Borough) received the decision over Mike Sullivan (Hoxton) after twelve good rounds. In eight rounds, Johnny Pearce (Clerkenwell) defeated Hill (Wembley and Wales) when they met at Newcastle over the twelve rounds course.

George Chaplin (Walsall) and Hal Cartwright (Tipton) fought a hectic twelve rounds bout at Walsall. At the end the referee could not part them and gave his decision as a draw.

Peter Miller (Gateshead) outpointed Herbie George Stevens (St. George's) after a hard punching bout.

A most unusual incident arose in a boxing contest at Penzance when Tommy Barrett (Penzance) and George Reynolds (Wolverhampton) met over ten rounds. In the fifth Barrett was disqualified for striking Reynolds low, but Reynolds insisted that the bout should go on, and the referee allowed the bout to continue. At the end of the round, seeing the condition of Reynolds through the low blow, he stated that the disqualification must stand.

Harry Edwards (Birmingham) boxed a draw with Mog Mason (Gilfach Loch) after fifteen hard rounds at Merthyr.

Bob Morgan (Abertridwyr) defeated Eddie Davis (Cumpare) in a battle of wits over fifteen rounds at Bargoed.

Young Beckett (Pentre) and Dan Thomas (Morriston) boxed a terrific fifteen rounds draw at Trelaw.

Freddie Miller (world's featherweight champion) won his second bout in five days when he K.O'ed Billy Hazel (Pontypridd) in the fifth round of a ten-round bout at Belle Vue Manchester. Miller had things all his own way and Hazel proved himself game in taking all that Miller gave; Hazel was down in the first and third rounds for nine counts before he was K.O'ed in the fifth.

A surprise was in store for the big crowd when George Marsden (Nottingham) outpointed Johnny King (Manchester) over the twelve-round route at 122 pounds.

At the Stadium Club, London, Harry Gains (Bermondsey) defeated Albert Danahar (Bethnal Green) on points after a good bout. In the supporting bout over twelve rounds, Johnny Buckley (Bermondsey) and Jack Gubbins (Stratford) slammed away to a battle in which the referee gave a draw. Seaman Harry Ewin (Royal Navy) outpointed Charlie Hone (Penge) in a twelve-round bout. Jim Anderson (Waltham Cross) outpointed Tommy Fox (Bermondsey) after a scrambling bout.

Douglas Parker (Sunderland) successfully defended his Northern Area lightweight championship when he defeated Norman Dale (Newcastle) in the latter's home town over fifteen rounds. Fred Clements (Cambridge) scored a good win, when he K.O'ed Seaman Knocker White (Chatham) in the fifth of a twelve-round bout. "Panther" Purchse (South Africa) defeated Jack Lord (Bolton) in the 6th when the latter was ruled out for consistent holding.

Tommy Pardoe (Birmingham) kept his unbeaten certificate when he met Jim Campbell (Glasgow) at Birmingham over twelve rounds. Pardoe boxed well and beat the sturdy Scot on points. In the supporting bout of ten rounds, Charlie Baxter (Birmingham) was extremely lucky to receive the decision over Chuck Parker (Barnsley).

Joe Mendiola, the Filipino who lives in Paris, made a trip to Newcastle to meet the local flyweight star, Micky McGuire, and forced him to retire at the end of the ninth with a badly cut eye. Benny Sharkey (Newcastle) was a clear winner when he met Billy Charlton (Gateshead) at Newcastle over twelve rounds.

Bobby McGhee (North Shields) again appeared in a winning vein at Newcastle when he met Jim Palmer (Consett) whom he beat on points after a good bout.

Arnold "Kid" Shepperd (Ferndale) and Tommy Dowlais (Tredegar) met at Bargoed and gave the fans twelve rounds of thrills before the referee called the bout a draw.

Sandy McKenzie (Glasgow) was given a lucky decision after being on the receiving end throughout the twelve rounds in his bout with Eddie Pierce (South Africa) when they met at the Adelphi Club, Glasgow.

Tommy Farr, cruiserweight champion of Wales, successfully defended his title against Charlie Bundy (Treherbert) after fifteen grueling rounds when they met at Trelaw.

Peter Clarke (Liverpool), who loves a fight, was successful in his bout at Leeds when he met the local Sonny Lee, who was ruled out for a low blow in the second round of a twelve-round bout.

Freddie Mitchell (Dartmouth) easily whipped Jack Kirby (Birmingham) when they met at Donald Duncan's show at Bedford, in what was to have been a twelve-rounder. Kirby retired at the end of the fifth round. In the supporting bout of ten rounds Reg Perkins (Bedford) defeated Leo Evans (Wales) after a scrambling bout on points.

Johnny McGrory (Scottish featherweight champion) had to battle very hard to beat Len Beynon (Welsh bantamweight champion) on points when they met at the Adelphi Club, Glasgow. Benny Sharkey and Billy Sheldon, two Newcastle lads, met at Middlesborough over the twelve-round route and the former won well on points.

Bobby McGhee (North Shields) won again, this time his victim was clever Billy Bryon (Walden) who was stopped in the seventh of a twelve-round bout at Newcastle.

Stoker Reynolds (Portsmouth) won comfortably over Dixie Cullen (Chelsea) in ten rounds when they met at Portsmouth. Reynolds was too good for the Chelsea lad.

One of the outstanding boys in the flyweight division today is the Scottish lad, Benny Lynch. Wee Benny goes from success to success, and his most outstanding surprise was to defeat the French flyweight champion, Valentin Angelmann over twelve rounds, when they recently met at Cathkin Park, Glasgow.

Jimmy Stewart (Liverpool) received the decision over Jules Verbist (Belgium) after twelve rounds of hectic fighting at the Stadium Liverpool.

George Marsden, fresh from his victory over Johnny King, stepped into the ring at Morecambe, and lost a twelve-round points decision to Jack Kirk (Mansfield).

Freddie Miller met Dave Crowley in an overweight match over ten rounds at Jeff Dickson's opening show at The Albert Hall. Crowley surprised the champion by sailing in and fighting back after receiving some hard left uppercuts. Crowley was floored for three short counts. The champion was always in front, and received Referee Moss Deyong's decision after a good bout.

The supporting bout, one of the best seen in an English ring, was between Jimmy Walsh and Maurice Holtzer, with Walsh getting the decision. Ralph Lenny won easily over Jim Bloomfield (Westbourne Park) who retired at the end of the fifth round of a six-round bout.

Johnny King (Manchester) reversed the decision in the return match with George Marsden (Nottingham) over twelve rounds. King this time left nothing to chance, and won well.

George Odwell scored a quick K.O. over Jack Kirby in the first round with a left hook to the body when they met at Drill Hall, Islington.

A view of the real "Kid" Berg was seen at the Ring, London, when the Whitechapel tearaway met Nicholas Wilke (Belgium) in the chief bout of ten rounds. For nine rounds Berg fought non-stop pace and wore the plucky Belgium down to a standstill, when the referee stopped the bout to save a game man unnecessary punishment.

Kid Farlo (Stepney), who has been out of the ring for the summer, returned to the Ring at Mile End Arena and boxed Arnold "Kid" Shepard (Cardiff) to a thrilling twelve-round draw. Jim Smart scored a three rounds' K.O. over Jimmy Stewart in what was to have been a twelve-round bout. Eric Jones was altogether too good for Joey Carr and the latter retired in the eighth of a twelve-round bout.

Joe Mendiola, the Filipino flyweight, won the decision over Jim Brady of Dundee at the end of twelve rounds at Newcastle.

Harry Gains (Bermondsey) scored a six-round K.O. over Bert Cook (Taunton) when they met at the Bethnal Green Drill Hall, in what was scheduled to go twelve rounds.

Charlie Bundy (Treherbert) gained a surprising points victory over Del Fontaine (Canada) when they met at Llannely over twelve rounds.

Benny Sharkey (Newcastle) won on points over Jim Hurst (Blaydon) at Newcastle in a return twelve-round contest.

Jim Maharg (Glasgow) won the bantamweight championship of Scotland from the holder, Jimmy Knowles (Aberdeen), after fifteen hard rounds.

Peter Miller (Gateshead) won a good points victory over Bob Smart (Sheffield) at Newcastle over ten rounds.

Boy Aldridge (Leeds) won a great bout on points when he defeated Jack Richardson (Manchester) over twelve rounds at Barnsley.

Jimmy McLarnin, world's welterweight champion, who is paying a visit to his former home in Ireland, stopped off long enough in "Dear Old London" to see the sights, he was introduced to the crowd at the Ring, London, and received a mighty good hand.

Jack Hood, the former welterweight champion of Great Britain, made a good comeback to the ring, at Birmingham. He met Len "Tiger" Smith, also of Birmingham, at the Embassy Rink, and the way he set about his task one could see that Jack meant business. He certainly gave the "Tiger" a warm reception and at the end of fifteen rounds Hood was an easy winner.

Jock McAvoy, British middleweight champion, must be the hardest hitter in British Boxing today. He kayoed Jack Etienne, the Belgian Cruiserweight in the first round.

Paul Schaeffer (Canada) gained a victory over Eddie McGuire (South Africa) in eight rounds when the latter received two cut eyes, and was forced to retire.

Charlie Belanger, Canadian cruiserweight champion, made short work of Jack London (West Hartlepool) whom he knocked out with a left to the chin in the third round of a twelve-round bout at White City, Hull.

Jim Anderson (Waltham) proved a clear winner over Teddy Hayes (Canada), who was giving away too much weight when they met at the Alcazar, Edmonton.

Chris Dawson (St. John's Wood) continues to show promise, and at the expense of Pat Butler (Leicester) scored a convincing points victory at the end of fifteen rounds, when they met at The Mile End Arena. The supporting bouts over ten rounds were both very good. Mike Sullivan (Hoxton) defeated George Merritt (Silvertown) on points, and Albert Danahar (Bethnal Green) scored a clever points victory after being down in the first round for a long count.

Herbie Fraser (Westbourne Park) shared honors with Johnny Rust (South Africa) after twelve rounds of hard fighting, when they met at The Chalton Ring.

Billy Murdoch (Liverpool) with a weight advantage of four pounds, scored an easy victory over Peter Veitch (Gateshead) when the referee stopped the one-sided bout in the third of a scheduled twelve-round bout. Johnny Mack (Carlisle) stopped Jim Teasdale (Middlesborough) in the sixth of a twelve-round supporting bout.

That's all, friends, for this month, and don't forget, if any of you Europeans would like books from The Ring Book Shop, to send Postal Order with your letter, to John S. Sharpe, 3 Edward St., London, E. 1, England, and your order will be attended to.

AUSTRALIAN BOXING NOTES
By HERB McHUGH

THE Jack Carroll-Tod Morgan battle is over. Although the American fought gallantly, he was never in the picture against Australia's welter champion, and was well behind in the points ledger at the conclusion of fifteen rounds . . . . Just a case of what usually happens when a good little man tries to put it across a good big 'un . . . . Some people after the fight were inclined to roast Morgan for not fighting more tactfully against Carroll. So much for their judgment . . . . At a disadvantage in height, reach and weight, his only hope was to crash through with a shock attack and sock Carroll good and hard as often as he could. The fact that Morgan failed to do this saw Tod go the way of most of Carroll's opponents.

Carroll has fought Fred Henneberry (middleweight champion) on three occasions. He was stopped the first time in thirteen rounds, but he turned the tables at the last two outings, decisively outpointing the champion at each glove-up . . . . It looks certain now that Carroll's next opponent will be Ambrose Palmer, no other than the light-heavy and heavyweight title holder . . . . And, it may surprise Americans to know that Carroll is given an excellent chance. A definite date for the match is not available, as Palmer has just returned from N.Z. with a badly jarred hand . . . When these fighters do take the ring against each other, a 10,000 dollar "gate" is certain . . . . By the way, Carroll and Morgan drew over $7,500 worth of customers . . . No doubt there is money here for a fighter who can deliver the goods . . . But let me repeat, Australians know what they want, and there is not the ghost of chance of any overseas boxer thinking he is on a holiday trip in visiting Australia.

Australia has a new lightweight champion . . . Herb Bishop is the latest occupant of the exclusive seat on the championship dais and he did the job in a most decisive fashion at Sydney Stadium by knocking out Jimmy Kelso in the thirteenth round . . . There was no fluke about the win . . . Bishop is a fine prospect, and, while it was thought that he would be leaving almost immediately for America, his manager, Jes Cortez, has first decided to visit Manila before returning to the States.

It would not be fair to detract from Bishop's victory to suggest that Kelso is all washed-up . . . The true way to win any championship, if possible, is to win by a knock-out . . . The fact of the case was that Bishop refused to let up and really beat Kelso at his own game of bustle and bristle. The ability to put his opponent out of his stride by persistency of a varied attack has accounted for much of Kelso's success against overseas fighters. But Bishop is a much cleaner puncher than Kelso and his punches make contact with the knuckle part of the glove. Once a south-paw, now changed round to the orthodox stance, Bishop relies a good deal on his left hand to do damage. Clinking left hooks to the chin put Kelso with his nose in the resin . . . Perhaps making the lightweight limit may have effected Kelso's stamina somewhat, but the ex-champion never referred to it and after the battle sportingly acknowledged Bishop's superiority.

Another lightweight, by the way, has burst to the front . . . He is Alf Blatch . . . Having his first big event at headquarters, he knocked out the Welsh boxer, Tommy John, in eight rounds. The youngster showed fine ability, and, while John falls short of first-class ranking, the fact remains that Blatch could not do better than knock him out . . . With added confidence, following his success, the N.B.C's matchmaker, Charlie Lucas, expects big things from Blatch. As the skeptic says—Time will tell.

A wrestling war is now in progress in Sydney. The National Boxing Club is staging weekly matches on Saturday nights, the same show-night as Leichhardt Stadium, which, perhaps, goes close to holding the world's record for the longest wrestling season, the present one having lasted nearly three years, with Tom Lurich having predominated as the star attraction most of the time.

Wrestling fans are disappointed in the falling through of the proposed match between Lurich and Gus Sonnenberg. Everything was practically arranged for the pair to clash under the direction of the N.B.C. at Sydney Stadium, when came the announcement that all negotiations were off and the sudden departure of Sonnenberg to N.Z. Each side blames the other for the fizzling out of a fixture that would have pulled in a 10,000-dollar "gate."

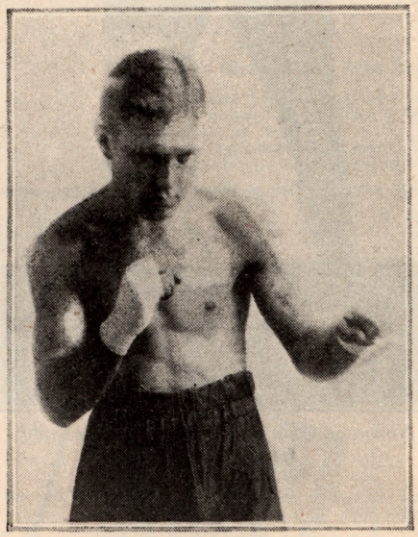
Gus Sonnenberg started the N.B.C.'s season. He had the Chinese, Wong Buck Cheung, as an opponent, whom he defeated by two falls to one. He followed on a week later by accounting for the Jap, Oki Shikina, also by the odd fall in three. Continuing his winning way, Sonnenberg then accounted for Harry Mamos in the only fall of the match. Bracketed with all this, during his short stay of a month, Sonnenberg made two trips to Brisbane, winning against Wong Buck Cheung and Jack Clarke, respectively. He also dropped off at Newcastle for a couple of matches, which, of course, he won. N.Z. has now claimed Gus, where, according to reports, he will stay for six weeks. He is then expected to return to Australia.

Lurich has had a remarkable run of successes at Leichhardt. The capacity of this club, as I have written previously, is approximately 5,000. The prices of admission operating are exceptionally low—ringside theatre chairs at 75 cents (never more than a dollar), down to 25 cents for the bleachers. The prices operating at Sydney Stadium are two dollars down to 50 cents.

Merv Blandon returned to the ring after rather a long spell. Australia's bantam champion weighed 124, consequently it appears as if he won't again fight as a bantam. His opponent on the occasion of his return was the Welsh featherweight, Phineas John. At the end of the tenth round, with a slight cut over his right eye, John retired from the fray, much to the disgust of the fans. While the wound required a stitch, according to the medical officer's report the cut was not of a nature to have influenced John to throw in the sponge. In consequence of this, the directors of the N.B.C. held a hurried court immediately afterwards and decided not to pay John his share of the "gate." At the time of mailing, the decision had not been reversed.

At the time of the unexpected ending, John was unquestionably ahead on points, but he was tiring quickly and I am of the opinion that Blandon would have made up the leeway or else stopped the Welshman. Naturally, Blandon was a little "green" through his long lay-off and his timing was all at fault early in the piece. However, as the fight progressed, especially from the seventh, he was all over his opponent.

John, it will be remembered, lost his fight against Varias Milling with an eye injury, although on that occasion it was left optic that gave the trouble. It was an ugly cut requiring six stitches. It did not trouble him against Blandon, although perhaps when he returned to his corner at the end of the tenth with the thought that his other eye was injured, the moral effect caused him to play safe.



Tracy Cox, hard hitting Indianapolis lightweight, who is making great strides with his heavy hitting prowess.

BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.
By JACK SAUNDERS

WITH the departure of Young Herrera, Cuba's double champion, Mr. G. DeSouza continues to engage the services of Cuban boxers. First to appear here was Baby La Paz, second ranking welter of Cuba, who defeated Joe Walcott, ex-champion of Panama.

Black Bill substituted for Juan Morales and surprised the house by whipping Sharkey.

Battling Johnny, ex-heavyweight champ, is now under charge of Juan W. Copeland. Hundreds of boxing fans are now able to visit the Rose Gardens Stadium daily to look the boys over in their workouts. Thanks to promoter Mr. G. DeSouza for placing the Stadium at their disposal.

Buzz Barion our middleweight contender and Paul Granda of Peru battled to a draw.

Lefty Flynn, unbeaten featherweight champ, continues to knock them over, scoring a T.K.O. over Kid Axie in the sixth round.

IN HAWAII
By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

BOXING shows took the spotlight in Honolulu, Wailuku, Maui and Hilo, Hawaii, with its monthly smokers.

HONOLULU RESULTS—Before a handful of a crowd at the Civic Auditorium, Young Tony, the kayo king, stole the show from the main eventer by scoring Callejo, a technical knockout in the first heat over Henry Callejo, Referee Lt. John Lovell stopped the contest to save Callejo from further punishment.

The main events ended in a knockout with Frank Torres, scoring the knockout blow over Kid Bulldog in the fourth frame. . . . In a fast bout Packo Pass took a decision from Mickey Donohue, of Hilo . . . . Young Ramirez TKO'ed David Imura in the third . . . . Kid Aiea won by a technical kayo over Fred Okimoto in the first stanza . . . . Lightning Alfonso and Matt Oide battled at a fast clip. The nod went to Alfonso . . . . Kid Francis beat Kid Domingo . . . . and Kid Henry unleashed a terrific hook to the midsection, scoring a kayo over Young Dodo.

HILO SMOKER—Clever Young Gildo, top-notch 126-pounder from the Philippines, proved too clever for the local Puerto Rican slugger winning by a wide margin over Joe Ledesma in an eight-rounder . . . . This was the main event.

Paul Seronio and Hisashi Nishi put up the best scrap of the night. Seronio took the nod by a narrow margin . . . . Sabas Jamito defeated Red Watai in six . . . . Manuel Ruiz, local welter put the sleeper on I. Crisistomo in one . . . . August Rodrigues stopped Juan Anastacio in first heat . . . . and Kid Masa got a break by holding Flashy Joe to a draw in the curtain raiser.

Wailuku, Maui—Young Glido added another victim to his list by scoring a technical knockout over Ted Rawland, a newcomer from the mainland in the fifth round.

Young Thomas held Benny Kam to a six-round draw . . . . Kid Santana decisioned Hitoshi Tanaka . . . . S. Hotta kayoed Clever Sencio in first . . . . S. Umetsu put away Fighting Richard in one heat . . . . and Husky Fukushima and Pete Garcia fought a draw.

MEMORIES OF THE PAST—Vicente Venturillo was the first professional prize-fighter to be recognized by the Territorial Boxing Commission as the Featherweight Champion of Hawaii. . . . The ring classic at the Honolulu Stadium took place on March 19, 1932. Midget Wolgast, world's flyweight champion and Little Pancho, flyweight and bantamweight champion of the Orient, broke all attendance records then by drawing a crowd of more than 10,000 local fans, in one of the best boxing matches ever witnessed on the Islands. Wolgast won the ten-round decision . . . . Manager George Blake, the man who acted as third man in the championship fight between Schmeling and Stribling, brought with him Fidel La Barba, former flyweight king, and Martin Zunega, stable mate, in 1932 . . . . Speedy Dado defeated Johnny Yasui in ten. TKO'ed Ray Butler in the fourth and beat Augie Curtis in his three ring engagements.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

LOPE TENORIO earned the verdict over Humbert Casals after ten rounds of hot fighting. Alex Yanes, Marianao bantamweight, lost a close decision to Kid Juancito in an interesting six-rounder.

Gilbert Castillo, Cuba's featherweight king, drew with Kid Sila in a dull ten-round fight.

Pincho Guiterrez, Cuba's popular boxing man, who brought the famous Keed Chocolate to the fistic heights, is now promoting in Havana at the Cristal Arena, with Lew Parga. Spanish boxers are being imported, and some topnotchers from the U.S. will be brought over for the winter season.

An excellent wrestling program will be witnessed during the winter months. Wrestling was a good business here several years ago.

Joe Coego, Cuba's sterling welterweight, suffered a cut over his left eye and was forced to cancel his bout with Lope Tenorio.

Kid Calixto is scheduled to meet Lope Tenorio, and then Relampago Saguero, for the Cuban welterweight title.

Lou Farber and Eddie Kid Wolfe stopped off at Havana for several hours while on their way for bouts to Mexico City.

"I Am Your Father!"

(Continued from page 40)

FRIDAY

WELL, we are at it again, in the Mastodon office, with Lowlife talking. Louie the Lug comes in dressed up like Adolphe Menjou, and with them ears of his and that beak, he is so funny that he stops the show. Zinzel looks at him and says, "A new find. But, no. I got trouble enough with one box fighter, not that I should look for more headaches."

Lowlife continues. "It seems that the Big City and success is too much for Jed Teaball. He goes from night club to night club, from dame to doll, from bad to worse.

"This aches Chumley Shicker, who finally comes into Jed's hotel suite and lays the cards on the table.

"'Jed,' says Shicker, 'do you know who I am? I am Roy Snopple, the Hartford paperhanger. I am *your father*. Daisy Nitwit is *your sister*.'

"Jed stands thunderstricken and speechless. Chumley sits down with his head in his hands and moans. Jed—"

But here Jake Zinzel gets up and begins to holler. "This is a clean picture, Lowlife. What is the idea of bringing in sex stuff like Snopple or whatever is his name is Jed's father? And Daisy is Chumley's aunt. I don't want none of those complications on account of the censors is stopping anything which even has to do with a paperhanger running away with a farmer's wife, and then he becomes a boxing promoter. Let us keep this film clean."

Lowlife gets up and he is very sore. "I am not writing fairy tales for kiddies, or bed-time stories for the six-year-olds at home. I am treating life in the raw.

"As this picture goes along it becomes temperance propaganda. You have the Ladies' Temperance Union on your side. But we gotta treat life as it comes to us. Otherwise, you get yourself a new scenario and a new writer, and anyways, I am going down to Fred's."

So Louie the Lug and me and Lowlife goes down to Fred's. Lowlife gets very low. Late in the evening I remember he is crying on my shoulder.

SUNDAY

I DO not know where Saturday goes. It is Sunday night and I am in Louie the Lug's room over a barber shop on West Fifty-fifth Street. Lowlife is sleeping on the floor.

We are treating life in the raw. I have a black eye and my body feels sore. My moving picture career so far is very exciting. I go back to bed. It is very quiet, and my eye hurts. I get up later and try to read the Sunday papers with my one good glim. I see an ad. It says:

"Clean Pictures for Clean People." I feel my bad optic, and I say, "nerts." So I go back to sleep. Louie the Lug is snoring very loud. Lowlife is moaning, very low.

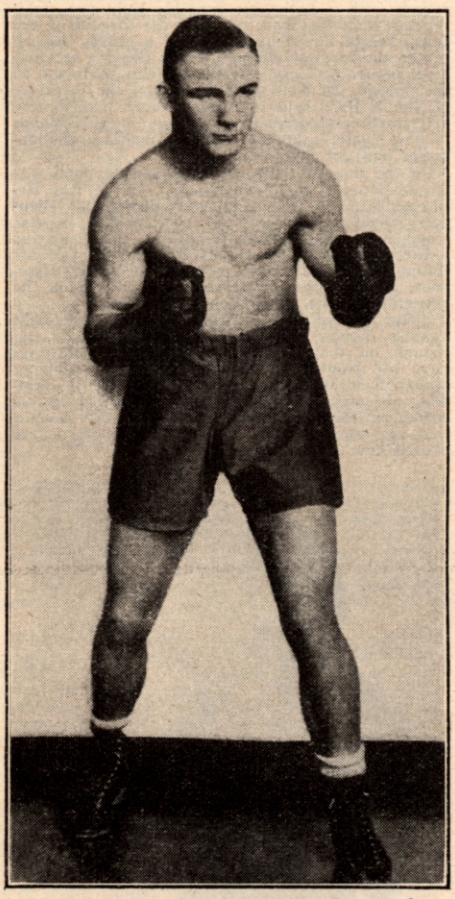
I fall asleep and I dream a dream. I am on the farm and the cow kicks me in the face. I get up and it is dark, and Louie the Lug's hoof is right in my kisser. Lowlife still is moaning, "I am your father!"

NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.

By BABE ORLANDO

BUCKY KEYES, Jersey City Italian, and Pete Nebo, Seminole Indian, ushered in the show at Columbia Park in a slashing ten-round go with the former, getting Referee Phil Ehrhardt's decision. Mickey Makar won Referee Joe Anderson's decision over Louis Diaz in the semifinal. Jeff Furrone shaded Joe Giglio in a thrilling six-rounder. John Clark edged out Marvin Hart in a four, while the five-rounder on the program brought together Gene Mickens and Mack Way, with the former the winner.

Young Zazzarino won from Ernie Ratner in the feature go of eight rounds at the Teterboro Airdrome. In the five-round semifinal Connie Holmes stopped Joey Micelli after one minute



Norment Quarles, South's leading lightweight prospect.

and forty-five seconds of fighting in the second round.

Emil Calcagni, of Cresskill, who has not lost a fight since turning pro, took a fast four-rounder from Harry Scott. In three other four-rounders Lope Berman beat Marvin Hart; Ernie Tedesco shaded Young Buckey; while Angelo Fracasso knocked out Al Morenz in the second round.

Lou Halper lost to Paul Pirrone in the main event of a show at the Laurel Gardens in Newark. Billy Berkitt stopped Johnny Toomey (3); Butch Lynch beat Jack Huddle (6); Don Pasculli knocked out Frankie Van (3); Midget Doyle beat Baby Dempsey (4); Ernie Tackett drew with Willie Cubic (4).

Buckey Keyes battled to a sizzling six-round draw with Abe Wasserman at the Teterboro Airdrome. Jeff Furrone jabbed his way to a clean-cut decision over Joe Giglio in a six-round semifinal. In a five-rounder Harry Scott defeated Baby Face Fischer, while in the opening bout of the program, Willie Lewis stopped Joe Loicano of Jersey City in the second round.

Mickey Battoni drew with Marty Sampson in the ten-round main event at the Laurel Garden in Newark. In the semifinal ten-rounder Abie Bain stopped Mickey Sneel (3). Mookie Goldman beat Joe Rodriques (6); Georgio Carlo outpointed Ernie Tackett (6); Midget Doyle beat Baby Dempsey (4); Pete Stewart shaded Young Buckey (4).

Al Kenny, classy welterweight of the Doc Stanford-Al Ridgeway stable, fought a slashing eight-round bout against Johnny Toomey which featured the card at the Rutherford Field, with the latter getting a hair line decision. This show was sponsored by the Rutherford Kiwanis for the unemployed of Bergen County.

Doc Stanford, Rutherford Medico, and Allie Ridgeway have the best stable of fighters in the state. The Doc and Allie are handling the affairs of Allie Rowan and Johnny Morrow, a hard punching bantam.

When writing to the writer address your mail either to the Four Eleven Bar and Grill, 411-Thirty Eighth Street or 514-Twenty Sixth Street, Union City, N. J.

HOLYOKE NEWS

By GEORGE KID ROSS

FRANKIE BRITT of Fall River, Mass., knocked out Tom Jones, Brooklyn Negro, in the eighth round in the main bout at the Valley Arena. Johnny Bang won a decision over Dominic Kid Nico in eight rounds and Joey Archibald of Pawtucket and Dick Welch of New York fought eight rounds to draw. Romeo Ducharme, Easthampton, won over Tony Benito, Worcester, Mass., in six rounds and Sal Canata, Holyoke, won by a K.O. over Billy Mackey, Worcester, in the second round.

Lou Fox, New York featherweight, won an eight-round decision over Charley Turco, Worcester. Lou Barisano lost an eight-rounder to Joey Zodda, and Joey Izzo, of Hartford, fought a draw with Jimmy Martin in the other eight. Sal Canata won a six-round decision over Al Annone in six rounds. Tom Grady won over Dave Daval.

Al Trulmans lost in eight rounds to Tony Celli, Leominster. Ray Trueheart was stopped by Charlie Weisse of New York in eight rounds. Prince Tooma lost to Hildreth Erickson.

"Ace" Clark's brother, fighting under the name of Young "Ace" Clark, is going great guns in the amateurs at Hartford and Thompsonville, Conn.

At the present writing, Johnny McGuire has split with his tutor, Joe O'Brien. Johnny is a good prospect.

Pittsfield is going to have boxing again this winter. Dave Shade, veteran middleweight, is located there and will have something in the running of the club.

The Bennington, Vt., club has opened up for the winter months, but the opening show was a bloomer.

Tommy Cavanaugh, fighting under the name of Tommy O'Brien, is doing well among the featherweights in the amateurs.

Despite the depression, Doc Graves is still keeping his gym open for the boys of Springfield.

Freddie Blaine, of Holyoke, is making a comeback. Freddie, when right, was one of the best boys in the New England States.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES

By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

THE first boxing show of the season went over with a bang. In the windup, Bucky Keyes, Jersey City lightweight, won over Georgie Levy of Trenton. It was a great scrap and very closely contested.

In the semi, Jimmy Phillips, of Bernardville, won over Puggie Snyder of Vineland. Frankie Warno, of Trenton, pulled the surprise of the night when he stopped Joey Mecilli of Jersey City in two heats. Stanley Pyontek, of Trenton, added another victim to his string of knockouts when he belted out Bobby King, colored, of Lawrenceville, in two rounds. Jerry Hart, of Trenton, beat Henry Cheatun, colored, of Newark, in the opening four-round bout.

Young Terry, Trenton middleweight, has broken with his manager after eight years. Terry will soon leave for the West Coast where his new manager Gig Rooney has a couple of bouts lined up.

When things got tough around here last summer, Young Grebb, Trenton bantam, joined up with the C.C.C. He is now stationed at Coeur D'Alene, Idaho. The clippings that I have received from there, show that Young Grebb has had three bouts and won them all via the K.O. route.

In the second boxing show in Trenton, George Levy returned to defeat Sylvestro Matacena, of Italy, in ten rounds. There was not a dull moment in the entire bout.